

Lone Child Chapter 1: The gifted child

A little boy of about 5 sat on a woman's lap reading a book. The little boy had long silky black hair tied in a ponytail. He was tall and skinny with emerald green eyes. The woman on whom he sat had curly blonde hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. Her eyes were light blue with dark streaks running in them, she was reading the book from over the boys shoulder.

A bright fire was lit in the fireplace burning merrily. Sitting opposite of the fire was a man; he was in his late 30's and had a few specks of gray in his brown hair. His hazel eye's watched the fire dancing about as if it were the only thing in the world. He was startled out of his little world by his wife, Emma, speaking.

"James, it's past your bed time. You need to get to bed," said Emma.

James put a small slip of paper in as a bookmark and stood. "Yes, mum," said James with a huge yawn. He hugged and kissed his mother good night and walked over to the man. "Good night dad," he said, hugging and kissing the man as well.

"Are you coming to bed as well, Alex?" Emma asked her husband.

"Yes, I'm going to go check the locks on the doors first though," said Alex, standing and walking down a hallway to the front door. The lock was secure and Alex headed to the back door when the door blew open.

A tall man with flowing black robes walked in through the hole that was the front door. Alex jumped up from the spot he had fallen when the door blew started to confront the man. He didn't get more than a few steps before the man pulled a stick from his robe and yelled, "Avada Kedavra!" The last thing Alex heard before the curse connected with his chest was his wife scream.

Emma had just come around the corner to investigate the noise when she saw a ball of green light hit her husband in the chest. She screamed as she saw him sink to the floor, dead. With an audible 'pop' several more men in black robes appeared around her and one pulled out their stick and yelled, "Crucio!" Emma dropped to the ground screaming as pain enveloped every sense.

James, who had been watching every thing from around the corner, jumped on the man that was making his mother scream. As soon as he had touched the man his mother stopped screaming. James clawed and bit at the man, aiming his fingernails at the robed mans eyes.

The man tried to throw James off but left his eyes open in the process. James sent both off his thumbs at the man's eyes, only one made its target. The man screamed as James thumb cut threw his eye like a knife threw boiled egg. At that point another man grabbed the still clawing and biting James and pinned his arms to his sides.

The leader of the robed men chuckled at the man rolling around on the floor holding his eye and the little boy trying to get to his mother who was trembling on the floor. The man pulled his stick back out of his and pointed it at Emma and yelled, "Avada Kedavra!"

James fought even more to get to his mother as the green ball of light hurdled towards her and hit her in the chest, as it had done with his father. An almost unnoticeable silver aura glowed around James as he looked at his mother's dead body. The leader pointed his stick at James and for the third time that night yelled, "Avada Kedavra!"

Time seemed to slow down as the ball of green light hurdled it's self at James and the silver glow amplified. Finally the ball reached James and hit his forehead but instead of killing him it reflected back on its sender.

The robed leader screamed as the ball hit him in the chest and a white light exploded from his body. All of the other men disappeared as the light spread through the room and covered everything. When the light faded away all that was left was James and his parent's bodies.

James began to panic and disappeared with a 'pop'. He reappeared in a small living room, where a fire was lit and dropped to his knees shaking and crying. A strong pair of hands picked him and cradled him, whispering comforting words in his ear. Finally after a few minutes James was able to get hold of his emotions. He looked up at the person holding him and saw an old man.

The man had long brown hair with a few strands of gray here and there, tied back similar to the way James hair had been before. His eyes were emerald green, but unlike James's they had dark blue streaks in the pool of emerald.

"Hey, kid. My name is Dragon. What's yours?" he asked, smiling down at him.

"I'm James," James said to Dragon.

"Well, hello James. Actually I was on my way to go get you. I'd hate to explain this to you tonight, after what you've been through but I think you need to know what happened. James, did you know you were adopted?" asked Dragon.

"Yes, mum and dad told me last year," said James.

"Okay, you know what wizards and elves are right?" James nodded. "Well, a long time ago there were four people, two witches, two wizards. One of the wizards, Salazar Slytherin, was half elf and married into an Elven family. He had two sons, one of the sons however was not the son of the woman Salazar married and therefore unable to inherit the family fortune.

"When Salazar died, everything he owned went to his youngest son, Alexander. The older brother, Nicolas killed his brother to gain control of the fortune. What Nicolas didn't know was that Alexander's fiancé was with child.

"Somewhere down the line Alexander's side of the family married in to one of the original witches line, the Hufflepuff line to be exact. Several generations later your father was produced.

“During this time the second witch, Rowena Ravenclaw, married in to the second wizard’s line. That wizard was Godric Gryffindor, the Great-something grandson of Merlin. Again several generations later your mother was produced. Unknown to most people both your mother and father were half-elf, but their genetics took after their human side so they don’t look it.

“Your genetics however will take after the Elven side of you. You are very gifted and the Elven in your blood only amplifies that. One of your many gifts is Shape shifting and that will hide your ears which will appear as soon as I take the spell off them. Any questions?” asked Dragon

James nodded and said, “One, who are my real parents and are they dead?”

“No, neither your mother nor your father is dead. Your mother ‘abandoned’ you as far as I’m concerned. I’m sorry to say you were a product of rape. You know how I talked about Salazar’s oldest son?” asked Dragon. James nodded. “Well Nicolas caused a lot of trouble and he stained the Slytherin name. Most of his descendants caused quite a lot of trouble but none more than Tom Marvolo Riddle or Lord Voldemort, as he liked to be called.

“About 20 years ago he gathered a lot of followers and started to kill people. Your mother fought against him with her husband. During one of the battles she was taken, tortured and raped, however the one who raped her was a spy for Albus Dumbledore and was able to get her out afterwards. When she found out she was pregnant she was sure it was her husband’s child but when you were born a DNA test proved that you were not.

“The minute she found out she requested that you were put up for adoption. I haven’t talked to her since that day. The last I heard she was a professor at Hogwarts,” said Dragon.

“What’s Hogwarts?” James asked.

"Hogwarts is a school for Witchcraft and Wizardry. You will go there when you turn 11 but I would watch out for Dumbledore, he's a manipulative bastard," said Dragon with some venom in his voice.

"Okay, Lord Voldemort was the man that exploded in the light wasn't he?" asked James to change the subject.

"Yes, no one knows of his down fall yet and everyone thinks your dead. I'd prefer it to stay that way; I'll get you a new name, birth certificate, ect, from one of my contacts. Any more questions?" Dragon asked.

"Just one, you said that Shape shifting was only one of my gifts, what other gifts do I have and what do they do?" asked James.

"Good question. I believe that you will have many gifts but at the moment you have 7. The first is, as I told you, Shape shifting. It is the art of morphing your body into what ever you want. There are people with similar gifts like Metamorphmages and Animagi but all of those have some kind of spell to make them revert to natural form. The only way a Shape shifter would be forced back to natural form is if they ran out of energy and couldn't hold the image.

"Your second gift is being an elemental, you can control all of the elements to a point. I'd say that cut on your forehead means you will be especially good at controlling lightning," said Dragon running a finger across James forehead.

James touched the skin over his left eye and sure enough there was a cut in the shape of a lightning bolt, the only problem was it wasn't a cut, but a scar. James looked at Dragon who continued talking.

"Your third gift is that of advanced healing. I also have the gift, that's why you have a scar instead of a cut. Your gift however will be much stronger than mine. You won't have to concentrate to heal and you'll be able to heal your self when necessary.

“Your next gift is very rare, you are a Transporter. A Transporter can disappear and reappear at will. The catch is you have to be able to see where your going, it is possible to port to a place you can’t see but you can only do it every 24 hours, 12 if your only transporting someone or something.

“Your fifth gift is Will wizardry or Wand less magic. A few wizards can do simple things like make fire or light but that’s it. You will be able to do what ever you want by just willing it to be.

“Telepathy is your third rarest gift. You can do anything where the mind is concerned, even control people’s minds. Out of all of your gifts this one needs to be hidden the most, the ministry of magic would lock you away and throw away the key if they knew you had this ability. I am afraid the ministry is full of prejudice and incompetent morons.

“Anyway your last power is your inheritance from the Slytherin line. Salazar Slytherin was famous for his ability to speak with snakes. He was the first Parselmouth in existence. The gift has been past down to the chosen heir, you. As Ollivander would say ‘you are meant for great things’,” said Dragon, mimicking a spooky old voice.

“Well, I think it’s time to get to bed. Follow me,” said Dragon walking threw the room and into a hallway, James close at his heels. Dragon led James to a large room with a four-poster bed in the left corner, a desk next to the bed, a bookcase across from the desk and two doors on the wall to the right of the bookcase.

“The two doors over there lead to your library and bathroom. In the bathroom you will find a walk in closet with any cloths you’ll need. The library has every book ever created and there for is huge. The bookcase in your room has all of the books on your gifts, so you won’t find any in the library. You should go take a quick shower before bed, your cloths are covered in dust and blood,” said Dragon. James looked at him self and sure enough was covered in dust and had a few blood splatters on his shirt.

After his shower James walked into the closet and grabbed a pair of loose mesh shorts to sleep in. He wouldn't sleep in shirts because it felt like he was being strangled in his sleep. James brushed his hair and lay down, finally able to sleep after his hard day.

Chapter 2: The letter

James woke to someone jumping up and down on his bed, he groaned and pulled his pillow over his head. The jumping stopped and was replaced with a large amount of weight on his chest. James removed the pillow from his face and stared into a pair of blue eyes.

“You know Tigress if I ever woke you up by jumping on your bed in the morning you would kick my ass,” said James sleepily.

There was an audible pop and an auburn hair girl was sitting on James’s chest. Her eyes were the same color as her Animagus form. “You’re right, I would kick your ass but luckily you never wake up before me so you don’t have to worry about it,” said the girl in a smug tone.

“Your lucky I like you Triss. Anyway why are you here?” asked James.

James had met Triss about 3 years ago in London. Triss was in a bad way because her father had disowned her because she was a Metamorphmagus and an Empath; she was living on the streets. When he had met her she obviously had been beaten rather badly and had several broken ribs and was very sick. James being James healed her and brought her to Dragon who welcomed her with open arms. James had helped her train her powers and taught her how to be an animagi.

Triss reached into the pocket of her jeans and grabbed a letter. She handed the letter to James and got off his chest so he could sit up. James opened the letter, it read:

Dear Mr. Cage,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted to Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry. In closed is a list of school supplies that will be necessary for the up coming school year. First years please note that you may not bring your own broom. The Hogwarts express will be leaving from platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ on September the first at 11 a.m.

Sincerely Deputy Headmistress Lily Evans-Potter

James set the letter on the table next to his bed and got up. "Did you get a letter to Triss?" asked James. Triss nodded, got up and left the room so James could get dressed.

After a hot shower James threw on a pair of black jeans and a navy t-shirt and went to the kitchen. As he suspected Dragon and Triss were cooking up a storm, and to prove the fact a cloud of flour was forming above them. "You two are going to have a storm in here if you keep up with the flour," said James startling both of them.

Triss looked up at the cloud forming over here and then to James who was grinning wickedly. "James don't even thin... You are so dead Shadow!" Triss screamed as the flour cloud above her started producing rain.

At the mention of his nickname James turned into a sleek black panther and ran out the door and into the woods. Triss wasn't far behind in the form of an albino Siberian tiger. After a long run Triss finally caught up to James and tackled him, the two cats wrestled for a few minutes until Triss finally pinned James, being a bigger animal.

James changed back to human form and pushed Triss off of him. Triss followed James's example and changed back. "What's up James?" asked Triss sensing James worry.

"Nothing, we've just gone out side the barrier, I'm just making sure of our location. The barriers need to be renewed soon though, remind me to tell Dragon," said James changing into a silver wolf. Triss got the idea and raced James to the house in her tiger form. James, being a more agile animal beat her to the house.

Inside Dragon had finished cooking breakfast; he put a large plate of Pancakes, bacon, sausage, and eggs on the table. Once Dragon had sat down the kids dug in, both taking 1/3 of the food and leaving the rest for Dragon. After the meal Dragon started to talk. "When are you two going to Diagon alley?" Dragon asked. It was well known

that Dragon was very strait foreword, James learned that the night Alex and Emma were killed.

“We’ll go to day if you have our identity papers and vault keys,” said Triss.

Dragon reached into his pocket and pulled out two envelopes, he handed one to Triss and one to James.

“In side those, is all of your information, vault keys, and descriptions. I took your inheritance from Alex and Emma and put into your vaults, James. I believe there is ten not including the one Triss is using. You should leave soon if you don’t want to get stuck in the crowd and don’t do anything drastic,” said Dragon with a wink.

James and Triss went to their rooms to take anther shower to clean off the dirt from their earlier run. After James shower he walked to his desk where he had set the envelope. The identity and description paper read:

Full name: James Shadow Cage D.O.B: July 31, 1980

Hair color: Brown

Eye color: Blue

Skin color: Mild tan

Height: 5’ 8”

Weight: 135 pounds

Build: Lean

James concentrated on the form and shifted. Since the paper didn’t give a hair length James made his hair short and spiky, his hair in his real form was too long in his opinion but Dragon wouldn’t let him cut it. James threw on a pair of dark kaki jeans and a shirt that showed an out line his stomach muscles.

After throwing on shoes James headed to Triss's room to see if she was ready yet. When he walked in she was putting the finishing touches on her hair, which was up in a high ponytail. She was dressed in a black mini-skirt with a matching black top and tight leather boots that came up to her mid-calf. It looked like Dragon didn't want her to change her description; she looked exactly the same as before.

"Going for the Goth look Triss?" asked James effectively making her jump.

"One of these times Shadow you are going to sneak up on me and I'm going to deck you," said Triss poking James in the chest.

"Are you read to go yet? We have the choice of apperating there and porting back or going in cat form and porting back," said James.

That was one of the ups of being a Will wizard, instead of teleporting everywhere and burning his energy Dragon had taught him to apperate. The only down side was even though you could apperate out of the house you couldn't apperate back in because of the protection barriers, so you had to port back unless you wanted to walk.

"Yes, and so you know my new name is Triss Tigress Summers. What's yours?" asked Triss.

"James Shadow Cage. What is your full first name?" asked James smirking.

Triss groaned. "Trisstessa, I hate that name! And James if you so much as make one comment about it I will kick your ass. Is that clear?" asked Triss.

On any normal occasion James would have made fun of her but with how close she was and the way her hand was twitching James knew she was serious. "Okay I won't tease you but I would like to know where your weapons are," said James.

For years Dragon had trained James and Triss on Martial arts and taught them to always have a weapon with them. Triss reached into a hidden pocket in her skirt and pulled out a small flat throwing dagger. "I've got four with me, I don't think I'd need more than those. Where is your weapon?" asked Triss for good measure.

James squeezed his hand into a fist and hit a trigger point; three 12-inch blades came out from the space between each knuckle on that hand. "Dragon had a friend install them about a week ago, they're Titanium, nice don't you think?" asked James looking at the titanium blades.

Triss just stared at him before saying, "James you watch the X-men too much. Dragon actually allowed you to get titanium claws installed into your hands?" asked Triss emphasizing the words titanium claws.

"For one watching a little bit of T.V. is good for you. As for the claws, Dragon is the one who suggested them, he said that it would be better for me because I can't always carry a weapon like you can," said James retracting the claws.

Triss nodded knowing that it was true that James could be unable to have a weapon for many reasons, one being that he could not change into his animal form and have things transform with him like Animagi could. "Well let's get going, I don't want to be stuck in the middle of a crowd with my gift and I'm sure you don't want to be either," said Triss walking out of the room.

James followed her and found they Dragon in the living room reading the morning paper. "We're going to go get our stuff, what time do you want us to be back?" asked Triss.

Dragon looked up from his paper at the two of them. "Anytime before 6 p.m. will be fine. If you are staying out longer let me know. You have your keys right?" asked Dragon like an over protective grandfather.

James reached into his pocket and showed him 11 keys, ten of which were his; the other was Triss's. "Yeah I have them. If you

don't mind Triss and I will probably go to muggle London and get some muggle clothes for under our robes," said James.

"That's fine, just don't maul anyone," said Dragon looking directly at Triss.

"Hey, it's not my fault that that kid grabbed my ass. You'd have decked him too," said Triss.

"Triss no boy will ever grab my ass, I don't swing that way thanks," said James shivering.

Triss smacked him in the arm and said, "That is not what I meant and you know it. Let's go. I already have the starting of a headache and will only get worse in a crowd."

James nodded knowing that she couldn't hold a shield over her gift like he could. "We're apperating, right?" asked James. Triss nodded so James grabbed her waist and with a pop both were gone.

Chapter 3: Diagon ally, Training and a new power.

James and Triss reappeared in a small back ally outside the Leaky Cauldron. "Come on. I want to get this over with," said James. The two of them exited the ally and walked into the Leaky Cauldron. As they expected it was full of people eating or chatting with friends.

"Oh this is going to be fun," said Triss sarcastically while rubbing her temples. James agreed as people thoughts broadcasted through the air and into his head. James invoked a partial shield so that both his and Triss's powers would only pick up on strong thoughts or emotions, giving them a break from the noise.

James walked straight through the pub and into an enclosed ally in the back, Triss right behind him. He walked over to the far wall and placed his palm flat a stone with a small crack in it. James mentally ordered the wall to open like Dragon had taught him, with in seconds of the command the wall shifted into an archway.

James walked through the crowd towards Gringott's with Triss slightly in front of him. Once inside the bank James handed his and Triss's key to a particularly ugly Goblin. The Goblin examined the keys for a minute before yelling "Gaff!" Another rather ugly Goblin walked up to the other Goblin and took the keys.

"Follow me please," said Gaff leading them in to a small chamber with a cart on a set of tracks in the middle. James and Gaff into the cart followed Triss. Gaff touched a small piece of metal and the cart took off like a roller coaster. When the cart finally stopped after a very long ride Gaff got out and walked to a large door with a keyhole in the middle.

James and Triss got out of the cart in time to see the door open and revealing the gold with in. James walked into the vault and grabbed several of each type of the three coins within. James had more than enough for the both of them, so they didn't bother with stopping at hers.

"I never want to ride one of those things again," said Triss after they got out side of Gringott's. James nodded putting the muggle money he had exchanged into his wallet.

They agreed to get Triss's books first; James didn't need them as he had a copy in his library. After they had bought Triss's book's they went to get their robes. "We're getting open robes right?" asked Triss.

"Yes, I hate closed robes, you can't wear anything under them," said James in distaste.

Triss gagged before saying, "Too much information Shadow."

The two of them argued playfully until they reached the robe shop. In side the seamstress lead Triss into a fitting room while James waited. After about 5 minutes another seamstress lead James back into another fitting room. She took his measurements and showed him the different robe styles; James picked a long, open, black style.

James didn't have to wait long for the seamstress to finish his robes so he went out to the front of the store to pay. Out side Triss was having a conversation with an older blonde man and a boy that could only be his son. James placed his hand on Triss's shoulder, she turned and started to speak when the blonde man extended his hand to James and said, "I'm Lucius Malfoy, and this is my son Draco."

James accepted the mans hand and said, "I'm James Cage."

As it turned out the Malfoy's were very polite even if they didn't yet know if you were pure blooded. After a few more minutes of conversation James excused he and Triss saying that they had more shopping top do.

James carried both his and Triss's bags as they headed to the wand shop. In side was Mr. Ollivander polishing some old wands. "Hello Mr. Ollivander, how are you?" asked James giving the old man a hug.

"I'm fine James, it's nice to see you after so many years and how many times do I have to tell you to call me Aberforth. Triss is that you? You've grown up," said Aberforth drawing Triss into a hug.

"Hi Aberforth, its nice to see you again and Dragon says 'Hi'. Anyway we are here for our wands," said Triss after hugging him back.

"Yes, you start at Hogwarts this year don't you? Well I have special wands that were made just for you two," said Aberforth grabbing a wand from under his desk. He handed it to Triss and said, "It's Ash with a Phoenix and Unicorn core. Give it a wave."

Triss waved it and a shower of green and gold sparks shot out of the tip. "Perfect for you Triss. Now James, I got one specially made for you too," said Aberforth drawing another wand from under his desk. "It's Black Holly with a Daricorn and Phoenix core. The phoenix feather is twin to the one in Triss and Tom Riddle's wands. It should be perfect," he continued.

Aberforth of course knew of what had happened with Voldemort because he was very close with Dragon. James waved the wand and as expected a shower of Silver sparks shot out of the tip of his wand. "Excellent! So you know James your Will magic can be concentrated through your wand. That is what the Black Holly is for; it is an excellent conductor of magic. Anyway Dragon has already prepaid me for your wands so don't worry about that. Oh, I'll be over for Dinner with you in a week, the night before you go to Hogwarts for your going away party. I'll see you then," said Aberforth while going to help another customer.

After they left the wand shop they went toward the pet shop to get their pets. "What are you going to get, Triss?" asked James.

"Probably a cat, what about you?" asked Triss.

"An owl, I would get a cat but they shed like snow from clouds. I might get a snake for company though, a Chinese Vipertooth if I can find one," said James.

"Don't they have rules against having snakes?" asked Triss.

"No, they only tell you what kind of animals you can have not what you can't," said James with a sly glint in his eyes.

"You are defiantly going to be in Slytherin," said Triss shaking her head.

"Of course I am. I'm his direct decedent aren't I. Plus you will be in Slytherin too, there is no denying it," James said smugly

"I never did denying it James, I simply stated that you would be in Slytherin," said Triss walking to where the cats were kept, while James walked over to the owls. It didn't take long for James to decide on a snowy owl with blue and gold eyes. "What should I name you," he asked the owl. Her eyes focused on him and he found the perfect name,

"Sapphire, that's your new name," said James to the curious looking owl.

He picked up her cage and walked to the back of the store where the poisonous snakes were kept. A medium sized green snake stood out from the rest, it was an adolsent Chinese Vipertooth.

"Hello," James said to the snake.

The little snake looked startled for a second before saying, "A young speaker. Most say the last died six years ago. Are you I need of a companion?"

"Yes, what is your name?" James asked the little snake.

"Jewel. What should I call you?" she asked.

"You can call me James or Shadow, I don't care which." He said.

After a few more minutes of conversation James wound Jewel around his arm and went to pay for his two new companions. The old shopkeeper nearly had a heart attack when he saw the poisonous snake wrapped around James arm but calmed down after a few words from James.

Triss was waiting for him outside of the shop with a small pet carrier. Inside the carrier was a small black kitten. It had a glossy coat similar to his in panther form and deep blue eyes. "What's its name?" James asked.

"Glacier, after her eyes," said Triss.

"Let's head out to muggle London to get the rest of our clothes," said James walking toward the leaky cauldron. Once outside of the old pub the two walked to a clothing store.

James bought 15 pairs of jeans either black or dark blue. He bought a similar number of shirts all plain black, blue, or dark green. Triss bought as many 6 pairs of bellbottoms and 9 mini-skirts, along with 15 dark colored belly shirts.

"Ready to go home Triss?" James asked after they had paid for their stuff.

"I'd like to walk around a little more, we never get to hang out when we're here," said Triss.

"Let's go to a movie then, we still have about 2 1/2 hours," said James discreetly shrinking their bags.

The two of them walked to a nearby movie theater and saw that the next movie, 'Terminator 2: Judgment day', wouldn't start for another half-hour and was about 2 1/2 hours long.

"Send a message to Dragon and tell him we'll be back around 7:30 tonight," said Triss.

James sent the message and the two waited for the movie to start. As guessed the movie let out about 6:30 and left the two plenty of time to find an empty alley to port back in.

Dragon was sitting in his chair by the fire when the two arrived. "You're early," said Dragon as the two flopped down in twin leather chairs and started to sort out their newly enlarged stuff.

"Yeah, we wanted to have a lot of time to get back after the movie," said James folding up a pair of his jeans.

"What did you see?" asked Dragon curiously.

"Terminator 2: Judgment day. It was pretty good, better than the original," said Triss putting all her books in a pile.

Dragon looked at his pocket watch and said, "I think it's about time I get to bed. You two should as well, we're getting up early tomorrow. I also left a present for you in your rooms." With that Dragon turned and left the room.

Triss and James finished sorting out their stuff and retreated to their own rooms. Inside each room was a trunk. On the outside they looked similar excepted James's had 7 different locks and Triss's only had two.

James immediately started to put things in his trunk and was pleasantly surprised to find that each of the locks opened a different compartment that expanded to the size needed. He had plenty of room to bring his library.

"Triss, I need your help to set up my library," said James knocking on Triss's door.

Triss opened the door and gave James a look that could kill. "Tomorrow, James. I want to get some sleep before training tomorrow or has the fact that Dragon wakes us at 3 a.m. slip your mind again?" asked Triss.

"Yeah, I guess I did forget that little fact. Night," said James walking back to his room. He put all of the stuff that he hadn't packed yet and his trunk in the corner of his room, put on his night shorts and crawled into bed. Before he dozed off he looked at his bedside clock that read 8:15 p.m. and thought 'I'm going to be so tired in the morning.'

As expected Dragon had both Triss and James up and ready for training by 3:30 the following morning. "Your first exercise is a sword duel. Triss, your pick on weapons," said Dragon.

Triss walked into a small medal shed in the back yard and came back with two swords. The first sword, James's, was 3 1/2 feet long from the tip to the hilt. The blade was silver and the hilt was a deep green.

Triss's sword was the same size as James but the blade was blue and it looked as though the blade was liquid in the moonlight. The hilt was also blue but it was very dark blue. By just looking at the blades you could tell they could slice through bone without trouble.

"Okay, drink these," said Dragon handing each of them a potion. "It will block any fatal injuries or limb severing. James, don't heal your self, it wouldn't be fair to Triss. First to give up or is knocked unconscious loses. Start when ever your ready," Dragon continued.

Triss took the upper hand in the duel by striking first but not for long. James had expected her to make the first move and dodged. The two of them continued to dodge, parry and strike until Triss put a little to much force behind a strike and blasted James into a tree.

"Oh shit, James I'm sorry," said Triss running over to where James had fallen.

"It's fine Triss. Oh look at all the pretty colors," said James looking around.

'Great, he's delusional,' thought Triss before yelling, "Dragon, we have a problem."

A few seconds later Dragon arrived look worried. "What happened?" he asked.

"The duel got a little rough and I put to much power behind a blow and knocked James into a tree. He's completely delusional, says he's seeing colors," Triss explained.

Dragon nodded and bent down to James level and held up his hand. "James, what color is surrounding my hand?" Dragon asked.

"Purple with gold specs out lined with pink," said James studying Dragon's hand.

"James, I think another one of your powers manifested," said Dragon.

"Great," James said before collapsing.
Review responses:

Serry: Yes, James is 11 years old. I based his height on the average height of my guy friends at that age. Plus James is a little more than half Elven. Also I will not be referring to James as Harry during this story. I personally don't like the name much.

Shadow-Shamblin: Thanks Shadow. I'm glad you like it.

Chapter 4: The Hogwarts Express

The days leading up to James and Triss's departure to Hogwarts were uneventful. James had quickly learned how to control his newest power and how to turn it off. The colors gave James a major headache and had caused him to collapse the first time he used them.

Dragon, being helpful as always, had given him a list to show what the colors meant. Silver was the most powerful aura and the list went down to in power to Gold, Purple, Green, Blue, Red, Orange, and Yellow. A muggle's aura was a hardly noticeable White and someone with extra powers aura was lined with different shades of Pink, the darker the pink the more powerful the power.

Dragon's aura was Purple with spots of gold and Triss's aura was Gold with some Purple spots, both had pink rings around their auras. To the frustration of James he couldn't see his own aura.

It was now the night before James and Triss were to leave and both of them still had a lot of packing to do. "Triss, I need help with the Library," James yelled setting another full bookcase down in one of the expanding compartments inside his trunk.

"What do you need?" asked Triss walking into the library.

"I need you to just stand here and make sure I don't kill myself doing this," said James floating another six thousand pound bookcase into the trunk.

"James, why don't you shrink the bookcases put them where you want in the room then unshrink it?" asked Triss.

James stared at her for a second before saying, "Why the hell did that not occur to me? Triss grab your wand, you're helping."

Triss followed his directions and grabbed her wand from her room. It took the two of them almost two hours to shrink, place, and unshrink almost three hundred 12x15' bookcases.

By the end both were sweating and very tired. "James remind me to kill Dragon. Who had the bright idea of giving James the bookworm every book ever written?" she asked throwing her hands in the air.

"For one thing Triss, I am NOT a bookworm, I just read and retain more information than you do. Plus all those bookcases only show about a third of the books on them, so take all those books we just moved and multiply by three," said James flopping down on the floor.

"How the hell can you even find a book in that mess?" asked Triss laying spread eagle on the floor.

James pulled a small black book out of his back pocket. "This is an order booklet. A write the name, or subject of the book I want and it gives me a list of titles and summaries relating to that topic or the title of the book. I pick the book a want and it is immediately sent to me. The catch is you have to be with in a six mile radius of where the book is," said James putting the book back in his pocket. "Are you ready to start packing the Armory now?" asked James standing up.

"You're kidding, right?" asked Triss from the floor.

"No, but this will be easy. All we have to do is shrink everything and drop it in the trunk," said James pulling Triss off the floor.

"How are we going to practice with a bunch of other kids running around anyway?" asked Triss.

James walked over to his trunk and pulled out the keys. He opened the fifth compartment. "Dragon, brilliant as always, added a training room, take a look," he said motioning to the stair that went down into the room.

Triss walked down the stairs and sure enough inside was a full gym and dueling ring. "Wow, do any of the other compartments turn into rooms?" Triss asked walking around in the large room.

"Yes, I'm going to set up the library appropriately when we get to Hogwarts," said James from the steps.

"Remind me to thank Dragon for this," said Triss climbing up the stairs behind James.

"I thought you wanted me to remind you to kill him," said James shooting a playful look at Triss.

"Brat," said Triss before walking out to the Armory.

Next Morning

'Bounce, Bounce, Bounce, Crash!'

"TRISS!" yelled James jumping up from the floor.

Triss stopped jumping on the bed and looked down at James. "Oops, sorry but you wouldn't wake up and it's 9:30, we have to be at the station in an hour," said Triss exiting the room.

James got up from the floor and went straight to the shower. After his shower James threw on a pair of black jeans and a green t-shirt and walked into the kitchen.

Triss and Dragon had just finished breakfast and were waiting on him. "What is it with you and showers in the morning?" asked Triss as he sat down.

"Showers wake me up in the morning much like sugar does you," said James motioning to the empty pixy stick wrapper on the counter.

"Oh," was a Triss said before digging into the food.

"Are you ready to go?" asked Dragon as soon as they finished eating.

"I think so," said James running over his mental list to make sure they had everything.

"Don't worry Dragon, James packed everything bar the kitchen sink," said Triss leaning back in her chair.

"The sink is in the bathroom in the gym," said James off handedly as he continued going over his list.

"Are you coming home for Christmas?" asked Dragon not giving the two a chance to get into one of their famous arguments.

"Yes, unless some thing comes up," said Triss before wrapping Dragon in a hug.

James wound Jewel around his upper arm and gave Dragon a hug as well. "We'll miss you," said Triss picking up Glacier and putting her in her pet carrier. Sapphire had already left, not wanting to be cooped up the whole ride.

James cast a small wand less feather light charm before grapping Triss's arm and disapperating with a pop. The two reappeared in a small empty ally across from the train station.

James loaded their trunks up on to a trolley and continued on to platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$. The Hogwarts platform was crowded with students as well as parents. A pack of red heads stood out from every one else in the group though. The blonde forms of Lucius and Draco Malfoy also stood out from the rest of the group.

Draco had apparently spotted Triss and James and was making his way over. "Hello again," said Draco with Lucius in toe.

"Hello Draco, Lucius," said James shaking Lucius's hand.

"You should board the train now, have a good year Draco," said Lucius before walking away.

The trio boarded the train and entered the compartment that Draco had reserved. "What house do you think you'll be in?" Draco asked when they had settled.

"Slytherin," stated James reaching in his trunk for a book.

"Slytherin, what about you," asked Triss.

"Probably Slytherin," said Draco.

The three of them sat in silence reading for about two hours when a brown haired girl rushed in a locked the door behind her, obviously not seeing the other three people in the compartment.

"Umm... can I help you?" asked James.

The girl jumped about a foot in the air when she heard James voice. "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know anyone was in here. Do you think I could stay here for a little while?" she asked.

"I don't see a problem with that but could you unlock the door please?" Triss asked.

The girl reluctantly opened the door and sat down. "What's your name?" asked Draco.

"Hermione Katharine Granger. What are yours?" she asked motioning to James, Triss, and Draco.

"James Shadow Cage," James said from behind his book.

"Trisstesa Tigress Summers. Call me Triss or you die," Triss said very seriously.

"Draco Dragonis Malfoy, I prefer Dray," Draco said looking at Hermione.

Hermione nodded and pulled a medium sized book from her robes and started to read. The four of them sat in silence reading when

again the door slammed open. A boy about 14 or 15 stood in the doorway looking at Hermione.

"So the filthy mudblood has decided to hide with snakes. Should have known," the boy said his eyes still locked on Hermione.

James started to get fed up with the boy very fast. "I'm going to have to insist you leave," James said standing up.

"Are you going to make me, runt?" the boy asked trying to look intimidating.

"Only if I have to," said James standing at his full height of 5'8", about an inch taller than the other boy.

The boy took out his wand but couldn't get it more than a few inches before he felt James's wand pressed against his neck. "Get out," said James in a deadly low voice. The boy didn't need to be told twice before he bolted.

"Who was that?" James asked Draco knowing he would know the answer.

"His name is Randal Black, a Gryffindor. He is the son of Regulus Black, not Sirius Black. I, personally, never thought Sirius was guilty of what he was accused with though," said Dray.

"What was he accused of?" asked James truly curious.

"Sirius was accused of murdering Peter Pettigrew and 12 other muggles in rage after Peter found out he was a Death Eater. I don't think he did it because I know he wasn't stupid enough to blow up a street full of Witnesses, even in a rage," said Dray.

"You knew him?" James asked.

"Yeah, he is my Godfather and third or fourth cousin. Sadly that means

I'm also related to Randal as well. But Sirius was thrown in Azkaban about 5 years ago after Voldemort disappeared," said Dray.

"You say his name!" said Triss extremely surprised.

"I was taught not to be afraid of his name." Said Dray simply

"Sorry if I'm being rude but what are you talking about?" Hermione asked.

James reached into his pocket and pulled out his order book. He wrote a few words in it and a large leather book appeared in his hand. "This is about the Wizarding world, what ever you want to know you'll find in here," said James turning to the front page. "This is the Index, write what you're looking for in this and it will flip to the page it's on," James continued.

He handed the book to a very awed Hermione. "Wow!" she said flipping threw the book.

A thought suddenly occurred to James. "Hermione, where is your trunk?" he asked.

Hermione paled a few shades. "I left it in the compartment when I had to run from Black," she said.

"Come on, let's go get it," said James standing up.

Hermione reluctantly followed James out of the compartment. Hermione lead him to a compartment in the middle of the train. James pulled the door open and looked in side. Randal was sitting in the corner reading a book and two other teenagers with Ravenclaw badges.

Randal looked up when the door opened and reached for his wand when he saw James. James, never being slow, had his wand trained on the boy before he even had his wand out of his pocket.

"Where is Hermione's stuff?" asked James.

“Burned,” said Randal.

James heard Hermione gasp but he could hear the bluff in Randal’s voice. “Accio Hermione’s stuff,” commanded James. A small trunk flew from Randal’s pocket and into James’s hand. “Thank you,” said James sarcastically.

He walked out of the compartment with Hermione slightly in front of him. The rest of the ride was peaceful. No one, bar a two third twins years looking for their friend and the trolley lady, came in to their compartment. Finally after a several hour ride the train conductor announced that they would be arriving at Hogsmeade station.

Chapter 5: Hogwarts, the Sorting and Secrets

When James, Triss, Dray and Hermione finally got off of the train they followed a voice loud voice yelling, "First year this way please!" The owner of the voice was a burly man that James could tell was a half giant.

Once all of the first years had been gathered the man led them to a bunch of boats. "No more than 4 to a boat," the man yelled. James, Triss, Dray and Hermione piled into a boat.

"Hermione, do you have a nickname?" James asked once the boats started to move.

"No, why?" Hermione asked him.

"Hermione is hard to pronounce. You said your middle name was Katharine didn't you?" asked James.

"Yes," said Hermione.

"How would you feel about your nickname being Kat?" James asked.

"That would be fine," said Kat nodding here approval. The rest of the boat ride was quiet. The view of the castle from the lake however, caused everyone to gasp. The castle was lit up like a beautiful candle against the star filled night sky.

The boats soon docked in a cove under the castle. The man led them to a set of double doors where another man with black hair, hazel eyes and glasses. "Here are the firs' years, Professor Potter," said the half giant.

"Thank you, Hagrid," said Potter. Potter led them into a circular room with a pair of double doors opposite of where they entered. "Now," said Potter. "The start-of-term feast will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the Great Hall you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is important because, while you are here your house will be like your family.

"The houses are Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin," he said all but sneering the name Slytherin. "Each house has it's own history and has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn you house points, while any rule breaking will lose house points. At the end of the year the house cup will be awarded to the house with the most house points. The Sorting will begin in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school," he said before walking out of the room.

The minute Professor Potter was out of year shot the famous Hogwarts rumor mill started at full speed. The most ridiculous Sorting rumor came from a red haired boy who said, "My brothers said that you had to wrestle a troll to find out what house we are in."

James, however, was not listening to the ridiculous rumors but talking to Draco. "Professor Potter doesn't normally do the Sorting speech but Professor Evans, his wife, is 4 months pregnant and no one wants her to move around much for the fear that she will lose another baby," Draco said to him.

"Another baby?" asked James.

"Yeah, her first son was stillborn and she miscarried all of the others. Dad said it was Potter's fault, not hers because Potter has faulty genetics," explained Draco.

James thought about this for a minute knowing full well who Lily Evans was. 'It must be the Potter genetics because I was fine when I was born,' James thought feeling a slight pang of fury remembering that Evans had abandoned him.

Professor Potter came back a few minutes later and the room went silent. "Follow me," he said before leading them through the double doors he came in from and into a massive hall.

The hall had five long tables. Four of the tables had different colored banners hanging over them and were full of students. The

other table was at the front of the hall over looking over the other four tables and had several teachers sitting on it.

Professor Potter led them to the front of the hall and had them stand side by side in front of what looked like an old hat. The hall was quiet as if waiting for something when suddenly the hat started to sing.

“A long time ago when the Wizarding world was new,

Four people decided to build a school to teach what they knew.

Old and cunning Slytherin taught the students pure and sly,

While good man Gryffindor taught those with more than met the eye.

Lady Ravenclaw taught those with extra amounts of talent,

And sweet Lady Hufflepuff taught those who were combined,” it sang.

The hall burst into applause when the hat had finished and Professor Potter pulled out a list and started calling names. James was called up quickly and he sat down on the stool and placed the Sorting hat on his head.

‘My, my, don’t you have a load of secrets locked away in your head. Slytherin is the place for you but let’s see what else you have locked up in here. Ah, you’re the one who defeated Voldemort, Dumbledore would love this piece of information,’ the hat thought to him.

‘If you tell any one about that I will fry your ass,’ James thought back to the hat building up some of his elemental energy.

‘Okay, no need to get pushy. You know I live in the headmasters office and I hear all of his meetings, I would like to tell you that you shouldn’t be mad at your mother. Not everything is what it seems,’ said the hat before yelling, “Slytherin”.

James walked over to the Slytherin table and sat down wondering what the hat meant by ‘Not everything is what it seems.’ He was drawn out of his thoughts when Professor Potter yelled, “Granger,

Hermione". For some reason James felt very protective of the girl, like a brother would be over his little sister.

Kat walked up to the stool and sat down. After a minute and a few fearful expressions flashing across Kat's face later the hat yelled, "Gryffindor". Kat got up from the stool and looked over at James as if asking permission to sit down. James nodded and flashed her a lopsided grin making her laugh.

A few minutes later Draco sat down next to James followed by Triss. "I can't believe Granger got thrown into Gryffindor. I thought she would be in Ravenclaw," said Draco shaking his head.

"Granger?" asked James wanting to know why Draco was calling Kat by her last name.

"Yeah, those Gryffindors will corrupt her and shill be calling us slimy snakes by the end of the week, you'll see," said Draco with a sneer on his face.

"I seriously doubt that," said James looking at Hermione. Hermione was sitting all alone at the end of the table waiting for the Sorting ceremony to be over.

When the ceremony was over a man that James guessed was Dumbledore stood up. "I would just like to say a few words, they are: Newt, Nitwit, Oddment, and Tweak," he said before sitting back down. Suddenly the tables were laden with food.

You know that old man is crazy, right? asked Jewel from under his robes.

Yeah, said James looking around. He spotted Kat doing the same and their eyes locked. James motioned for her to come sit in the empty seat next to him.

Kat didn't need to be told twice and was across the hall and in the seat next to him in less than a second. When she sat down her house mates as well as his started whispering among themselves.

One well placed glare shut them all up. Once everyone had gone back to their conversations James stared his own. "What's up with you looking so squeamish with the Gryff's?" he asked.

Hermione motioned her hand to toward Randal Black who was glaring at her with a malice glint in his eyes.

James glared right back at him causing him to look at his plate. "If he or anyone else bothers you let me know, I'll take care of it," said James. The two of them spent the rest of the meal talking about Hogwarts and anything else that came up.

When the meal was over the Headmaster stood up again. "I have a few start of term notices I would like to announce. First, the third floor corridor on the right hand-side is out of bounds this year. Second is that Quidditch try outs will be held in two weeks, if you would like to try out please see Madam Hooch. Also last but not least the Forbidden forest is just that, forbidden. Prefects, please lead the students to your house dormitories," Dumbledore said.

James and Kat stood up and parted ways. Kat looked uneasily at her house mates who were glaring at her but one glare from James made them avert they're eyes. "Kat, promise, if they bother you let me know and I'll deal with it," said James squeezing her shoulder.

Kat left the hall with her house mates and James went to catch up with Dray and Triss. He found them trailing behind a fifth year boy named Marcus Flint, the 5th year Prefect and Quidditch captain. Marcus led them into the dungeons and to a portrait of two snakes arguing, to James ears at least.

"This is the entrance to the common room, the password is Legacy," said Marcus, the portrait opened to reveal a door that led into a big stone room decorated in green and silver. "This is the common room. Up the stairs on the right are the boys dorms, girls are on the left. Two students to each room and bathroom, the doors have the names of the occupants written on them, I suggest you get to bed as we do have classes tomorrow " Marcus continued.

James said goodnight to Triss and headed up to his dorm. He found his name on a door with Dray's name right under it. He changed from his school robes in to a pair of plain black shorts and crawled into bed immediately fell a sleep.

The next morning James woke to 'Bounce, Bounce, Bounce.' "What do you want Triss?" James asked burying his head deep into his pillow.

"James, get up! We have training to do," Said Triss pulling his covers off. James crawled out of bed and straight into the bathroom. He splashed cold water on his face and pulled a loose workout shirt on. Triss was in the Armory in his trunk when he returned.

A few minutes later she came out with the two swords they had last dueled with last and two cups of a potion that protected the two of them from fatal wounds and in Triss's case, healed any inflicted wounds. In James case, however it blocked some of his power and only allowed him to partially heal his own wounds, it had to heal the rest of the way naturally.

Triss handed him his sword and dragged him down stairs, threw the castle, out the front doors, and across the grounds to what he recognized as a Quidditch pitch. "No one should be able to see us practicing here," said Triss downing her potion, James did the same when she handed him his.

"I hate that stuff," said James gagging at the horrible taste. Triss just rolled her eyes and got in dueling position. As good as Triss was at dueling she rarely ever beat James because she didn't have enough patience to let the other person to take the first blow and was therefore very predictable. Also unlike James she stuck with using the same technique which made her even more predictable.

James, on the other hand, never used the same series of attacks twice if he could help it and preferred to make up his own techniques. That is what made him a hard to beat.

As predicted Triss made the first strike but James parried easily and launched his own series of attacks. James could tell Triss was having a hard time parrying his strikes but she was keeping up. James purposely left himself open in one of his attacks to see if Triss caught it.

Sure enough she saw the opening and left James with a two foot wound wrapping around his side but her making that attack allowed him to drop and kick her legs out from under her causing her to drop her sword.

Before Triss could make a move to grab her sword James had his sword pressed against her throat. "Do you yield?" James asked. Triss nodded and James removed his sword and pulled her up.

"Are you alright?" asked Triss pointing to his side where a two foot long 2 inch deep wound was visible.

"Yeah, I'll have to stitch it up though," said James inspecting the wound.

"Sorry about that," said Triss also inspecting the wound.

"Don't worry about it, it was my fault anyway," said James.

Triss walked towards the Quidditch locker rooms to shower and change while James had to go back to his dorm because he forgot to bring his stuff. On the way to the dungeons James seriously hoped that no one was up yet but looking at his watch he wasn't worried as it was only 6:30 in the morning.

When James got back to his room Dray was just getting up and that left him a few minutes to grab a change of clothes, robes, put the swords away and get his first-aid kit without Dray seeing to cut in his side.

After taking a shower and thoroughly cleaning his wound James threw on a pair of boxers and black jeans before starting to stitch up the cut that went from his back to the middle of his stomach. It didn't take him more than 10 minutes having done it on multiple occasions.

After cleaning up the bathroom James threw on a dark blue shirt and his robes and walked out to the common room.

It was now 7:15 in the morning and everyone was up and moving around. James walked out threw the portrait hole not wanting to be in the steadily filling common room. James walked up towards the towers hoping to run in to Kat but not in the way he did.

As James walked up another flight of stairs he heard sniffs and sobs with his sensitive Elven hearing. He followed the sound and was very surprised to find Kat as the source. James kneeled down and touched her shoulder and was even more surprised when Kat started swinging furiously trying to get away from him as if he would hurt her.

James eyes widened when he remembered Triss doing the same when he first met her and his suspicions were confirmed when he saw a black eye decorating her face. James backed off for a second and started calling to Kat. After a few minute of calling her name Kat looked up at him with fear in her eyes.

“What happened Kat?” James asked tilting her head up to make her look him directly in the eye and giving her some mental persuasion.

Kat’s eyes started to water and she started to speak. “When I was 8 I had an accident that ended up having to have the Accidental magic reversal squad come and fix it. They explained to my mom, dad, and brother that I was a Witch. My father was very unhappy about it, as my other brother is a wizard, and started trying to ‘beat the magic’ out of me. When I got my letter he was even angrier and started to beat me more. My mom got me out and taught me how to cover up my bruises with make-up,” Kat said before bowing her head back down.

James knew there was more but had decided to drop it for now. “Kat look at me,” said James. Kat looked up and with a small touch of his fingers all of the bruises and cuts on her body disappeared.

Kat obviously felt the difference and stared at James amazement. See her surprise James answered her unasked question. “I am a healer, only you, Triss, and my Guardian know so you can’t tell anyone,” James said pulling Kat off the floor. Kat nodded.

“Why were you out in the halls, anyway?” James asked as Kat led him back to the Gryffindor common room.

“Randal Black started taunting me last night and I couldn’t take it, so I left,” Kat said simply as she reached a portrait of a fat lady in a pink dress. “Password?” the lady asked. “Electron,” said Kat and the door opened.

“Go and get cleaned up, I’ll wait here,” said James flopping down in one of the over stuffed chairs in the Gryffindor common room. Luckily breakfast had just started and everyone was gathered in the Great Hall, so James didn’t have to worry about any Gryffindor’s wandering around.

Kat finally came down from her rooms at about 8:10 and was dressed in her school robes with her hair pulled back. She looked much better now that her robes were no longer wrinkled and her hair was tamed.

“Ready to go?” asked James from his seat.

“Yeah,” said Kat as James hopped up from his chair and followed her out of the common room. It took them about 10 minutes to get to the Great Hall from the towers, about twice as long as the dungeons. A sudden thought struck James, he had left Jewel alone in the dorm.

“Kat, I have to run back to my dorms really quick. You can come with me or meet me in the hall,” said James. Kat said she would go to the hall and wait for James. James took off like a bat out of hell and when he was out of sight of everyone he started porting for short distances. He reached the entrance to the dorms in about a minute and a half and he yelled the password to the portrait.

The portrait opened and James ran inside and up the stairs to where his and Dray’s rooms were. Jewel was curled up on his pillow when James arrived and James picked her up. Hey, what was that for? she hissed as he threw her around his neck and started running back towards the Great Hall.

Sorry Jewel, but I don't want to leave Kat alone with her house mates for to long. I have a feeling something bad will happen to her and I want to try and prevent it, James hissed back.

About two minutes later he reached the Great Hall. He saw that all of the teachers were either sitting at the head table or passing out time tables. James spotted Triss, Dray, and Kat all sitting together looking over their time tables and James joined them.

Chapter 6:Classes and Halloween

The first class of the day was potions so at 8:45 Dray, James, Triss, and Kat all left the hall towards their dorms to get their books. James walked back up to Gryffindor tower with Kat, reluctant to leave her alone with people like Randal running around.

When they entered the common room Kat ran up the stairs into her dorm while James pulled out his little black book and wrote the name of his potions book. The book appeared in his hands after 30 seconds of waiting. Kat came running down the stairs with a very heavy bag about a minute later.

James took the bag from her and cast a quick wandless feather weight charm before running out the door behind Kat. They arrived at the class room with two minutes to spare.

Kat and James grabbed a seat next to Triss and Dray who had obviously been in the class room for quite a dew minutes. "Has Professor Snape made his appearance yet?" asked James putting Kats bag in front of her on the table.

"No, but my dad said the first lesson is quite a show," said Dray.

About a minute later the bell rang and at that exact moment the class room door slammed open. "There will be no foolish wand waving in this class so don't even bother to ask. Now you are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making," he began. He didn't speak very loud but you could here him as if he were yelling.

"As there is no wand waving in this class many of you will hardly believe this is magic. I don't expect you to really understand the beauty of a softly simmering cauldron with its softly shimmering fumes. I can teach you to how to bottle fame, brew glory, even put a stopper in death, if you aren't as stupid as you look," Snape continued as his eyes looked over every person in the room.

'You would think he would get a little more original,' James thought to Triss.

Triss couldn't help to giggle and even with her hand over her mouth Snape had heard her. "Is there something you find funny Ms. Summers?" Snape asked walking towards her.

"No sir," said Triss still trying to stifle her giggles.

"Tell me Ms. Summers, what would you get if you added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?" asked Snape grinning evilly.

'Triss, asphodel and wormwood make a sleeping potion so powerful it is known as the Draught of Living Death,' James thought to Triss knowing she didn't know the answer to the question.

"Asphodel and wormwood make a sleeping potion so powerful it's known as the Draught of Living Death," Triss said to Snape silently thanking James for saving her ass.

Snape looked like someone had just knocked over a potion he had been working on for months when Triss answered the question right. "Ms. Summers, where would you look if I asked you to find me a bezoar?" asked Snape glaring at Triss.

'In the stomach of a goat, it will save you from most poisons,' James thought to Triss.

"A bezoar would be found in the stomach of a goat, it can save you from most poisons," Triss answered. 'Now I know where you get your glare from,' Triss thought to James as Snape glared at her again. James couldn't help but laugh at Triss's comment now knowing why most older students flinched when he glared at them.

Snape turned to James with silent fury burning in his eyes. "Do you find something funny as well Mr. Cage?" Snape asked James.

"No sir," said James wiping all emotions from his face but still laughing on the inside.

“Mr. Cage, what is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?” Snape asked obviously trying to embarrass either Triss or himself.

“Monkshood and wolfsbane are the same plant also known as Aconite,” said James truly bored by the easy, to him at least, question.

“Damn Death eater’s children,” Snape said so low under his breath that had James not had very sensitive hearing he wouldn’t have noticed.

“I don’t appreciate you calling my parents Death Eater’s Professor Snape, for the fact that they were killed by Death Eater’s,” said James getting very pissed off that Snape would dare talk about Alex and Emma, who he still considered his real parents, like that.

Snape started to make a come back but stopped when James glared at him. ‘Bastard,’ James thought to Triss who nodded to him. The class went by smoothly until Snape called James to stay after class. Dray, Triss, and Kat all decided to wait outside as they didn’t have another class until after lunch and wanted to be able to stop James if Snape decided to be an idiot and James tried to kill him.

When the bell rang all of the students, except James, poured out of the room as fast as they could. “You asked to see me Professor,” said James walking up to his desk.

“Yes, I would like to apologize for my comment about your parents. It was uncalled for and shouldn’t have been thought much less said. Do you accept my apology?” asked Snape looking very apologetic.

James heart softened a bit at the offer and even more when he saw the self loathing behind his eyes. “Yes, I accept your apology and I apologize for getting so angry,” said James.

“Thank you, and 30 points to Slytherin for the questions you and Ms. Summers answered,” said Snape before returning to what ever he was doing.

James walked out of the class room to see Triss, Dray and Kat all waiting for him as promised. "What did Snape want," asked Dray,

"He wanted to apologize for talking that way about my parents and give Triss and I the points we deserved for answering those questions," James explained as they made their way to the Slytherin common room.

Halloween

Life at Hogwarts had been good so far. Kat had been accepted as an honorary Slytherin by the rest of Slytherin house. The Gryffindor's pretty much left her alone but when they didn't James, with the help of Jewel, played extremely funny but embarrassing pranks on the said Gryffindor.

Professor Potter, the Gryffindor head of house and transfiguration professor, suspected James but could never prove anything as Jewel was normally the one to set up and execute the pranks. It turned out that Professor Potter was a Gryffindor version of Snape, biased towards every house but his own. James had nearly hurt said Professor many different times.

Professor Evans, Potter's wife and the charms professor, was nothing like Potter, she was very strict but fair and unbiased. James often wondered why she had married Potter but it wasn't really any of his business. The only real problem with Evans was that because of her pregnancy she was very short tempered, not that James could blame her.

The Defense Against the Dark Arts professor could only be described as one thing, a joke. His name was Jack Quirrell and he couldn't say a sentence without stuttering if he tried. James had to re-teach the lessons to Triss, Dray, and Kat because they couldn't understand through all of his stuttering.

Flying was one of the more eventful classes the four of them had had. A rather clumsy Gryffindor boy named Neville Longbottom had lost control and fell off his broom while more than one hundred feet in the air. James had used his quick reflexes and caught Neville before

he hit the ground. Snape had been so impressed he bent the rules and let James try out for Slytherin seeker.

James had been the best at the tryouts and had been given permission to get his own broom. James had written to Gringott's and had them order him the new Nimbus 2000 model. This of course didn't make Potter very happy and he tried every thing in his power to get James kicked off the Quidditch team but finally stopped when Dumbledore had had enough of Potter's complaints.

It was now Halloween and everyone was in good spirits. Kat, Dray, and Triss had just aced another DADA exam with help from James. James had been announced as having the highest grades in his year as sad as Potter was to admit it. The Halloween feast was to begin soon and everyone was waiting for it.

About an hour before the feast Kat excused her self so she could go get ready in her dorms. James started to get worried when the feast started and Kat still hadn't come back but Dray and Triss wouldn't let him go look for her, insisting she was fine. About 45 minutes into the feast Professor Quirrell came running through the doors like Satan was chasing him. "TROLL! TROLL IN THE DUNGEONS!" he yelled before dropping in a dead faint.

At the word 'troll' all of the students bar James, Triss, and Dray started to panic. "SILENCE," yelled Dumbledor standing from his seat. "Prefects, please lead your students to you house Dormitory. Professors, please follow me," said Dumbledor.

As Flint led the students out of the hall Neville Longbottom came running towards James as fast as he could. "James, Parvati Patil said that Hermione was in the girls bathroom crying a little while ago and never came out," said Neville panting.

"Thanks Neville," said James before running up to where Triss and Dray were. "Triss, Kat is in the girls bathrooms and she doesn't know about the troll," said James grabbing Triss's arm and pulling her down a corridor towards the bathrooms with Dray following behind.

As they reached the bathrooms a smell that was undeniably troll drifted in the air. James heart sank when he hear a scream of terror. James let go of Triss and ran as fast as he could towards the bathroom.

When James entered he saw the crumbled form of Kat laying on the ground and he went on auto-pilot. He hit the trigger points in his hands for his claws, turned into a very large black panther and jumped on the troll ripping and tearing at the troll's skin.

He felt Triss enter the room and sent her a message telling her to get Kat and send Dray to find Snape. Triss did as asked and sent Dray to find Snape while pulling the unconscious form of Kat out of the bathroom.

Dray arrived with Snape and a few other teachers a few minutes later. "What happened?" he demanded seeing Kat's unconscious form.

"Neville Longbottom told James that Kat was in he bathrooms and didn't know about the troll. James told me and Dray and I followed him. We heard Kat scream and James took off. When I pulled Kat out and sent Dray for you he was fighting the troll," said Triss as Professor Evans examined Kat.

"What do you mean fighting the troll?!?!" Snape demanded walking towards the door. Before he could open it a roar that defiantly wasn't a troll sounded followed by a loud 'Clunk'. Snape opened the door to see James inhuman form with his claws still out. "What the Hell is going on here?!?!" Snape demanded.

James turned he attention to Snape with a feral look in his eyes. Triss ran passed Snape and right up to James. "Let me see your hands," she said in a steady voice. The feral look in James's eyes disappeared and he let Triss look at his troll covered claws. She inspected them for a minute and pulled a blue potion out of her robes. She poured the potion over James hands and watched as it ate away all of the troll pieces.

By the time this was done Potter and Evans had entered the room and Dray had left to go get Quirrell. Evans put her hand over her mouth and looked like she was going to throw up at the sight and smell of the mangled troll on the floor. "What did that?" she asked.

"I did," said James before having another potion pushed down his throat by Triss. After he swallowed the final potion Triss pulled out her wand and cast a cleansing charm on James' clothes, hands and face.

Evans caught a glimpse of his claws and had to stop herself from screaming. "What the hell are those?!?" she screamed at him. Snape and Potter nodded their heads showing they wanted to know as well.

"None of your business. Where is Kat?" James asked Triss retracting his claws.

The professors looked flabbergasted that a student would talk to them like that but didn't stop him when he walked out of the bathroom. "I suggest you leave him alone for a little while. He's cranky and low on energy plus that troll blood is going to make him sick," said Triss.

"What potions did you give him?" asked Snape.

"The one I cleaned his hands with was a disinfectant so he didn't get even more troll blood in his blood stream and so the blades don't rust. The one I made him drink was an antibiotic. Our guardian gave me a set of the potions to carry around if something like this happened, James has a set as well," Triss explained calmly.

"Why does he have metal claws installed in his bones?" Evans asked.

"N.Y.D.B." said Triss.

"What does that mean?" asked Potter glaring at her.

"None Ya Damn Business," said Triss before walking out of the bathroom and leaving the flabbergasted professors to look after her.

Outside of the bathroom Triss saw that James had already left and taken Kat with him. 'Probably going to the hospital wing, there is no way he has enough power to heal her.'

Even though James looked invincible Triss of all people knew it wasn't true. Before Triss had even met James, Dragon had put a block on his powers not wanting James to get a big head. When she had arrived Dragon had trained her on how to deal with James in a bunch of different situations. He had had to tell her about the power block, currently James was only using about 20% of his real and ever growing power.

Now Triss was glad for the training knowing James would probably collapse from the energy loss soon, especially if he had wandlessly taken Kat to the hospital wing. Sure enough when Triss arrived at the hospital wing James was standing over Kat with the new medi-witch, Madam Winter, looking rather wobbly. Poppy Pomfrey was away for the year, assisting her pregnant daughter. He started to fall but Triss was next to him and holding him up in less than a second.

"What's wrong with Kat? James will want to know in the morning," said Triss adjusting James's weight.

"She has a nasty bump on the head and her ribs are bruised but she is fine other than that. She should be ready to go to classes with you tomorrow," said Madam Winter.

"Thanks," said Triss carrying James out. About half way to the dorms Triss ran into Dray. "Dray, can you give me a hand. James is heavy," said Triss.

Dray grabbed James and pulled about half of his weight off Triss. Together the two of them carried James to the dorms. Thankfully the common room was deserted when they arrived. Dray lead Triss to the room he and James shared and helped Triss lay James down. With a quick spell from Triss James was in his normal night attire and tucked under the covers.

"What spell was that?" asked Dray.

“Something I found in a book,” said Triss walking out of the room and to her own dorm.

Review responses:

Sailor Star8: Thanks for the compliment. Most likely Snape will be James dad but I might do something else. I almost making this up as I go. Feel free to give me ideas.

Shadow: Thanks Shadow.

Cataclysmic: Thanks.

Chapter 7:Quidditch and Basilisk poisoning

The next morning James woke up feeling like Hell. He groaned and rolled onto his side facing his alarm clock, it read 10:35 a.m. "Shit!" said James trying to get up. He succeeded in sitting up but had to lay back down when a dizzy spell came over him, "Shit," he muttered again.

"That is no way to talk Shadow," said a teasing voice.

"Why didn't you wake me up for classes Triss?" asked James lying back down and pulling his pillow over his eyes.

"Snape excused you for the day and possibly tomorrow pending on how you feel. All that bacteria from troll blood is a bitch to get out of your system. Oh! Snape, Evans, and Potter have decided not to tell anyone about the incident in the bathroom," said Triss smiling evilly.

"What did you do to them Tigress?" asked James not liking the evilness of the smile on Triss's face.

Triss put on her 'I'm a perfectly innocent Angel' act. "What do you mean what did I do? I swear I didn't torture them in to promising they wouldn't tell. I just threatened them very nicely. Plus, I think Snape has a soft spot for you," said Triss in all seriousness.

"He thinks he was one of the people who killed my foster parents," said James pulling the pillow off of his head.

"He wasn't one of them was he?" asked Triss fearing for her professor's life.

"No, if he had been I would have killed or at least mauled him by now. You know Quirrell has the mark, right?" said James.

"You're kidding? The man can hardly stop stuttering long enough to say a spell, much less to pledge his allegiance to the Dark Lord," said Triss.

"He has the mark, trust me. It's etched into his aura, just like Snape and Lucius," said James as Dray walked in with Kat behind him.

"What about my Dad?" asked Dray flopping down on a chair.

"Well let's start from the top, I don't want you to be too confused," said James ignoring the fact that he felt like he had been run over by the Hogwarts express, twice. "When my foster parents were killed I kind of went off and killed a few Death Eaters. After that I somehow Disapperated from my house and ended up at our Guardian's house. Come to find out I have a few...extraordinary powers," James continued carefully.

"He trained me on how to use my powers and right around my 8th birthday I met Triss," explained James before being cut off by Dray.

"What kind of extraordinary powers?" he asked.

"You have to swear on your honor as a wizard that you will not tell anyone what I'm about to tell you. If you break the trust I instill in you, you won't get it back," said James looking both Kat and Dray in the eyes.

"I agree," Kat and Dray said in unison.

"I am a Shapeshifter, Elemental, Healer, Transporter, Will wizard, Telepath, Parselmouth, and aura reader," said James slowly so they could digest everything he had just said.

"Okay, I think I can handle that," said Dray slightly uneasy.

"What about you Kat?" Triss asked from her spot on James bed.

"Okay, I second what Dray said," said Kat.

"Good, now as an aura reader I can measure how magically powerful people are and what abilities they have or if they have been enchanted in some way. The Dark mark is an enchantment, it creates a black ring around the person who has it," James continued explaining.

By now James could tell Dray was a bit panicky but kept his clam demeanor. "Dray, I know your dad has the mark but I also know he was a spy. Snape is in the same position, but I'm not sure about Quirrell yet," James said.

"I know Quirrell isn't a spy, there are only two living ones, my dad and Snape," said Dray.

"Well, we'll have to keep an eye on him. Now, both of you need to leave because Troll blood is a pain in the ass to get out of you system," said Triss trying to shove them out the door.

"Why does he have Troll blood in his system?" asked Kat obviously not knowing what had happened the previous night.

"He saved you from becoming a Kat pancake at the hands of that Troll," Triss said simply while pushing them out the door. "What do you think about Quirrell?" asked Triss after she had successfully gotten rid of Dray and Kat.

"I'm not sure yet but if he is still a loyal Death Eater he's in deep shit," said James cracking his knuckles for effect. Triss just rolled her eyes and started making James drink more potions.

The next day and a half consisted of James being totally bed bound on Triss's orders. Even he didn't dare cross Triss's orders so he took that time to finish all of his homework and read some. Sadly he had to flush the bacteria from the Troll blood out normally so it wasn't like he could get up and move around anyway.

When James arrived at breakfast he saw all of the members of the Quidditch team sitting an empty corner of the table. "Oy Cage! Get over here," yelled Flint. James walked over to the group and sat down. "Now that Cage has decided to show up we can start the meeting," Flint continued.

"The first match is Slytherin vs. Gryffindor and is on next Saturday, the 17th. Practice has been scheduled for Tuesday and Thursday

mornings from 6:30 to 8 o'clock and every night from 6 to 9 o'clock. You better be there!" said Flint before leaving the group.

"I feel for you Shadow," said Triss after he told her about practice.

James! said a voice from under the table.

James looked under it and saw Jewel with her tail wrapped around a piece of parchment. Is that what I think it is? James asked picking her up discretely and grabbing the parchment.

Yes, tap it twice with your hand or wand and say 'The time has come to haunt the night, to be mischievous in the moonlight' and it will activate, said Jewel wrapping herself invisibly around his neck.

"The time has come to haunt the night, to be mischievous in the moon light," James repeated and the paper came to life. Within seconds a map of that floor of the school appeared with several labeled and moving dots. It was headed 'Hunter's Map.' "Wow," said James studying the map.

To clear it say 'Mischief managed,' Jewel said from her spot on his neck.

"Mischief managed," said James, all of the moving dots and lines disappeared. This is awesome Jewel, I owe you one," said James giving the invisible Jewel a piece of bacon.

Thank you, said Jewel before crawling into his robes.

The weeks leading up to the Quidditch match were pure hell. His new broom, a Nimbus 2000 had arrived and several Gryffindors had tried to steal it or get it confiscated. Jewel completely refused to leave his side after she heard about the Troll incident claiming she had to keep him out of trouble. Flint was brutal at Quidditch practice and had threatened the whole team with death or large amounts of pain several times if they lost the match. On top of that was training with Triss, she was even more determined to beat him and that had resulted in several stitched up cuts. Being constantly hit with Bludgers while trying to catch the snitch at practice didn't help.

Finally it was the day of the match and Flint had pulled each member of the Quidditch team aside and threatened to rip them limb from limb, torture them with the Cruciatus curse and then throw what was left of them in the forbidden forest if they didn't do their job.

An hour before the match James went back up to his dorm and got his broom and Quidditch robes from a warded compartment of his trunk. After getting all of his stuff he walked down to the locker rooms right outside the pitch. By the time he was changed and ready to play the rest of the team had arrived. After everyone was ready Flint started his speech, "If you lose this match I will rip you limb from limb," ect. Finally the announcer, a third year named Lee Jordan, announced the Slytherin team.

The team flew out onto the field and waited for the Gryffindor team to be called out. The captain, a boy named Oliver Wood, was the first to be called out followed by the chasers, the beaters, and the seeker. Once both teams were out on the field Madam Hooch dragged the Quidditch balls out onto the field. She kicked the chest and the Snitch and Bludgers took off.

She picked up the Quaffle and yelled, "I want a nice clean game," before throwing the Quaffle in the air. The game was on. Flint had taken the Quaffle immediately and was half way to the goals before the Gryffindor chasers even knew where the ball had gone.

James flew up above the game hoping to avoid getting hit by a Bludger. The day before Triss had gotten really violent with her sword and had given him three very large gashes in his skin that made it hurt like hell to move.

About 30 minutes into the game James flew back down hoping to spot the Snitch. About 150 feet off the ground his broom gave a rough jerk. At first James thought nothing of it but when his broom started trying to throw him off he switched over to his aura tracing mode and searched for an enchantment. James spotted an on going

curse and traced it back to Quirrell in a matter of seconds. 'Big surprise,' he thought.

Before he could over ride the curse his broom gave a lurch and sent him over the front of it. He heard Triss and Kat scream as he was thrown off but he managed to grab the handle with one arm.

Looking over to where the teachers were sitting James was surprised to see Snape furiously muttering the counter curse. Knowing Snape wouldn't be able to stop the curse James pushed some of the pain from the stitches in his side threw the link Quirrell had with his broom.

The effect was immediate, the curse disappeared and Quirrell nearly passed out from the pain shooting threw his head, Quirrell was going to have one hell of a headache. James pulled him self back up onto his broom and saw the snitch. 'Great time for it to appear,' James thought before going after it.

The Gryffindor seeker, Jonathan Reed, had seen the Snitch as well and was going after it to. The two of them were neck and neck after the Snitch when it dived. Both James and Reed dived after it and the ground rapidly approached. About 20 feet from the ground Reed pulled out of the dive but James kept going. Five feet from the ground the Snitch turned right and James missed the ground by inches.

He was back on the snitches tail in seconds and was reaching out for it when a Bludger hit him in the side but he was able to grab the Snitch before he dropped off his broom in pain. James knew that his ribs were bruised if not broken and healed them automatically. Before he could stand up Hooch was hovering over him and he showed her the Snitch. She made a grabbing motion to Lee Jordan and he regretfully announced the Slytherin victory.

James climbed to his feet and felt Triss at his side. She started to poke and prod at his side and he noticed it was bleeding. "We need to re-stitch these," said Triss pushing him back towards the castle. Once they had reached his room James was in a considerable amount of pain and cursed that potion he had to take.

Triss made him lay down on his bed and take off his shirt. "Where is Jewel?" Triss asked curiously noticing the snake wasn't in its normal spot around James's neck.

"She hates to fly so I sent her to go explore the castle," James explained wincing as Triss removed the multiple stitches in his side. After she finished removing all of the stitches she swabbed the three deep cuts in an anti-bacterial solution, re-stitched, and wrapped the cuts.

All of the sudden there was a pop and a frantic looking Jewel appeared. James, you mother is in trouble, come on! Jewel yelled.

Where is she Jewel? James asked picking up the frantic snake and neglecting the fact that Jewel had called Evans his mother.

I can take you, grab Triss, said Jewel.

James did as he was told and he felt a surge of power before they ported. The trio reappeared in one of the upper corridors where the curled up form of Lily Evans lay. James once again went on auto-pilot. "Triss go get Potter and Snape. Now!" he said walking over to Evans.

James held both of his hands over her crumpled form. His eyes turned an eerie silver and a glow enveloped Evans picking her up and turning her on her back. The glow around Evans turned to dark green which meant she had been poisoned with some kind of dark mixture and the color didn't change at all which only could mean one thing, Basilisk poisoning.

James's eyes didn't change in color but the glow around Evans slowly disappeared laying her on the floor. James placed his hands over Evan's swollen belly and a silver ball of light appeared in the space between his hands and her stomach.

By this time Potter and Snape had arrived and Triss was having to physically hold both of them back. "LET GO! THAT LITTLE

BASTARD IS GOING TO KILL HER!" Potter screamed trying to pull himself free from Triss's tight grip.

Finally she got fed up and put both of her struggling Professors in a full body bind. "Chill out. He's not going to kill her," said Triss while watching James heal their professor. A few minutes the ball of silver light disappeared and James's eyes returned to normal.

"Unbind them Triss," James ordered.

Triss did as she was told and cast the counter curse. Potter was on his feet and kneeling next to his wife in seconds and Snape was standing over both of them. "What happened Cage?" he asked as calmly as he could.

"Professor Evans was poisoned with a mixture of Basilisk venom and Phoenix ash, known as Basilisk poisoning. This isn't the first time it's happened, I think every miscarriage she has had was a result of the same poisoning. Oh, Professor Potter. Congratulations, you have two healthy twin girls due sometime around Christmas time," said James looking at Potter.

Potter looked up at James with tears in his eyes and before anyone could react Potter was on his feet and wrapped James in a hug. "Thank you," he whispered before releasing James and returning to his wife's side.

James was stunned to silence as was Snape and Triss. "I trust you can get her to your rooms on your own. Let her rest and she should be as good as new by Monday," said James snapping out of his daze. With a bit of assistance from Triss, James got back to his dorm and crashed into his bed a sleep not even bothered by the noise of the party in the common room.

Review responses:

Cataclysmic: Thanks for the compliment. As you'll see in the chapter above Snape, Evans, and Potter are pretty much going to leave him alone for the time being. Also I finish my writing so fast because I

always finish the chapter after the next one I am to post, or you can think of it as this, I'm already finished with chapter 8 and working on 9.

Jordan: See above.

Ankalagon: Thanks. I plan on avoiding that whole 'all powerful and mighty' thing. I don't like it either, think super-sayan. As of right now both McGonagall and Flitwick are dead but I might change that and say they were in retirement. Notice I left a lot of stuff open because I hadn't made up my mind. For the time being Potter and James are neutral with each other but that WILL change. Ron won't really be brought into the picture until second year when Ginny arrives, but I'll but a prank on him in the next chapter if I can. As far as James and his mum go, they'll be friendly and what not for now but I don't want to spoil the story.

C: At age 11 one of my best guy friends was 6'1" and my other guy friend was 5'10". Almost every other guy I know was 5'8" or taller at age 11 bar two, and they had bone marrow disorders. Sorry if it goes against statistics. Plus, James is NOT completely human anyway, and their for not average J

Chapter 8: Tom Riddle, Pranks, and Pissing contests

In the weeks after the incident with the Basilisk poisoning Potter had come and thanked James multiple times for saving the life of his daughters. Snape had come and thoroughly questioned him about what he had done to Evans but had yet to get more than the normal answer of N.Y.D.B. At one time he had tried to dig into James's mind using Legilimency but ended up being thrown into a wall when James kicked him out.

Evans had thanked James once through Kat but steered clear of he and Triss. At first it worried her thinking she had figured out one of his secrets. After picking up a few stray thoughts James had found out that she had been out and about early one morning and had seen he and Triss practicing in one of their more violent sessions. She was now scared stiff of both James and Triss.

Triss had thought it strange that the teachers hadn't really bothered him about the impression he had made so far but that was before James had told her about Snape. Triss being her normal protective self went down to Snape office and gave him a long tongue lashing. Needless to say Snape didn't even look James's way for a week.

Finally it was the first night of Christmas break. Dragon had sent them an owl saying that he had some stuff to take care of in America and wouldn't be around for Christmas break. Dray and Kat had also decided to stay behind not wanting to leave James and Triss all alone at the castle as they were the only students staying that year.

After everyone had gone to bed for the night James decided to go explore the forest. There wasn't much out there except for the half-giant, Hagrid. James decided to follow him finding that there wasn't much else to do. After trailing behind Hagrid for about 30 minutes James started to get bored and was going to head back when a strange thumping sound caught his attention.

At first James thought it might be a centaur or something similar but that thought was stopped when he heard a strangled cry. Straying away from Hagrid, James ran towards the sound. What he found horrified him.

Lying dead on the ground was a pure white Unicorn dripping with it's own silver blood. Hovering over the dead Unicorn was a cloaked figure that had several drops of the Unicorn's blood on its cloak. The figure must have heard James approaching because it looked up right into James's eyes.

James stared right back and suddenly the plainly visible scar on his forehead burned. 'Riddle,' James thought to himself. Suddenly the spirit of Riddle flew away from the body of the Unicorn as fast as it could. James thought about going after it but decided against it knowing he wouldn't be able to kill it after it had had a meal of Unicorn blood.

James ran back through the forest and back to the school. After about 10 minutes of full out running James finally got back to the common room. He changed back to his human form and walked into Triss's dorm. "Triss, wake up," said James shaking her shoulder.

"What the hell do you want James?" Triss muttered into her pillow.

"Riddle is in the forest," said James.

Triss sat up 100% awake. "WHA-mhh" she yelled.

"Keep your voice down! You're going to wake the whole castle," said James removing his hand from her mouth.

"What do you mean Riddle is in the forest?" Triss demanded.

"I went out to explore the forest and I followed a strange beating sound. I found what ever was left of him feeding on a dead Unicorn. I didn't follow him because with all that Unicorn blood running in his veins it would have been stupid," James explained.

"How do you know it was him?" asked Triss.

James pointed to the pulsing scar on his forehead. "It burned. It hasn't done that since I defeated the bastard," said James venomously.

“Okay, what’s the plan for now?” Triss asked.

“Lets leave it alone for now. He’s not strong enough to get into the school and I’m still planning a prank to play on Quirrell for trying to get me killed, and on Weasley and Black for nearly getting Kat killed,” said James smiling evilly.

“Okay, it’s your call. Now get out so I can go back to sleep,” said Triss going back into sleep mode.

“Night,” said James heading back to his own dorm.

The holidays were rather uneventful. James didn’t tell anyone else about what he had seen in the forest. Dragon sent both he and Triss several presents from America and his apologizes about them not being able to come home for the holidays. As expected Professor Evans gave birth to two twin girls, Sara and Holly, on December 27. Dumbledore had arranged Potter and Evan’s classes so one of them would always be with the girls.

On January 3, the first day back for students, James, with the help of Jewel, executed his prank on Quirrell. When Quirrell walked into the Great Hall he was dressed in his normal purple and black robes and purple turban. With a small wave of Jewel’s tail Quirrell was dressed as Raggedy Anne and had a life like dummy of a Vampire in front of him. Quirrell screamed like a girl when he saw the Vampire dummy and nearly tripped over his Raggedy Anne skirt trying to run away.

The Hall rolled with laughter but that wasn’t the end of the show. With another wave of Jewel’s tail Randal Black was dressed as Snow White and had a small roach climbing around on his dress. Like Quirrell he yelled and nearly barbequed himself trying to kill the thing.

Neither of those reactions were anything compared to that of Ronald Weasley. With a wave of James’s hand he was dressed as a multi-colored rabbit and at his feet was a baby Acromantula. Weasley opened his mouth a screamed Bloody murder while trying to run

away from the spider. Unknown to him it was attached to him by an invisible thread.

When Quirrell, Black, and Weasley had finally stopped running around screaming Potter stood from his seat and said, "Will James Cage please report to my office immediately."

James picked up his bag and walked towards Potter's office. Inside of the office was a fuming Potter. "Just what the Hell do you think you've been doing?!?" yelled Potter while pacing back and forth across the room.

"What do you mean, sir?" James asked.

"You know perfectly well what I mean! Playing the pranks against teachers and other students and causing all of the other ruckus," said Potter.

"You have no reason to believe that was me Professor," said James still playing dumb.

"Don't I? Every student and teacher that has been pranked has done something to you or your friends," said Potter obviously starting to get angry.

"That could have very well been the Weasley twins. Do try to stop blaming your own houses faults on others Potter," said a new voice.

James turned around and saw Snape standing in the door way. "Stay out of this Snivellus," said Potter.

Snape flinched at the name but didn't back down. "As I am Mr. Cage's head of house I do believe it is my right to hand out punishments to him," said Snape.

"Not when it involves my house, Snape," Potter yelled again.

"Wow, and you claim the students act like children," said James in a mocking voice.

At this both Potter and Snape stopped and glared at him. "I agree with Mr. Cage," said yet another new voice. Both men turned and saw Professor Evans standing in the doorway holding two babies in her arms.

"Lily, what are you doing here?" Potter asked while gulping. James had to stop himself from laughing. He knew from past experience how dangerous it could be to anger a redhead.

"I was here to drop Holly and Sara off but as you to are having one of your pissing contests I'll take them with me. Mr. Cage, you have my class next don't you? You can give me a hand," said Evans walking out of the room and motioning for James to follow her.

"I thought you were mad at me or something," said James as Evans led him down the hall to her classroom.

"No Mr. Cage, I'm not. In fact I owe my daughters lives to you. I have a confession to make. The morning after you saved them I went out to the Quidditch pitch looking for you to thank you. I saw you sword fighting with Ms. Summers, and it scarred me the way you were carelessly hacking at each other. I thought that might have been what you were really like," said Evans with a lot of her emotions in her voice.

"Don't worry about it, what you saw was one of our rougher sessions. Triss is a bit irritated that she can't beat me. No worries though, she and I both take a potion to keep our injuries from being fatal or more than a few inches deep, then heals them," James explained.

Evans looked at him for a second and said, "Is that why you're flinching with almost every step you take?" Evans half stated, half asked.

"My healing powers don't react quite like they should when the potion is in my system. My wounds have to heal normally. It's a bit painful but I'm use to it," said James sheepishly.

"What about the blades?" asked Evans.

“N.Y.D.B,” said James.

“Why are you willing to tell me about some things rather than others?” asked Evans getting frustrated.

“If you want to know so bad, fine. Over the summer I was a volunteer in a research project. I ended up getting hurt and had to have a Titanium frame put in to support the bones in my hands. My Guardian had the idea of having blades put in as well. I thought it was a good idea,” James lied.

“Oh,” said Evans. After a few more minutes of silent walking the group of four arrived at the classroom.

Several students were already inside and Evans handed Holly and Sara over to James and headed over to her chalkboard. She wrote out that days lesson on the board as students filed in. Triss, Kat, and Dray sat down around James and started to prep for the lesson.

“Who are they?” asked Kat looking adoringly at the infants.

“These are Holly and Sara. Professor Evans daughters,” said James. At that minute Evans returned.

“Mr. Cage, you are excused from today’s lesson, you may take Holly and Sara outside or about the castle but if they have one scratch on them when they are returned you are dead,” she said to him in a low voice.

“Yes ma’am,” said James walking out of the room with Holly and Sara. During all of this James was trying his best to figure out why a woman he hardly knew would trust him with her only daughters.

‘O’well,’ James thought as he carried the two girls to the library. Once he entered the library he conjured a twin wind-up baby rocker and set the two in side. He pulled ‘The Hobbit’ out of his bag and started to read. About an hour and a half later Evans walked up to his table but James was too engrossed in his book to notice. However when she made her way to pick one of the girls up James was looked right at her.

“They are a bit quiet for babies aren’t they?” James asked making Evans jump.

“Don’t do that, you scared me,” she said as she picked up Holly. Even though the two were identical twins James could easily tell one from the other. “I did notice they are really quiet. They have hardly made a sound since the day they were born,” said Evans with slight concern in her eyes.

“They’re very healthy so that’s nothing to worry about,” said James hearing her thought.

“Do you have any brothers or sisters? You seem to be very good with children,” Evans said.

“No, my foster parents couldn’t have children, but Triss is good enough. She acts like a toddler most of the time,” said James.

“I heard that Shadow!” Triss yelled skipping into the library. She walked over to him and playfully smacked him upside the head.

“Hey what was that for?” asked James rubbing his head.

“For calling me a toddler,” said Triss poking James in the ribs playfully.

“That’s it,” said James before picking Triss up and tossing her over his shoulder. “Excuse us Professor Evans,” said James before heading out to the lake with Triss trying to struggle out of his grasp.

Review responses:

Athenakitty: James already knows who his father and mother are. Dragon will be kind of in and out of this story until the end of fourth year. I’m not quite sure about Triss’s parents yet. I don’t think James will develop any more powers until much later. James is going to be very close with his little group. Pettigrew won’t be around till later. James gets on very well with Lily for the time being. James knows

the 'base' of the reason his mother gave him up. Yes, my story does follow some of the main events from the book.

Cataclysmic: I have a lot of time to write and plan everything out as my father has a bunch of conventions to be at all the time, so I some time get out of school. James's little sisters are one of my favorite parts of the story. I should have quite a few chapters up soon after this one but even more questions will probably plague your mind.

Muggle: Thanks.

Pheonixman: Thanks.

Ice-baby-bubbles: Thanks.

Chapter 9: Fluffy, the Stone and Quidditch

The month pretty much went on the same as the previous month. Potter had all but declared war on James and Snape had congratulated James on getting under Potter's skin. The teachers were piling up homework because of the up coming exams, even though it was only February.

No one was very happy about this except Kat. She was continuously ranting about how they needed to study for exams. James didn't really care one way or another. He was too busy with Quidditch practice, battle training, baby sitting, and doing homework to care about anything but sleep.

Evans had made him into her part time baby sitter. When ever he wasn't in class but she was James was baby sitting Sara and Holly. This really pissed Potter off but he dare not anger a red head. Sadly the twins were almost never quiet except when they were asleep.

Quidditch practice could only be described as one thing. Hell. Flint was even more violent about winning than in the game against Gryffindor. Hufflepuff had a new Seeker that was excellent. He would even give James a run for his money. He was a 4th year named Cedric Diggory, new on the team.

Even worse was the fact that Triss had been kicking his ass around the pitch almost every morning but still had yet to win more than one once. That made her just a little bit moody and she had blown up several test subjects in all of her classes on multiple occasions. Plus the fact that she still had to get back at James for throwing her in the lake.

Between all of this James had enough time to do his homework, eat, sleep and do a little bit of exploring. God forbid he should get a detention. Saturday nights, his only free time, was spent exploring the parts of the castle he hadn't yet seen. In fact that's what he was doing now, exploring the third floor corridor in the form of a small black snake.

So far he had come across nothing of interest, just empty dark rooms. Now he was on his 9th room in the long hall. He tried to nudge the door open with his head but it wouldn't budge. He switched back into human form and tried to open the door but it was locked.

He put his hand flat up against the door and concentrated on it opening. With a small click the door squeaked open. Inside James expected to find another empty room but instead was a very large three-headed dog sitting on a trap door. "Oh," said James as the dog let out a long throaty growl.

James slammed the door shut and put a series of locking spells on it. The one that was on it before a first year could counter. "Okay," said James only just barely holding onto his calm demeanor. "That is something to add to my weird shit-o-meter," he said.

James went straight back to his dorm and made a plan to go see Hagrid, the grounds keeper, about the three headed dog. The next morning James was up really early and the first thing he did was walk out to a cabin that was on the grounds. He knocked on the door and heard barking.

A minute later Hagrid opened the door. "Hello Hagrid. Can I come in?" James asked the half-giant. Hagrid seemed a bit reluctant but let James come in. "I have a few questions for you. Do you know anything about that big ass three-headed dog on the third floor corridor?" James asked, cutting to the chase.

"Ow do you know about Fluffy?" Hagrid asked.

"I saw him. Why was he guarding the trapdoor?" James continued.

"Now that ain't none of your business. That strictly between Dumbledore an' Nicolas Flamel. Oh, shouldn't 'ave said that," said Hagrid stopping his rant. By then James was already out the door heading to his library. When he got to his dorm he threw open the library door and jumped down the stairs.

Between the time he had arrived at Hogwarts and now James had somehow found the time to set up his library. It was now decorated in navy blue, silver, purple, and black. James sat down in one of the tables and pulled out his black book and wrote 'Nicolas Flamel.' Seconds later a list of about 10 books appeared. James chose one called 'Mystic stones and where to find them.'

He opened the book and turned to the index. 'Flamel, Nicolas. Page 285,' was written in bold letters. James turned to that page and read, 'Nicolas Flamel is currently the only known owner of the Sorcerer's stone. The stone is a ruby like gem, it is capable of turning any metal into pure gold and produces the elixir of life.'

'Okay, so now I know what is under the trap door,' James thought to himself. 'Now I need to know who is trying to get it,' he thought. 'Wait a second. Riddle! It has to be Riddle,' James thought returning the book back to its spot.

'Should I tell someone?' James wondered. 'No, the teachers either won't believe you or will think your trying to get the stone for your self,' he thought running his hand through his hair. 'O'well its not like Riddle can get into the school on his own,' James thought before starting his homework.

The next few weeks were rather dull and boring. James continued on with his normal schedule with Flint getting increasingly brutal with the upcoming match. The Slytherin vs. Hufflepuff match was set for February 21, three days away.

"BOLE! IF YOU HIT ME WITH THAT BLUDGER ONE MORE TIME I'LL SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR THROAT!" James yelled from the place he had landed. It was one of the final practices and Bole had decided to make a game out of knocking James off his broom with Bludgers.

Needless to say James was getting really annoyed really fast. "No killing or incapacitating other students Mr. Cage," said a voice from behind him. James turned and saw Snape sitting on the side line.

“You would want to maul him if you were me and you know it,” said James before kicking off. A few minute later another Bludger from Bole made its way towards James. Seeing the iron ball out of the corner of his eye James lined himself up and when the ball was close enough smacked it right back at Bole.

Bole, who had not been paying attention, got hit right in the face when he turned to look at James. “Bull’s eye,” said James before diving after the snitch. A few minutes later Flint called practice to a halt as one of his beaters needed to have his face repaired.

James landed and slung his broom over his shoulder and walked to the locker rooms. After showering and dressing James made his way to his dorm but was stopped by the tall form of Snape. “Please come to my office Mr. Cage,” he said before turning around and walking away, with some what of a limp.

James followed the potions master with his broom still slung over his shoulder to his office. “Sit down Mr. Cage,” Snape ordered once they arrived at Snape’s office.

James sat down and waited for the professor to speak. “I’ve been told by Hagrid that you know about the three-headed dog on the third floor corridor,” said Snape.

“Yes sir,” said James.

“Do you know the circumstances behind its presence?” Snape asked.

“No sir. I have guessed he must be guarding some thing but I have no idea what,” James lied.

“Alright. I must warn you to stay away from that dog. It is on orders to kill anyone who enters,” said Snape grimly.

“You should put better wards on it then. A simple ‘Alohomora,’ would open that door,” said James.

“Thanks for the tip,” said Snape sarcastically.

“Oh, and that’s not a three headed dog. It’s called a Cerberus. I suggest you get the bite on your leg cleaned because a Cerberus’s saliva is poisonous. You know what, let me see your leg. I don’t trust you to go to the hospital wing,” said James.

Snape reluctantly let James look at his leg. “Damn, who dressed this,” said James looking at the horrible bandaging job.

“Evans,” was Snape’s short answer.

“Right then. Don’t move, this is going to hurt like hell,” said James pouring a thick blue potion on Snape open wound. Snape took in a sharp breath and was obviously having a hard time staying still. James then placed his hand on the wound and concentrated on it knitting its self back together.

Slowly the wound closed and left behind a small red line that would disappear when the potion had finished its work. “What the hell was that?” Snape asked motioning to the empty potions bottle.

“A disinfectant. It works kind of like rubbing alcohol, the worse the infection the more it hurts. Much better than rubbing alcohol though,” said James standing up.

Snape nodded and leaned back in his chair as the potion took affect again. “It takes about 10 minute for the whole potion to run through your body. I wouldn’t move around much for that amount of time. It hasn’t even reached the worst of the poison yet,” said James while exiting the room.

James walked back to the Slytherin common room and flopped down on a chair next to Triss. “What’s up Shadow?” asked Triss.

“Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,” said James leaning back on the sofa and closing his eyes.

“You can’t go to sleep yet Shadow, it’s only 8:45. Plus you have to help me with my homework,” said Triss hopping up on James lap like

a toddler. James wrapped an arm around Triss's waist and pulled her down to him.

"You will sleep too," he said cracking one of his eyes open long enough to look at her and shutting it again. Triss complied by curling up like a cat with her head on James's chest. (A/N: Nothing sexual is going on between them at this time. The two of them are just very close.)

A half an hour later both were sleeping soundly when Dray walked in with Kat behind him. "Hey, isn't that cute," said Kat pointing to the two of them.

"Yeah, I guess," said Dray looking at the two of them.

"Do you have a camera Dray?" Kat asked.

"Yeah," said Dray pulling a Polaroid camera from his bag.

"Should we wake them?" Kat asked after taking a few pictures..

"No, Triss already said that James hasn't been getting a lot of rest with every thing else going on," said Dray leading Kat back out of the common room.

The next morning James was woken by the extra weight on his chest. He looked at his watch and saw 6:00 a.m. written in bold print. "Triss, wake up," said James in her ear.

Triss took a deep breath and snuggled deeper into James's chest. "Triss, you need to get up. I have Quidditch practice in a half an hour," he said .

At this Triss opened one eye and glared at James. "You're not suppose to wake up before me," she said while yawning.

"There is a first time for every thing. Now get up. I need to get ready for practice," said James as Triss got up off of his lap. He stood up and walked up to his dorm.

After showering and dressing in his practice robes he headed out to the Quidditch field with his broom slung over his shoulder. When he arrived every one else was only slightly behind him. "Okay, this is the final practice before the game on Saturday. You have tonight and tomorrow off to catch up on your sleep," and then he went on with his threats.

When Flint finally stopped threatening the team they headed out to the field. Bole had had his broken nose and jaw repaired and was damn near daring James to do it again. James was ready to do it too, Bole was smacking Bludgers at him again. "BOLE! IF YOU KEEP BATTING THOSE DAMN BLUDGERS AT ME I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR NOSE AGAIN!" James yelled while dodging another Bludger.

Bole stopped hitting Bludgers at James on Flint's orders. The practice ended a little while later when Bole hit Flint with a Bludger. Not very smart. When James had left he could still hear Flint yelling at Bole. 'Serves him right,' James thought as he walked to the dungeons to get his stuff for class.

Triss was just coming down the girls stair cases when James entered. "What's up Shadow?" Triss asked as he started up his stairs.

"Not much. If you wait a minute I can walk to breakfast with you," said James still going up the stairs.

"Alright, just hurry up," said Triss.

James returned a few minutes later with his black leather bag thrown over his shoulder. "Let's go," said James walking out the door.

Kat and Dray were already sitting at the Slytherin table when they arrived. "Morning," said Kat.

"Morning," Triss and James replied simultaneously.

"You two looked so cute in the common room last night. I even got a picture," said Kat holding up a moving picture of the sleeping James and Triss.

“Aw, you look so cute Shadow,” Said Triss pointing to the lightly snoring James.

“Thank you,” said James between mouthfuls of food.

The three of them continued to talk about how cute James looked while he slept while James himself, ate.

Finally it was Saturday, the match against Hufflepuff. James was up early as usual, thankfully Triss had given him a little bit of peace and didn't wake him by jumping on his bed.

“Are you ready for the match today Shadow?” Triss asked as he came down the stairs.

“For the match, yes. Listening to Flint's very interesting use of vocabulary, not really but I'll live,” said James flopping down on the chair next to her.

“Does he threaten you before every game?” Triss asked while playing with one of her throwing daggers.

“He tries to threaten me and the rest of the team but I just find it funny,” said James with a chuckle.

“Yeah, you know after last night I'm glad I have my own dorm. God, I could hear Parkinson's giggling threw a stone wall. It would be horrible to have to share a dorm with her,” said Triss.

“Yeah, I only have to share with Dray. He said I should feel really lucky not to have to share a room with Crabbe or Goyle. As it is you can hear them snoring threw the walls,” said James rubbing his ears.

“Lets go to breakfast,” said a very sleepy Dray.

“Okay,” said James picking up his bag, that held his broom and robes, and stood up.

Triss also stood up and followed Dray down to breakfast.

The three of them were soon joined by Kat and they sat at the Slytherin table as usual. Everyone else was already in the Great Hall and anticipating the Slytherin vs. Hufflepuff game. James ate quickly and excused himself from the table.

The rest of the team wasn't far behind him. It was 9:30 by the time everyone was dressed in their robes. Flint started his customary "If you lose this match," speech, not that James was listening.

Finally the teams were called out. The yells for Slytherin were almost drowned out by the boos from the other houses but Triss, being her resourceful self, had charmed a fog horn to yell "GO SLYTHERIN!"

Unlike in the last game Snape was coaching, not very good for the opposing team. About 30 minutes into the game it was 50-10 Slytherin and James had seen the snitch. It was at the base of the Slytherin goals. He dived down and flew directly at it.

Diggory had apparently seen it too and was right behind James. At the last second the snitch shot to the right but James was ready for it. He pulled out of the dive 10 feet from the ground and turned right following the snitch.

Diggory wasn't as lucky and plowed into the ground. James reached out for the snitch but he suddenly heard a voice yell 'Move,' inside his head. James rolled and two Bludgers smacked into each other right where he would have been. He picked up speed again and plucked the unsuspecting snitch out of the air.

The stands roared as James showed them the snitch. "Slytherin wins at 200-10," Jordan announced sadly.

James landed and not two seconds later was pounced on by Triss. "Damn it, don't scare me like that again. I thought those Bludgers would kill you," she said in his ear while hugging him.

"Hey I'm fine. Thanks for the warning though. I probably wouldn't have dodged if you hadn't told me," said James as Triss let go of him.

“Your welcome,” said Triss.

Review responses:

Cataclysmic: I'm in 8th so I don't get any free periods yet, I have also never broken a bone but I have shattered my knee caps, that hurt like hell. I haven't really thought of whom Triss's parents are going to be yet. I know Dumbledore will have something to do with why James had been given up but I don't know if it will be positive or negative. I personally don't like Dumbledore after his behavior in Ootp but I might make an exception. James's twin sisters will grow to become very important. I'm really spoiling the story now so I'm going to stop. : -)

Jordan: No James will not tell her. The reason why she gave him up and how she finds out will be reveled later.

Wytil: Lily will know nothing about who James is until sometime around the end of 4th year. Maybe sooner. Snape might figure it out with in the next few chapters but I'm not sure yet.

AtieJen: Thank you.

Chapter 10: Exams end and trouble starts

(A/N: I don't think I made it clear that the block on James's power makes him just about as powerful as a normal, maybe a bit above average, wizard. As of right now he has 5 times the power of a normal wizard but can't use it and that in turn limits how much of each ability he can use without collapsing from magical exhaustion.)

"I HATE EXAMS!" Triss yelled as the quartet made their way out to the lake. Exams had just ended and everyone was happy about that. Not a whole lot had happened since the end of February. Slytherin had won the Quidditch cup again and were in second place for the house cup, Gryffindor was 50 points ahead of them.

"Triss go cool down in the lake," said James as Triss started jumping up and down, obviously on a sugar high.

"Only if you come too," said Triss still bouncing around.

James sighed and took off his robes, shirt and jeans revealing the swim shorts underneath. He took a running jump and dived into the water. "Come on Tigress!" he yelled as he swam around.

Triss stripped down to the bikini she had under her clothes and dove into the water. "Shit this is cold!" she said when she came up for air. She started to swim back to the shore but was stopped by something pulling her down by her ankle.

Kat and Dray laughed when they saw James's head pop up only to be pulled back down by Triss. Two minutes later the pair resurfaced still wrestling. They kept trying to put one another in arm locks but had yet to succeed. Finally James had managed to overpower Triss and put her in a head lock.

"I give up," she said pulling her self away from James. "Are you to planning on coming for a swim?" she asked Kat and Dray.

"I can't swim," Kat answered sheepishly.

“Well, we’ll just have to fix that,” said Dray as he took off his clothes to revile the swim shorts underneath. “Come on, we all know you have a bathing suit on under your robes,” said Dray.

Kat sighed and stripped down to her bathing suit. Dray led her about chest deep into the water. “Now, the first thing you have to learn to do is float. What you do is lay flat on your back with your lungs full of air and you float on the surface,” he explained.

A few minutes later Dray was pulling a floating Kat around in the water. “Okay, next is the basic free stroke. You use your legs to keep your balance and if you want to as propulsion. Cup your hands and move your arms like you would if you were paddling a Kayak or Canoe,” Dray demonstrated the movement. (A/N: Sorry but that’s as good as I can explain it.)

It took a little longer for Kat to learn the free stroke but she had it down rather fast. “Very good,” Dray said as Kat swam around in the water. By this time Triss and James were wrestling in the water again. James was taking advantage of his Shapeshifting abilities and was changing into various large water animals. At that moment he was in the form of a small Dolphin and was being chased around by Triss.

Suddenly he changed back and , “Someone is coming,” before continuing to wrestle with her.

No more than five minutes later Professor Evans was standing at the side of the lake. Dray and Kat hadn’t taken any notice to her and James and Triss were pretending not to notice her as they tried to drown one another.

“You are going to wake the Squid with all your ruckus,” she yelled. Dray and Kat stopped their swimming lesson but it took another minute to get Triss and James’s attention as they were underwater.

“Hello Professor,” said James when they noticed her.

“You shouldn’t be horse playing when there is God knows what in that water,” she scolded them.

"Alright," said James as he got out of the water and grabbed his towel from the shore line. Dray, Kat and Triss did the same.

Evan's left and they dried off and put their robes back on. As they walked back to the castle something caught James's eye. A lone figure walking out of the Forbidden forest, Quirrell. For a split second his scar burned. James mind jumped to the fact that Quirrell was a loyal Death Eater, then that Riddle was the only one who could make his scar burn and the fact that he was in the forest and the end product was "Oh Shit!"

"What's wrong Shadow?" Triss asked.

"I tell you once we get inside," said James.

Once they got inside and out of the sight of Quirrell, James pulled Dray, Triss and Kat into a hidden room. "We've got trouble," said James.

"What's up?" Triss asked getting a little edgy.

"As you guys already know Quirrell is a loyal Death Eater. I just saw him come out of the forest where what ever was left of Voldemort has been roaming. Quirrell came out of the forest while we were walking up from the lake and I doubt he came back alone," said James.

"Why do you think he didn't come back alone?" asked Kat.

James pointed to the plainly visible scar on his forehead. "This isn't just any scar. I lied when I said I had killed a few Death Eaters the night my powers manifested. I blinded a Death Eater and defeated the Dark Lord. Voldemort tried to cast Avada Kedavra on me but I turned it back on him but I didn't quite get away unscathed," said James rubbing the scar.

Dray and Kat gave a new meaning to the words 'jaw drop.' Their chins were so low it looked as if they're jaws had been unhinged. "Do you have any idea what this means?" asked Dray.

“That if any one knew what I had done my face would be in the history books?” asked James. Dray nodded. “That is exactly the reason no one is going to find out. Back to the main subject. What are we going to do about Voldemort?” James asked.

“Why does Voldemort want to get into the school?” asked Triss.

“At the current moment there is an object called the Sorcerer’s stone residing in the school. It is capable of giving Voldemort his body back. I think he and Quirrell might be going after it,” said James.

“How could they do that right under Dumbledore’s nose?” asked Kat.

“Plenty of ways. I wouldn’t invest a lot of trust in Dumbledore, he has a habit of being manipulative,” said James holding back all of the other names he could call the headmaster.

“I say we should tell Dumbledore what is going on. Better for him to get his ass kicked around by Voldemort than us,” said Dray.

“I agree,” said Kat.

“Alright. Any idea where his office is?” asked James. No one spoke up. “Better go talk to Evans then,” said James walking out of the room and back into the entrance hall. The rest of the small group followed.

They arrived in Evan’s office a few minutes later. “Professor, we need to speak to Professor Dumbledore. It’s important,” said James.

Evans looked up from the stack of papers she had been grading and at James. “Professor Dumbledore isn’t here at the moment. What is so important?” she asked, concerned.

James took a deep breath before he answered. “Nothing that can’t wait Professor,” he lied smoothly.

“Okay Mr. Cage. Good day,” she answered suspiciously, but went back to her papers none the less.

James walked from the office with the rest of the Quartet following. "What are we going to do?" asked Triss.

"I don't think Quirrell will go after the stone until tonight so you and I," he said motioning to Triss, "are going to follow him. You two," he said motioning to Dray and Kat, "are going to stay here and warn Dumbledore of what is going on when he gets back, if we aren't back by then."

"Why aren't we going?" asked Dray.

"Because Triss and I won't get caught as easily as if you were with us. We don't need things like cloaks to become invisible or to hide. Plus we will be able to react to what could happen better. We were trained for this," said James.

"Okay," said Dray a bit psyched out.

At around 10 o'clock that night Triss and James snuck out of the common room. It didn't take them but a few minutes to get to the third floor corridor. Sounds of soft music could be heard through the door of Fluffy's room. James unlocked the door and looked into the room.

Fluffy was sound asleep to the rhythm of a harp. "Come on," said James as he led Triss into the room. He wasted no time in jumping through the open trap door with Triss following soon after. He landed with an audible thud. Instantly he knew he was about to be attacked by a nasty batch of Devil's snare but he ordered it to leave them alone through his elemental abilities. A hole appeared in the middle of the room.

"I never thought I would be happy that you were an elemental," said Triss, remembering all of the times he had started rainstorms over her head. James just grinned.

"Come on," said James jumping through the hole and on to the hard floor below. Triss soon followed. They came to an archway and James could faintly pick up the sound of beating wings. He looked around the archway and saw hundreds of flying keys. On the other

side of the room was a door and in the middle of the room was a broom.

“I think you have to catch the key to the door,” said Triss.

“Yeah, I think so too,” said James walking out into the room. Before he could get to the brooms there was a mad flapping of wings and the keys zoomed at him. “Oy vay,” he said before turning into a black hawk and taking off.

‘Tigress, do you see a key the might fit the door?’ James asked.

‘Yeah, it’s 3 feet to your left. Catch it and bring it down to me. I’ll open the door while you distract the keys,’ answered Triss.

James looked to his left and saw a big brass key with a broken wing. He took a left turn and caught the struggling key in his beak. ‘Here Tigress,’ James yelled while throwing the key down to her.

She caught it and unlocked the door. Flying as fast as he could James flew through the open door hoping that none of the keys would get in. Triss slammed the door shut behind him.

“Those damn keys are going to kill someone,” said James after changing back into human form.

“Yeah, and if that doesn’t get them the smell of that Troll will,” said Triss pointing to the dead Troll behind him.

“Well at least I don’t get blamed for killing another Troll,” said James. Triss chuckled. “I don’t think there will be more than two more obstacles,” said James walking threw another door.

The two walked on to a giant chessboard. James walked through the rows of white players and up to the black. The pawns drew their swords. ‘BOOM!’ All of the black pieces were blown to smithereens.

“Watch it Shadow,” said Triss brushing some of the dust particles from her hair.

“Sorry Tigress,” said James doing the same.

‘Clang’ “Shadow drop!” yelled Triss.

James dropped down to the floor as a sword swiped the place his head would have been. James looked up and saw a marble statue holding the sword. A few feet from him another statue was advancing on Triss. James concentrated on making an elemental sword and with a swish of wind a white sword appeared in his hands. “Triss catch!” he yelled throwing the sword to her.

She caught it and started dueling with the statue. James hit the trigger point for his claws and got into dueling position. The statue took the first swing. James easily countered it and swung at the statue’s head. He missed and the statue got him in the side. That just served to piss him off.

Several minutes and a shattered statue later James was moving on to kill the statue that was currently kicking Triss’s ass. “Hey marble boy. Come get me,” said James trying to draw the statues attention away from Triss who was in a bad way. It worked.

The draw back was that this statue was a lot stronger then the one he had just fought. Several nicks and cuts later James finally got the upper hand on the statue and cut its head off. James walked over to where Triss was laying on the ground. “Triss are you alright,” he asked very concerened.

“I feel like hell,” she said a little above a whisper. She pressing her hands against a freely bleeding cut in her side.

“I’m going to heal you so don’t move,” said James putting his hands over Triss’s cut. Like with the other people James had healed his eyes turned silver but this time you could see a little bit of blue shinning threw. When James removed his hands the wound was gone.

“Triss, I want you to go back and get Snape and tell him what’s going on. Kat and Dray will meet you in the corridor,” said James pulling Triss to her feet.

“Alright but you had best come back in one piece. Here, you probably want this back,” said Triss handing him the air sword.

“Thanks Triss. See you later,” he said pushing her threw the door they had come in threw. ‘Dray, meet Triss in the third floor corridor and get Snape,’ James thought to him.

‘We’re already on our way to the corridor with Snape,’ said Dray.

‘Alright,’ said James continuing threw what he hoped to be the final door. He hoped it wasn’t another physical obstacle because his wounds from the statues wouldn’t heal, he’d used up most of his energy to heal Triss and the rest was being used to hold his form in place.

Thankfully his silent wish came true and it wasn’t another physical obstacle. He walked into the room and a wall of roaring purple fire popped up behind him. In front of him a black fire appeared. In the middle of the room was a table with 7 potion bottles and a piece of paper. James didn’t even bother looking at the paper; he knew exactly what the potions were and which one would allow him to go threw the fire.

He picked up the smallest of the seven bottles and drank a sip of it. Almost instantly he felt like ice. He walked through the fire and wasn’t surprised by what he saw on the other side. Quirrell was facing a mirror that James recognized as the Mirror of Erised, talking to him self.

Quirrell turned around at the sound of James’s footsteps. “Cage!” he snarled when he saw James.

“I see you didn’t come back alone from the forest. Do ask Riddle how it feels to be a parasite,” said James.

“How dare you talk about my master in that manner!” screeched Quirrell.

“I can talk about the parasite however I please,” said James calmly.

"Let me speak to the boy face to face," said another voice in a snake like whisper.

"B-b-but m-master you are n-not strong e-enough," Quirrell stuttered.

"I am strong enough for this," said the voice.

Quirrell turned his back to James and started to unwrap his turban. Stuck to the back of Quirrell's head was the face of Voldemort.

"Ah, so Tom Riddle believes he is too good to die like the rest of us," said James looking at what was left of Voldemort.

"Do not speak the name of that filthy Muggle that I called a father," hissed Voldemort.

"Oh, the great Lord Voldemort is sensitive about his name. I bet he is a bit more sensitive about the fact that he was defeated by a five year old. Lets see if you recognize me," said James. Slowly his brown hair turned to black and grew longer and his eyes turned from blue to emerald green.

Recognition shown in Voldemort's eyes. "Severus's son. Doesn't really surprise me. You're just as arrogant as he was, nothing like your mother. She was to be mine you know, but I made the mistake of letting Severus have the first pick of the catch. Of course he would chose her. He enjoyed raping her you know. She, herself, moaned like a whore," said Voldemort trying to piss him off.

Surprisingly it worked but James didn't let it show. "She only gave you up because she didn't want her husband to know she was a whore," Voldemort continued. James had had enough and leapt at Quirrell, sword in hand.

Quirrell turned and the sword went threw his arm. Quirrell screamed as James withdrew the sword. "KILL HIM!" yelled Voldemort. Quirrell

charged at James, despite the pain, and James stabbed Quirrell right threw the heart.

Quirrell grabbed the hilt of the sword as he dropped to his knees as he died. "Intelligent help is so hard to find," said James letting the sword dematerialize.

What he failed to notice was the cloud of dust forming over Quirrell's body. The grayish cloud started to take the form of a face. It gave a low type of growl that made James turn around. "Oh shit," he said before the cloud that was Voldemort rammed into him and all went black.

Review responses:

Shewhostalkssiriusontheweekend: Thank you.

ER: Thank you. Consider first review non-existent. No, Lily doesn't know yet. You'll have to see about Snape. My lips are sealed. Yes, Holly and Sara are his half-sisters.

Jordan: Thank you.

Cataclysmic: Dumbledore is okay in some stories but I mainly don't like him. There won't be much of Sara and Holly in the next few chapters but they'll be around soon, I promise.

Slim5: Thank you. I try to make my plots as original as possible.

Chapter 11: Secret reveled and explanations

When James woke he felt like he'd been beaten with a baseball bat repeatedly and he felt really hot. He groaned as he tried to sit up and push some of the blankets off him but had to lie back down. That drew the attention of who ever was in the room with him. A second later he felt a cool rag on his head.

"James, your system went into magical shock last night. You need to rest and stay warm," said a voice that James barley recognized as Snape. He groaned, the last place he wanted to be was near Snape, especially if he had heard the conversation between himself and Voldemort the pervious night. James decided not to think on that and go back to sleep.

When James woke again it was to the sound of arguing between Snape and Triss. "I WANT TO SEE MY FRIEND!" yelled Triss.

"He needs his rest. What part of 'he nearly died last night' don't you understand?" asked Snape in a deadly calm voice.

James kicked off the blankets covering him and walked to where the voices were coming from. As he made his way to what looked like a kitchen he looked around. The small apartment was decorated in blue, silver, and bronze. He walked into the room where the voices were coming from. It was definitely a kitchen.

Snape and Triss both looked very angry and James knew if he didn't intervene they would really start to fight. "Do you two have to argue so loud?" asked James. Snape looked over shocked that James was up and moving and Triss pounced on him.

James knew that was coming and managed not to fall to the floor when she jumped on him. "We were all so worried Shadow. I wasn't able to reach you threw our link and Dray said you weren't answering to he and Kat either," she said in a rush.

"I'm fine Triss. If I were anywhere close to dieing last night you would have known. I was just low on energy and having Ol' snake face head butt me didn't help," said James rubbing his stomach.

Triss chuckled. Triss, do you know if Snape heard any of my conversation with Riddle? James asked in Elven. Snape's jaw dropped.

Yeah, he did. I did as well; he looked as if he would cry when he heard that you were his son. And all of those things Riddle said, I thought he was going to run threw that fire and kill Riddle himself. By the way, a very pissed off and over protective snake is looking for you, Triss said smirking.

JAMES SHADOW CAGE!!!! Jewel hissed slithering into the room.

Snape was looking on in astonishment as James picked up the hissing, deadly and very angry snake. He was even more surprised when James hissed back.

Jewel, Chill out. It's not like I died or anything, said James trying to stop the snake's rant.

NOT LIKE YOU DIED!!! YOU DAMN NEAR DID. YOU WERE COMPLETELY MAGICALLY EXHAUSTED WHEN YOU GOT HERE. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW EASILY VOLDEMORT COULD HAVE KILLED YOU HAD YOUR FATHER NOT BEEN THERE? Jewel yelled/hissed.

Jewel had I been completely magically exhausted I would still be a sleep, said James calmly.

Jewel hissed in defeat, knowing she wouldn't win that argument. She crawled up James's arm and into his shirt, poking her head out of his collar.

I think you should have a talk with your dad. He's probably really confused by now, said Triss pointing to the stunned potions master. James nodded and hugged his friend goodbye.

When Triss was gone James motioned for the potions master to follow him. James walked out of the kitchen and into the living room where he had woken up. James avoided the sofa that was covered

in blankets and sat down in an over stuffed armchair. Snape waved his wand at the blankets and they disappeared and he sat down.

“What do you want to know?” James asked, knowing the potions master probably had a list of them.

“What language were you speaking to Ms. Summers?” Snape asked.

“First I need your word that none of what I tell you will be revealed to anyone, even, no, especially the headmaster,” said James.

“I swear on my honor as a wizard,” said Snape.

“Good. I was speaking a high form of Elven. I’m a little more than half Elven, Triss’s grandfather was an Elf, so she is about $\frac{1}{4}$ Elven. You are $\frac{3}{4}$ Elven and my mother is $\frac{1}{2}$ but she doesn’t know that. Only someone who is at least $\frac{1}{8}$ Elven can learn speak the language. In this plain only maybe 30 people have the ability to speak the language,” said James.

“Where did you get the snake?” Snape asked.

“Her name is Jewel and I bought her. She has grown a bit over protective,” said James patting the snake’s head fondly.

“How did you get the ability to speak parseltongue?” asked Snape.

“Runs in the family. The Snape line is the direct descendent of the Slytherin and Hufflepuff lines. Tom Riddle is an indirect descendent of Slytherin. The Evans line is a direct descendent of the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw lines,” said James.

Once again Snape’s jaw dropped. “You mean to say that you are a direct heir of the four founders. Does the headmaster know?” asked Snape.

“No and no one will be telling him. Let me tell you this up front, I don’t like Dumbledore. He has a lot to do with all of the bullshit that is in my life as well as Triss’s. He will know nothing of me or how I defeated Riddle, as far as anyone is concerned my mothers son was

murdered at the hands of Voldemort for being who he was, if they knew about him in the first place,” said James in a very strong tone.

Snape nodded. “Why do you hate the headmaster so much?” asked Snape with a slight pain in his voice.

“You know how I said Triss’s grandfather was an Elf.” Snape nodded. “Her grandfather is Albus Dumbledore. His son was born a squib and left the wizarding world as soon as he could. When Triss was born you could almost feel her magic and her mother died giving birth. Her father beat her and Dumbledore knew and let it happen, Triss would be dead or worse had I not found her,” said James putting his head in his hands trying not to remember what kind of tortures Triss had been through.

Snape looked even more flabbergasted at the news that Triss was Dumbledore’s granddaughter. “Why isn’t she living with him then?” Snape asked.

“You don’t listen do you? He sat and let his son damn near kill his granddaughter and did nothing. You have no idea what Triss went through. Dumbledore shouldn’t have the right to even look at her much less try and assume care for her,” said James as pulses of magic rolled off of him in waves.

“What if Dumbledore tries to take her?” asked Snape pushing a very sensitive subject.

“I have a lot of friends in the Ministry of Magic. If he got passed them he still couldn’t touch her because of the bond she has to me, and the fact Triss would probably kill him herself,” said James laughing at the thought of Triss transforming into Tigress and mauling Dumbledore.

“How does Dumbledore tie into your life?” Snape continued.

“He is the one who ‘persuaded’ Evans to give me up. He said that everyone would eventually find out that her son was a bastard so it was in her best interest to put me up for adoption and then tell

everyone that her son was stillborn. He never bothered to tell her who her rapist was," said James.

Snape looked ready to kill at the final comment. Dumbledore had told him that Lily knew full well who had raped her. Had he known she was going to give his son up he'd have taken him in an instant. He knew he could still have that chance to get to know his son but didn't know how to accomplish that with such a closed off person.

"How did you find this out?" Snape asked looking at the blank faced James.

"When I got sorted the hat said that not everything was as it seemed. I decided to have a look into Dumbledore's head to see what the hat meant and I saw what it was talking about. Dumbledore sees himself as some sort of chess master and everyone around him is a pawn. I think he is working to some prophecy or another but I haven't had time to research them," said James, face still blank but you could tell from his body movement that he was trying not to curse something.

"Manipulative old bastard," hissed Snape.

"And to think I've been telling everyone this for years," said James with a hint of humor.

Snape smiled a bit to and decided to ask the question he'd been wondering about since the previous night. "I was wondering, could we get to know one another a bit better?" Snape asked a bit shyly.

"As what?" asked James putting his blank face back on.

"Father and Son. I've wanted a child for as long as I can remember but-" Snape stopped there obviously remembering something bad that happened.

James thought about the question for a few minutes. Snape obviously wanted to be at least a small part of his life and the look on his face alone almost made James say yes. "We'll see. Right now I have a lot of work to do before school ends. However I'm not sure

about the summer holidays so we'll see," said James trying to avoid giving a direct answer.

"Now for my questions. Does anyone know about what happened in that room with Quirrell?" James asked.

"No, as far as anyone knows you told me that Quirrell was acting strange and went to the third floor corridor. From there on I followed him and killed him when he wasn't looking," said Snape.

"Alright, I'll be going then," said James standing from the chair and walking out of the room changing back into his other form and leaving a dumb struck Snape behind.

Finally it was the last day of school. Most students were running around trying to get packed. James, Triss, Kat, and Dray were the exceptions. They were all packed up and ready to leave.

In the days after Snape and James's conversation they had talked a few more times but as expected James's work and prank load started to get heavy. All of the professors piled on essay after essay, all due by the end of the summer. Plus the fact that Black and Weasley were picking on Kat again. James had a special prank just for them and Bole, for pelting all of those Bludgers at him.

"Are you guys ready to go down to the feast?" asked Triss from her spot on James's lap.

"Any time you are," said Dray.

"Let's go then. It's 7 o'clock anyway," said James letting Triss jump up before hopping up himself. Dray and Kat followed. The feast had already started when they entered the hall. They were the only ones that had yet to arrive.

About halfway through the feast James decided to start his prank. With a small wave of his hand Bole, Weasley, and Black were standing in front of the teacher's table. With another wave Weasley, Bole, and Black were dressed as TJ, Baby bop, and Barney sing "I LOVE YOU, YOU LOVE ME, WE'RE ONE HAPPY FAMILY..."

The great hall roared as the three of them started to dance in a circle, holding hands while singing.

They finally stopped singing 5 minutes later when the spell wore off. A big sign appeared over them that said 'Curtsey of the Hunters' in flashing blue paint. "Since when did you start signing your pranks Shadow?" Triss asked in his ear when she was finally able to stop laughing.

"When the Weasley twins started taking credit for my work," said James while dispelling the sign. It disappeared with a small crack.

"We'll I'm going to get to bed. Who knows what Dragon will have waiting for us when we get home tomorrow," said Triss walking from the great hall. Dray soon followed and James was left to walk Kat back to her dorm.

The next morning James was woken by a big wet slippery kiss from Tigress. "Ewwwww, Tigress. That's nasty, you don't see me waking you up by licking you," said James casting a cleansing charm on his face.

Triss transformed back into human form and broke into fits of laughter. "Well I had to wake you up some how," said Triss when she was finally able to stop laughing.

"Watch it or I'll have to throw you in the lake," said James smirking a very Slytherin smirk.

"You do and I'll have you neutered," said Triss smirking evilly as James lost a few shades of color in his face.

"That's not even something to joke about Triss. That's my manhood you're talking about," said James cupping his hands over his family jewels. That just made Triss burst out laughing.

"Come on, we have to get our stuff out to the platform so get dressed," said Triss threw her giggles. James followed her orders and hopped out of bed and took his normal morning shower and got

dressed. Jewel wrapped herself loosely around his arm loving the extra warmth.

James shrunk his trunk into the size of a matchbox and dropped it in his pocket. He went down stairs and saw Triss levitating her trunk. "Let me see it," he said. Triss put it down on the ground and like his trunk James shrunk it down to the size of a matchbox and handed it to her. "Ready to go home?" James asked.

"Very. I'm starting to miss the peacefulness of the forest," said Triss pocketing her trunk.

"Yeah, I can't wait to go for a run," said James with a dreamy look on his face.

The two headed down to the Great Hall and sat down by Dray and Kat. "Where are your trunks?" asked Dray.

"In our pockets," said Triss.

"Oh," said Dray smacking himself in the head for his stupidity. "Are you ready for the summer holidays?" asked Dray.

"Yes," said James and Triss simultaneously.

"Not really," said Kat.

"You know your welcome to come stay with us for the summer, right?" asked James.

"Yeah, but I want to go visit some of my friends at home," said Kat smiling a bit.

'Kat, promise me that if they so much as look at you funny you will call for me,' James telepathed to her.

'I promise Jimmy,' Kat thought back.

Soon they quartet was boarding the train home. James had said goodbye to Evans and Snape, the former asked for James to come

back and visit some time during the summer and James said he would if he had time. "Kind of clingy don't ya think?" asked Triss.

"A bit but how would you feel if you were denied access to your son or daughter for 11 years of there life. Frankly I would have blown Dumbledore up myself," said James.

"That's only because you don't like Dumbledore anyway you look at it and I have first dibs on the ol' Bastard anyway," said Triss imagining all of the things she could do to torture her Grandfather.

"You take to much joy in this," said James at the dreamy look in Triss's eyes.

"Damn strait," said Triss as Dray and Kat entered their compartment.

After many hours the train finally stopped at Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ and started to unload. James hauled Kat's trunk out of the compartment and onto the Muggle platform its self. "Where are your parents?" asked James.

Kat pointed to a boy of about 16 or 17 wearing baggie jeans and a plain baggie t-shirt. "That's my older brother," said Kat a bit uneasily.

"Okay," said James carrying the large trunk over to where her brother stood. He set it down at the older brothers feet and stuck out his hand. "James Cage," said James.

"Justin Granger," said the teen. "Ready to go sis?" Justin asked a bit to sweetly.

"Yes Justin," said Kat a bit uneasily.

"Bye Kat," said James giving her a hug. 'If anything happens or you just want to talk to me just call. By the way, I put a featherweight charm on you trunk. It's permanent unless someone removes it,' James thought to her.

Kat hugged him back. "Thanks Jimmy," said Kat releasing him.

“See you later,” said James walking back to where Triss was waiting. Once they freed themselves from the mop of people running around the platform James ported them to their home.

[A/N: The story will continue on this storyboard because I’m too lazy to start another one.]

Review responses:

ER: You shall see.

Artimis Blaze: Thanks for the idea. That might work but I don’t know yet.

Wytil: Thanks for the support. I will not be quitting any time soon, I have this story fully planned out and now I just have to type it out. If I disappear it’s because I’m buried in schoolwork. My teachers are evil and I’m always up to my neck in schoolwork but I have good grades! Plus my friend Shadow is constantly breathing down my neck about new chapters. I fear what she would do to me if I stopped. (Winces as an image of Shadow chasing her with a sword fills her brain.)

Athenakitty: I am following some of the plot from the books. Most of the time I change it around a bit. I won’t be following the books much longer though.

Gual1: Thanks.

Chapter 12: The summer holidays

“DRAGON!” Triss yelled jumping on the old man the minute She and James had entered the living room.

“Hello Triss! I missed you two,” said Dragon hugging James as well.

“Yeah, we were a bit disappointed when you said we couldn’t come home for Christmas,” said James.

“Sorry about that. I had some stuff to deal with but I did get you something to toy with that I couldn’t send to the school,” said Dragon reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a leather satchel and pulled a small white crystal out of it.

“This is called a Sabetha crystal, it was invented in America to try and cure Werewolves. The crystal stores curses and the like but they never could figure out how to get a curse into the crystal. I figured you could find so use for it. Don’t worry about running out the crystals multiply like rabbits,” said Dragon chuckling a bit.

He tossed both James and Triss a satchel of the crystals. “Cool,” said James looking more closely at the crystal. “Kat might like to join in on this project,” said James looking at Triss.

“I know you’re worried about her Shadow but if she needs you she will call,” said Triss putting her hand on James shoulder.

“I doubt that. She was sorted into Gryffindor for a reason. Gryffindors have a lot of pride and are determined not to ask for help unless absolutely necessary. Even if she does need help she won’t call for me unless it’s a life or death situation,” said James sighing.

“She’ll be fine Shadow. Come on, we have unpacking to do,” she said dragging him back to their rooms.

The first weeks of the summer went by fast. James had figured out how to store curses in the Sabetha crystal but had no idea how one could extract a werewolf curse long enough for the crystal to absorb it.

Kat had called him on the muggle phone and told him how her parents and brothers were going to France and she was getting to stay with her oldest brother Jack for the next two weeks. Jack was a 26-year-old wizard and was shunned by most of his family as well. James was relieved that she was with someone like her.

Dray was vacationing in Greece with his parents for the rest of the summer so he was nothing to worry about. Triss was being as aggressive as ever in training and Dragon was rather impressed with her progress even though she had only beaten James a hand full of times.

At the current second James was in the library in his trunk reading up on Werewolves trying to figure out how to temporarily extract the curse long enough for the crystal to capture it. "Any luck yet Shadow?" asked Triss from the stairs.

"Not yet. I fully intend to get Kat over here to help. She is damn near as smart as I am and I know she has been wanting to hit my library forever," said James setting his book down.

"Well, her parents will be home tomorrow so why don't you pick her up then," said Triss.

"Planning on it," said James.

"You really shouldn't worry about her so much. She is perfectly capable of handling herself," said Triss walking up behind James and starting to rub his shoulders.

James relaxed into the kneading of his muscles. "I worry about you far more than I worry about her so there is no need to be jealous," said James playfully.

"I am NOT jealous. I just don't think there is any reason for you to fear for her well being," said Triss.

"You're probably right but you know from experience how protective I am of my friends and family. I would die for any one of you," said James sincerely.

Triss hugged him from behind and gave him a small peck on the cheek. "I know you would but it's not healthy to worry about everyone else so much. You're going to give yourself gray hairs before you turn 20," said Triss playfully.

"Not like anyone will see it," said James running a hand through his normal long black hair.

"When are you going to go see your dad?" asked Triss changing the subject.

"Probably tomorrow. I might include him on this project as well. This will be one hell of a breakthrough if I can find out how to extract the Werewolf curse," said James.

"Yeah, it would help a lot of people, that's for sure," said Triss continuing to rub James shoulders.

The next day James was up bright and early getting ready to go see Snape. He didn't say anything but everyone referring to Snape as his father was starting to get on his nerves. As far as he was concerned Alex still held that position, Snape had yet to do anything to earn the title and was rather lucky James was allowing him to try.

Are you ready to leave yet James? Jewel asked from her spot in front of the common room fireplace.

Yeah. Are you sure you want to go? I'm flying the whole way, said James picking Jewel up.

Someone has to keep you out of trouble don't they, said Jewel.

I take that as a yes, said James as she wrapped her self around his neck.

At that minute Triss walked into the room. "Are you leaving yet?" she asked.

“Yeah, I just want to grab my notes and the crystals and I should be ready to go,” he said.

“Where is Dragon?” Triss asked.

“He had a meeting in America. He should be back late tonight or early tomorrow morning,” said James walking back to his rooms. After grabbing his notebooks, the crystals, shrinking them and putting them in a small pouch that he could carry while flying.

He crossed the hall and knocked on Triss’s door and let her know he was leaving. After saying bye to her he walked out side and transformed into a large black eagle. He made sure Jewel was secure, picked up his pouch and took flight.

A half hour later he arrived at Hogwarts as breakfast was ending. He flew into the Great Hall with a screech after making Jewel invisible. Had he been human he would have doubled over laughing as all the adults at the table jumped, while Sara and Holly giggled.

It looked like only the Potters, Snape and Dumbledore had stayed at the school for the summer. With a second screech he landed lightly on Snape’s shoulder. Snape looked at the large bird with a bit of confusion until he saw the eagle’s bright green eyes.

“Who would that be Severus?” asked Dumbledore.

“An old friend,” said Snape petting the eagle’s dark feathers. James nuzzled Snape’s hand thoroughly enjoying the rub. He looked over when he heard the twins giggle once more. With a flap of his mighty wings he was perched on the twins bassinette.

Evans jumped up afraid that the bird of prey would hurt one of her daughters but stopped when the bird nuzzled the girls as he had Snape’s hand. Evans still looked a bit uneasy but sat back down.

Snape chose that moment to leave the table and James flew over to his shoulder. Snape walked deep into the dungeon where his rooms were located with James perched on his shoulder. When they entered James flew down to the floor and transformed.

“Since when were you an Animagi?” asked Snape.

“I’m not,” said James taking the invisibility spell of Jewel.

“What do you mean you’re not? I just saw you transform from a black eagle and into a human. That is called being an Animagi,” said Snape slightly annoyed.

“No, Potter is an Animagi. I am a Shapeshifter, big difference,” said James.

Snape’s jaw became dangerously close to hitting the floor. “Exactly how many abilities do you have?” he asked incredulity.

“Eight, not including some of the languages I speak,” said James.

“What are they?” Snape asked curiously.

“I’m a Shapeshifter, Elemental, Advanced healer, Transporter, Will wizard, Telepath, Aura reader, and Parseltongue,” said James counting them off on his fingers.

“Wow,” was all that left Snape’s mouth.

“Well, on to business,” said James.

“Business?” asked Snape.

“Yeah, I thought you would like to help me with a project,” said James pulling out his bag of Sabetha crystals. “This is called a Sabetha crystal. It was developed as a way of curing Werewolves. The only problem is no one knows how they work. So far I’ve figured out how to store curses in them but nothing else,” said James handing the white crystal to Snape.

“I’m sorry. I wish I could help but I had a bad experience with Werewolves. I don’t want anything to do with them,” said Snape handing the crystal back to James.

"I figured that. Well if there is nothing else I need to get back and make sure Triss isn't having a party. She is alone at the house at the moment," said James putting the crystal away.

"That's all for now. Come and visit again," said Snape as James ported away.

The following day James was once again up early getting ready to go get Kat. This time he could just apparate over as there were no wards on her house. "I'll be back in a bit," yelled James before disappearing.

He reappeared in a nicely decorated kitchen. Sitting at the table was none other than Kat. "Hey Kat!" said James happily.

Kat jumped at the sound of his voice. "Jimmy don't do that! You scared the crap out of me," said Kat.

James completely ignored her and told her to pack her stuff. "Why?" she asked.

"Because I have a research project I need your help with. It's just you and me working on it. I invited Professor Snape to work on it but he declined," said James.

Kat's eyes lit up at the thought of a project. She was out of the kitchen and in her room packing in an instant. James followed her closely. It took her all of 5 minutes to gather all of her stuff. "Hey Kat, let me see your wand," said James.

Kat reached up the sleeve of her sweatshirt and grabbed her ebony wand and tossed it to James. With a few well-chosen words the wand glowed red for a second. James threw it back to Kat.

"What did you do?" asked Kat examining her wand.

"Ollivander is an old friend of mine and taught me how to remove the ministry tracking charms. You can use your wand during the summer and not get in trouble now," James explained.

“Wow,” said Kat.

“Go say goodbye to your parents and we can get going,” said James.

Kat ran back down stairs with James following with her trunk. She walked into a room that looked like a den. In the middle were two teenage boys and two people that could only be Kat’s parents. “Mom, dad, I’m going to go stay with a friend for the rest of the summer,” she said before turning around and starting to walk out.

“Just a second young lady. You aren’t going anywhere with anyone,” said Mr. Granger standing from the sofa he was sitting on. James chose then to intervene.

“She will be staying with me and a few of my other friends for the rest of the summer Mr. Granger. It is a project so you have no say in the matter,” said James.

“She is my daughter and I will say where and when she goes anywhere. If you don’t leave right now she won’t be returning to that school either,” said a seething Mr. Granger.

‘Time to try intimidation,’ James thought. “Look sir, I know perfectly well what went on here last summer and the only thing keeping me from blasting you into tiny pieces is the fact that I don’t want to get my clothes dirty. Now, I suggest you sit down and let Kat leave with me,” said James throwing a Snapish glare at Mr. Granger.

“I am not stupid kid. I know that you aren’t aloud to use magic during the holidays,” Mr. Granger said smugly.

‘This guy is really starting to piss me off,’ James thought. He hit the trigger point for his claws and watched the stunned look on Mr. Granger’s face. “I have no need for magic to tear you into little pieces. Also I nor Kat are restricted to use magic during the holidays anymore so I suggest you shut your trap,” James said throwing a death glare at Mr. Granger.

Mr. Granger paled a few shades and stiffly sat down on the sofa. “Come on Kat,” said James grabbing her hand and porting after

retracting his claws. "Well, that was fun," commented James when the pair landed in his living room.

"You scared him shitless, Jimmy," said Kat.

"Runs in the famil-ahh," James grunted as he was tackled to the floor by Tigress. "Lovely greeting Tigress," said James sarcastically. Triss transformed back to his normal form and sat on James.

"What took you so damn long?" she asked.

James pushed her off and stood up. "I had to scare Kat's dad shitless before he would let her go," said James pointing at Kat.

"What's wrong with her?" asked Triss.

James turned and saw Kat's mouth hanging open. "What's wrong with you?" James asked.

"She is an Animagi?!?!" Kat half yelled half asked.

"Yeah, I kinda had to learn that with as much as James goes running," said Triss a bit confused.

"I think I neglected to tell you about that little detail," said James running a hand threw his hair again. "Would you like to learn as well?" he asked.

Kat's eyes lit up like light bulbs. "Of course I'd like to learn," she said excitedly.

"Alright, it's still early so we can probably start now," said James. 'I guess the crystals will have to wait,' he thought taking Kat's stuff to the guest room.

The next few weeks were uneventful. James had started to brew the Animagi potion while Triss went over how to shift forms with Kat. By the week before James's birthday Kat was able to transform into a

beautiful golden falcon. "You know isn't it weird how all of our main forms are predators?" asked Triss.

"Not really. Why, would you rather be a vegetarian?" asked James playfully.

"Hell no. I like meat just as much as the next person. I was just stating that it is weird that we are all hunters and our group name is the Hunters," said Triss.

"We can't really say that yet. Dray hasn't learned to become an Animagi yet. For all we now he could be a rabbit," said Kat.

James burst out laughing at this. "Dray, a rabbit? No way, he'll probably be some kind of snake or bird of prey. In fact he would probably curse you for even suggesting that his form will be anything but honorable," said James doubling over with laughter again.

Finally it was the day they left for Hogwarts. James birthday had been fun with Dragon cooking up a storm while the trio relaxed. They had gotten their letters from Hogwarts and went shopping about a week later. Sadly they had bumped into Randle Black and his father while they were insulting the Weasley clan.

James had stepped in and put a stop to it and managed to bruise the Black's egos all in one sentence. The two Black's left shortly after. James had tried to go on with his day but Ron Weasley had decided he wanted to start a fight.

The fight was stopped by some blundering idiot named Gilderoy Lockhart. Lockhart was doing book signings in the bookstore and damn near turned Ron into a newt while trying to break the pair up. Mrs. Weasley took that time to pull her family out of the store, scolding Ron the whole way. Lockhart tried to scold James but shut up when James gave him 'the finger'.

Now the trio was getting ready to boarding the train to go back to school. Dray had already arrived and saved them a compartment. After packing their trunks away they all started to talk about their holidays.

Review responses

Jordan: Thank you.

Wytil: That sucks. Where do you teach? My school is split into teams with in each grade so if you excel in one area and fail in another you get the help you need. One would think with all the writing I do I wouldn't be failing Language arts (Rolls eyes). I don't mean to insult teachers (My dad is one) but over half of mine are really and truly evil, especially the female ones. I have to make photocopies of my assignments now because my L.A. teacher keeps 'losing' my papers, only my papers no one else, hence the reason why I'm failing.

ER: No, at the moment Justin does not abuse her. Maybe later in the story.

Lady Silverstar2: Thank you.

Athenakitty: Yes, Dumbledore knew about Triss being abused and exactly how bad will be revealed later.

Gual1: Thank you. Hopefully some ideas will spark for year two because I'm running low. Nothing really starts to heat up till mid third year but year two should have its better moments.

Chapter 13: New friends, Hogwarts, and an accident

"How was Greece?" James asked Dray.

"Alright I guess. I really don't like going there. My Aunt Cassandra is absolutely batty but her house is near Athens on the beach so I wasn't totally stuck in the middle of nowhere. How about yours?" asked Dray.

"It was alright. James over there was neck deep in some project until Kat came over and then we ran her through Animagus training. We need to run you threw that as well," said Triss as an after thought.

"No need. As crazy as my aunt is she has here uses. She ran me threw the course as well," said Dray flinching at the memory.

"What's your form?" asked James.

"A Velociraptor. My dad was a bit shocked. He said that no one on record had ever been able to turn into a Dinosaur. Cool don't ya think?" Dray asked.

"Yeah. See James, I told you all of our forms were carnivorous," said Triss sticking out her tongue.

"Real mature Triss. I never said we wouldn't be but as Kat said, 'for all we know Dray could be a rabbit,'" answered James nearly falling out of his chair laughing when Dray started sputtering incoherently with a look of horror on his face.

The quartet was still joking about the look on Dray's face 10 minutes later when the compartment door opened. A girl that James recognized as Weasley's younger sister stepped in. "Do you mind if I sit here? My brother is being a prick and I want to get as far away from him as I can," she said. Not much of a problem considering the compartment could easily seat 8 people.

James smiled to himself he liked the girl already. "I don't see any problems with that. What is your name?" he asked.

“Ginny Weasley,” she said.

“Well I’m James Cage, the redhead is Trisstessa Summers, call her Triss. Gel boy over there is Draco Malfoy; he likes to be called Dray. This one next to me is Hermione Granger but everyone calls her Kat,” said James pointing to each one of them in turn.

“Leave me and my hair gel out of this,” said Dray running a hand threw his hair lovingly.

Triss rolled her eyes while Kat and James snickered a bit. “Anyway, what house do you think you’ll be in?” Triss asked.

“I’m not sure. Everyone else in my family is Gryffindor so I might go there as well,” she said a bit uneasily to the crew of Slytherins.

“Well, we already have one Gryffindor so what’s another,” said Dray.

Ginny sat and another head peeked in. She was obviously a first year and had brownish red hair and dark silver green eyes. She was very well built and looked like she could throttle even James or Triss. “Do you mind if I sit her?” she asked.

“Not at all. In fact we were going threw introductions. This big git is James Cage, only I am aloud to call him Jimmy. Blondie over there is Dray Malfoy. The girl across from James is Triss Summers. The other red head is Ginny Weasley and I’m Kat Granger,” said Kat shaking the girls hand.

“I’m Melanie Crew. Everyone calls me Mel,” she said a bit guarded. James could feel quite a bit of abnormal energy radiating off of her but couldn’t see what it was. She was well guarded in the mind and body.

“Nice to meet you Mel and welcome to our still forming little group,” said James as she sat down in the window next to James and across from Dray. “You know Dray, we need more guys in this group. We’re out numbered,” he said sinking into his chair faking fright.

Everyone but Mel laughed. Defiantly well guarded. If you looked hard enough you could see emotions running threw the back of her eyes as if she were talking to someone. While the rest of them told Ginny a bit about themselves, Mel pulled out a book and started to read.

About two hours later there was another knock at the door and the Weasley twins waltzed in. "Hello dear Mr. Cage I am Gred and this is my esteemed brother Forge," one of them started.

"We are here on a business proposition," the other one said.

"We would like to join in on your group of Hunters," the first one continued.

"As we fear the wrath of a Slytherin prankster,"

"And wish to be let in on the secret to your success."

James looked at the two of them suspiciously for a minute. "What do you think Dray? Should they be aloud the honor of becoming a Hunter?" James asked Dray in a fake formal tone.

"I don't know James. They seem to lack in creativity but they did get rid of Filch in their second year. Plus the fact that they are the brothers of our rival," said Dray.

"What does that make me?" asked Ginny.

"Ah, but you have yet to be sorted and have your mind molded to our Slytherinish ways dear Gin," said James faking an evil laugh.

"Well if your going to remold our baby sister you might as well take us along for the ride," said Gred.

"Yeah, there should be at least a few male Weasley Slytherins," said Forge.

“What has the world come to Draco? Gryffindor Weasleys asking us to mold them into Slytherins. Hogwarts is in for one hell of a year,” said James evilly.

“Does that mean we’re in?” asked Gred and Forge simultaneously.

“Of course, but should you ever double cross us you shall wish you were beaten with an out of control Bludger,” said James seriously.

Gred and Forge gulped. “We can still try to kill each other in Quidditch right?” asked Gred.

“Naturally, can’t win the cup with out at least a little resistance,” said James.

“You mean Gryffindor can’t win the cup with out a little resistance,” said Forge.

“No, Dray and Triss are joining the team this year, you Gryffs are doomed,” said James.

“But Slytherin doesn’t have any open positions,” said Gred.

“Yeah they do. Bole was dropped last year after hitting Flint with a Bludger and Flint was dropped over the summer because he failed the exams,” said James smugly.

Gred and Forge burst into fake tears. “Oh woe is we. We’re going to be trampled by Slytherins,” they cried on each other’s shoulders. Everyone laughed including Mel whom everyone thought was reading.

Several hours, Chess, and exploding Snap games later the train arrived in Hogsmead. James, Triss, Dray, Kat, Gred and Forge separated from Mel and Ginny so they could go to the boats with Hagrid.

They piled into the carriages led by black winged horses James recognized as Thestrals. “Hey can any of you see the Thestrals?” asked James.

"I can," said Dray. Everyone else was able to see them as well.

"Why wouldn't we be able to see them Jimmy?" asked Kat.

"Because they are dark creatures and your only able to see them if you've seen death," said James as the carriage pulled to a stop.

The six of them shuffled out of the carriages and into the great hall where the sorting hat was sitting just in front of the head table. James jaw nearly unhinged at the sight of who was sitting at the head table next to Evans. "Dear God no," he said hoping his eyes were deceiving him.

"What's wrong Shadow?" asked Triss.

James pointed to the head table. "Oh no," said Triss.

Sitting at the head table in all his glory was none other than Gilderoy Lockhart, hitting on Professor Evans much to her displeasure. "We're doomed," said Dray.

James, Triss and Dray separated from Kat and the Weasley twins and went to the Slytherin house table. "If I didn't think Dumbledore was crazy last year I defiantly think so now," said Dray.

"Did either of you happen to look at the book list?" asked Triss cringing a bit.

"Not yet, why?" asked James.

"All of our Defense books are by Gilderoy Lockhart," she said smacking her head on the table.

At that moment Potter walked into the hall with all the first years. After the Hat finished singing its song he started calling out names. "Creevey, Colin!" was the first. He was sorted into Hufflepuff. Next was Mel, it looked as if they were having a small conversation while she had the hat on but it finally called out Slytherin. Triss waved her over.

Finally the last name was called out “Weasley, Virginia!” Like Mel, Ginny seemed to be having a conversation with the hat, or an argument. After two minutes it seemed the hat won and it yelled out “Slytherin!”

James looked over to the Gryffindor table and saw all the Weasleys except the twins fuming. James waved to Ginny and motioned to the empty seat next to him. Ginny sat looking like she would cry. “What’s wrong Gin?” he asked.

“Mom and dad are going to be so pissed,” she said just below a whisper.

“Your parents aren’t going to be mad at you for being you. Plus you did manage to piss Ron and Percy off,” said James pointing to the two fuming redheads.

Ginny chuckled at the sight of the two. James took that time to look up towards the teacher’s table. Both Evans and Potter were staring at Ginny in shock, both thinking something about it being wrong to have a Weasley in Slytherin.

It was then that Potter noticed that his wife was being hit on by one of the most insufferable men on the planet. He walked up behind Lockhart and grabbed his shoulder. Potter whispered something in Lockhart’s ear and Lockhart jumped up from the seat and Potter took his place after subtly casting a few cleansing charms. Evans was now safely between Snape and Potter.

After the feast ended Dumbledore stood. “Welcome and Welcome back everyone! I’m happy to announce that Mr. Filch has decided to return after his years absence,” said Dumbledore pointing to an ugly old man petting an equally ugly in the back of the hall. “Also I would like you to welcome Professor Lockhart as your new Defense Against the Dark Arts professor.”

A few boos could be heard but they were drowned out by the clapping from most of the female population. In fact the only girls

who weren't clapping were Triss, Ginny, Mel, and Kat, who had joined the Slytherin table shortly after the feast had begun with Gred and Forge in toe.

"Prefects please lead your house to their dormitories," said Dumbledore when the boos and clapping stopped. The group all stood and parted, following their respective Prefects. When they reached the entrance to the common room the prefect started talking. "The password to the common room is 'Pure blood.' You will be notified when it changes," he said as the entrance opened.

The group of Slytherins poured into the common room and into the over stuffed chairs and couches. They talked for a little while about classes, teachers and the like for a while but started to get drowsy. "You'd best head to bed Shadow. I let you off with training most of the summer so we need to start up again," she said standing from her now normal spot on his lap. James yawned and nodded before standing and exiting with Dray not far behind.

The next morning James woke with Triss bouncing on his bed as normal. "Get up!" she yelled as she bounced.

"Shhh! You're going to wake the whole castle," he whispered.

"Silencing charm," she said sitting cross-legged on James's bed. James groaned and rolled out of his bed. After throwing on his normal dueling attire he met Triss in the common room.

"Now, I want to make this a bit more interesting. In addition to our swords we will use our wands as well," she said after they had arrived at the pitch. It was still dark out but that had never stopped them before. Triss tossed James his sword and started her attack.

James was having a hard time countering Triss's attacks. It was obvious she had been training during the summer. She was using her wand and her sword very accurately and had given James a deep gash in his side and shoulder and a large cut across his back.

After narrowly missing a bone-shattering hex James decided it was time for the games to stop. Unknown to Triss he was holding back,

trying not to hurt her because he didn't trust the potion they had taken. With a small wave of his wand a disarming charm went flying at Triss but not before she shot off another bone-shattering hex.

The disarming charm hit Triss dead on and she was thrown backwards while her wand and sword flew towards James but he didn't catch them. The bone-shattering hex hit him right in the chest breaking at least 6 or more ribs instead of shattering 1.

"SHADOW!" Triss yelled seeing her friend laying on the ground and making no move to get up. She ran over to him and dropped to her knees at his side. She cut off what was left of his shirt and gasped at the bruising around his ribs and the bloody gashes in his side and shoulder.

"Shit!" said Triss prodding the large bruise. She stopped when James gasped at the pressure.

"I'm not taking that potion again, ever," James gasped.

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!?" a voice screamed. Snape was standing at the entrance to the pitch looking furious. Before Triss could respond Snape had grabbed her by the neck and was screaming at her. Triss could only gasp for air, trying to block old memories.

Neither of them saw James move but in a matter of seconds Snape was pinned to the ground by a large black panther. Snape tried to stand but a menacing growl stopped him from moving.

"Shadow, let him go," said Triss recovering from the shock of a professor trying to strangle her.

The panther stepped off of the flabbergasted professor and slowly walked over to her. "Change back and I'll get you cleaned up," said Triss. Slowly the panther shifted back into James's school form. Before he could drop to the ground Triss grabbed him around the waist with his arm over her shoulder and slowly lead him off the pitch and back to the school.

Review Responses:

Sexyxbabi3: Thanks.

Death's Shadow: Thanks. I do plan on going threw all 7 years but I'm trying to change the events from those in the books.

Kaizer Knuckz: Thanks.

Jordan: Thanks.

Jenaleyn: Thanks.

ER: Of course Dragon would take her in. He's already got two teenagers running around in his house so what's one more? Plus I'm not really sure if Justin will abuse her yet anyway.

Athenakitty: Yes, yes, yes and a few more yeses.

JaimyeToranPotter5569: Thanks.

Wytil: Opps. That still sucks though.

Chapter 14: Apologies, conflict and ...petrified cat?

The two of them got into James's dorms with little trouble as almost everyone was still asleep. It was only a few minutes after 6 in the morning and breakfast didn't start till 7. Inside the dorm James and Triss were surprised to find Dray fully dressed and getting ready to exit the dorms.

"What the hell happened to you?" Dray asked seeing James's body.

"Practice got a bit rough," said James taking his weight off Triss. He limped over to his trunk and opened it up to the armor and gym. Slowly he walked down the stair with Triss and Dray close behind. "I'm going to take a shower and clean these out but I need your help to stitch them up," said James motioning to Triss. He then grabbed a clean pair of boxers and headed over to the shower.

"What are you going to do about his ribs?" asked Dray.

"There is nothing I can do. The potion we take to stop life threatening injuries, and in my case, heal any inflicted wound, messes with his magic to the point where any injury he gets while the potion is in his blood stream can't be healed with any kind of magic," said Triss pulling out the stuff she would need to stitch James's cuts closed.

Dray thought for a second before exiting the trunk. He returned a few minutes later with a potions bottle. "Try this. It's a salve used to numb and heal broken bones. There are no magical ingredients and potions isn't really magic so it should work," he said handing her the bottle.

"You are a genius Dray," said Triss inspecting the bottle. Dray smiled at her and left. Several minutes later James returned clean and dry in fresh boxers. "Sit," said Triss pointing to the bench where all the supplies to stitch him up were.

20 minutes later the three gashes were stitched closed. "Lay down," said Triss.

“Why?” asked James wincing as he accidentally jarred his ribs.

“Dray gave me a salve to help your ribs heal faster,” she said forcing James to lie on his back. James groaned as Triss gently massaged the salve into his chest.

“You didn’t say it would numb out the pain as well,” said James after Triss finished with the salve.

Triss grinned at him capping the potion bottle when James caught sight of her neck. “I’m going to kill that bastard,” said James closely inspecting the finger marks on her neck.

“Leave it alone Shadow. It’s not worth getting in trouble over,” she said rubbing the bruises.

“Let me heal them,” said James tilting her head up.

“No, you need to concentrate on healing yourself, not me. I’ll be fine,” she said gently pushing James’s hand away.

“Healing a few bruises won’t mess with my energy Triss,” said James making another move to heal her.

Triss pushed his hand away again. “Yes, but you would be going against the doctors orders,” she said throwing him jeans, a t-shirt, and his robes. “Get dressed, I’m going to take a shower really quick,” she said grabbing her own clothes from a wardrobe in the corner by the stairs.

When Triss was ready to leave it was 7:15 and James could sense the awaking students. “Come on, I want to get down to the hall before everyone starts to get up,” said James throwing an arm over Triss’s shoulder and leading her out of the dorm and threw the common room into the hall.

“Do you promise not to kill Snape?” Triss asked, looking up at James’s towering form as they walked toward the great hall. He had grown an inch and a half over the summer and puberty had just started to kick in.

"I won't kill him but he and I are going to have a little talk about how he treats my friends. In fact there he is now, you go on and I'll meet you in the hall," said James as Snape walked around a corner.

Snape didn't even have time to see James before he was dragged into a secret passage. "What is the meaning of this?!?!" Snape demanded.

"Shut up. Don't ever lay a hand on any of my friends ever again unless you want to be in a world of pain. You know damn well that Triss was abused as a child and I came really close to losing her today. If she with drew into her self she wouldn't come out," James said in a deadly low voice as the potions master stared at him in horror.

James didn't even give Snape time to respond before walking out of the passage and into the hall. He dropped his menacing aura and went and sat down between Triss and Ginny.

"You didn't kill him did you?" Triss asked him in a whisper.

"No, I just scared him shitless," said James grinning at her.

Triss rolled her eyes but sighed in relief when Snape walked into the hall unharmed, if a bit shaky. The group started talking about pranks to pull in the near future when Evans walked up to James. "The Headmaster would like to see you Mr. Cage, please follow me," she said turning and starting to walk away.

James stood and followed her to a large Gargoyle on the second floor. "Jolly Rancher," she said. The Gargoyle moved revealing a moving staircase. Evans motion for James to go up before walking away. James stepped onto the moving staircase and let it carry him up.

At the top he was met with a door that lead into a large circular office. He walked into the office and saw that the Headmaster was nowhere to be seen. 'I bet he's going to try that intimidation act,'

James thought taking a seat in one of the chairs near the Headmasters desk.

A loud trill caught his attention. Sitting on a wooden perch was a large red and golden phoenix. "Hello there," said James to the phoenix.

'Hello young one. I am Fawkes; I suggest you keep your eyes on the Headmaster. He has been scheming again,' Fawkes thought to him.

'Thank you Fawkes; I am James Cage as you probably know. Can you do me a favor?' James asked.

'Probably, what do you wish of me?' asked Fawkes.

'Anything you here that could concern me I need to know. If the Headmaster has any meetings that as to do with me, or one of my companions, I want to know about it,' thought James.

'I can do that young shifter. Do you have any familiars I can get to give you these messages? It would look rather strange for the Headmaster's Phoenix to go and have a staring contest with a student,' Fawkes thought with a chuckle.

'Yes, I have my owl Sapphire and my snake Jewel. Either would happily deliver a message to me,' James thought back.

'I'll see what I can do. Here comes the Headmaster, you best sit back down,' Fawkes thought to him before ending the connection.

James quickly moved a way from the Phoenix and sat back down in his chair. A moment later Dumbledore came strolling into the office. "Ah, Mr. Cage. Lemon drop?" he asked after sitting at his desk.

"No, thanks," said James.

"Well, on to the reason why you're here. I have gotten a report from a Professor that you were playing overly rough with another student and that one of you was hurt. Is this true?" Dumbledore asked.

“No sir,” James lied easily. Almost instantly he felt someone trying to break threw his mental barriers. “That’s invasion of privacy,” said James when Dumbledore stopped.

Dumbledore gave him a piercing glare but James was unfazed. “No matter, I have all the proof I need from Professor Lockhart. You will be serving detention with him tonight at 7 in his class room,” said the professor.

“Actually you have no proof but what ever you say Professor,” said James before turning to exit the room.

“I did not dismiss you Mr. Cage,” said Dumbledore.

James turned to face the Headmaster. “I dismissed myself sir. I don’t need your approval as I have no reason to be here,” said James turning back to the door. “By the way, I’m not going to that detention because I know your bluffing,” said James before pulling the door shut.

‘What was that about?’ Triss’s voice asked.

‘Your dear Grandfather is being a pain in my ass,’ James replied.

‘Old codger,’ Triss thought.

James chuckled. ‘My thoughts exactly, anyway I’ll meet you in the common room in a few minutes,’ James thought before starting his trek to the dungeons think about how grateful he was it was Saturday.

When he got to the common room he was happy to see all of the Hunters present. “Who wants to play a little prank on the Headmaster?” asked James. Most of the group stared at him like he was insane. “Don’t look at me like that. He’s been a bit of a pain in the ass to day,” said James flopping down in the couch next to Triss.

“What happened this morning anyway?” asked Triss.

“He was on about our practice session this morning. He said that Lockhart had seen it and they thought I was being overly rough. It was obvious that he didn’t know what the hell he was talking about so I left. He tried to give me a detention but there was no probable cause so I don’t have to go,” said James simply.

“You being overly rough! You got shredded this morning,” said Triss shaking her head at him.

“I still kicked your ass,” said James crossing his arms.

“That’s it,” said Triss, pouncing on him. The two fell out of the chair and on to the floor while trying to pin one another. Triss got the upper hand for a minute when they tumbled to the floor and was able to pin his arms with her legs and straddle him. “Give up?” she asked.

“Nope,” said James flipping over and pinning her arms over her head and her legs with his own while sitting on her.

“As much as I enjoy watching students try and kill each other I’m going to have to step in,” said a voice from behind them.

“Hello Professor,” said James looking up at Snape. Quickly he got off of the struggling Triss and pulled her to her feet.

“Follow me Mr. Cage,” said Snape walking out of the common room and into the hall. James followed him until they reached his office. “I wanted to apologize for me behavior this morning. It was uncalled for and extremely rude,” said Snape after they had made themselves comfortable.

“Apology accepted. I suggest you don’t pull that stunt again. As you probably know Triss and I are bound to each other. Some of what she feels I feel, and it’s not the most pleasant sensation to have someone else’s emotions running rampant in your mind,” said James. He was still trying to figure out why he was compelled to be so open with Snape.

“Alright Mr. Cage. The Headmaster also wished me to speak to you about your behavior problem. Officially you should not talk to

Professors in that manor, unofficially, what did you do to piss him off so bad?" asked Snape with a Slytherin grin.

"He said that I was being overly rough with Triss this morning. It was obvious he had no idea what he was talking about. I got shredded this morning," said James fingering the gash on his side.

"Yes, why is that little mark not healed?" asked Snape having seen the gashes with his own eyes.

"Both Triss and I take a potion that prevents any irreparable damage. In Triss's case, she is healed over automatically but the potion doesn't react quite right with my healing powers and therefore doesn't allow them to heal by magical means. Right now I'm using a potion to numb and accelerate the healing of my broken ribs," said James.

"I thought you said that magic didn't work on your wounds?" said Snape getting annoyed and confused.

"Technically potions aren't magic unless you use a magical ingredient. Belladonna, snakeskin and the like are things that muggles could get just as easily as we could. They just don't know what would happen if you mixed it together in a certain order," said James smirking a bit at outwitting the potions master.

"And you came up with this theory?" asked Snape.

"Nope, Dray did. He's brilliant when he wants to be, but he's mostly a dumb ass," said James cheerfully.

"Right then. You're dismissed," said Snape motioning to the door.

"Bye sir," said James walking out the door and back to his dorm.

The month and a half until Halloween passed by with little problem. Lockhart was grinding on everyone's nerves however. All he did was talk about himself. James had taken up teaching the Hunters again, not that he minded. Lockhart and Dumbledore had both taken to jumping down James's throat whenever they had the chance, which

resulted in several detentions on his part but none of them were that bad as they were with Snape.

He and Triss had started using the trunk full time for practices as one of the professors was normally out by the pitch yearly in the morning, increasing there annoyance. James had stopped taking the potion and was able to heal himself instead of waiting for it to heal naturally.

Potter's class was as boring as ever, for James and Triss at least. They had covered all of that years ago out of boredom. Almost every other class was the same. The best thing was Quidditch practice. Both Triss and Dray had made the team, Triss as a chaser and Dray as a beater. The keeper, a 5th year named Montague, had been made captain and was worse than Flint, if that was possible.

Drills started at 6 in the morning and went on till 8. At night they ran from 6:30 till 10:30 because of a special note from Snape, and that was only on weekdays. On weekends they went from 10 am till 4 pm. Needless to say James, Triss and Dray were completely worn out by the time they returned to their dorms.

It was now the night of Halloween, thankfully Halloween fell on a weekend. "Shadow lets go. I don't want to be late to the feast!" yelled Triss pulling James into the great hall. James didn't really want to go because Quidditch practice had just ended 2 hours ago and he was ready to sleep, sleep and sleep some more.

James was pretty much sleeping as they walked and only really woke up when Triss slammed him into his seat at the Slytherin table. "Okay, okay I'm up," he said stretching his muscles while giving him self a little mental shock to wake his drowsy brain.

"About time," said Triss sitting down next to him. The rest of the Hunters, bar Mel, gathered around them, and started chatting about different things and the prank that they were planning on playing on the headmaster. Not to long after the feast really started and everyone was having an all around good time.

About half way threw the feast Ron Weasley and his lackeys, Dean Thomas and some other kid that had a reputation for setting things on fire or blowing them up approached them. "It's a shame really. A Weasley in Slytherin, a disgrace to the family that is. Fred and George are almost as bad but at least they aren't in the house," said Ron sneering at Ginny as he neared the table.

Ginny stood from her seat and ran out of the hall in tears. "What the Hell is your problem Weasley?!?!" James yelled standing from his own seat. Fred and George were soon to follow.

"Yeah, we were perfectly happy before you showed up," said Fred.

"And if anyone is a disgrace to the family it's you. Family loyalty above all else," George continued.

"If mom ever heard what you just said she would strangle you herself, and that's if Bill and Charlie didn't get to you first," Fred finished.

Ron paled. "Triss and I are going to go find Ginny. You guys can deal with him," said James walking out of the hall with Triss close behind. They had just finished searching the third floor when they ran into Jewel. Have you seen Ginny? asked James.

Yes, she went up to the 4th floor, said Jewel as a loud scream echoed threw the castle.

James took off to the 4th floor and ran down a corridor where Ginny stood looking at the wall in horror. James stopped dead at what he saw. On the wall was 'Enemies of the heir beware,' written in bright red letters that was obviously blood. Below that was Filch's cat, Mrs. Norris, hanging by her tail to a lantern stiff as a board.

"Oh shit!" said a voice from behind him. Triss and Mel stood staring at the message and petrified cat. James took Jewel from around Triss's neck and put her in his robes as he heard approaching footsteps.

"What is going on here?" asked the voice of Filch himself. James turned to look at Filch as the man looked shell shock at his cat. "Mrs.

Norris?" Filch asked in a squeaky voice. "WHO KILLED MY CAT?!?!" Filched yelled in the silence. He started to walk towards Ginny with a slightly insane glint in his eye.

James stepped in between them. "I don't know who killed your cat but it defiantly wasn't Gin," said James.

"I'll kill ya!" said Filch grabbing James by his robes and pulling his fist back as if to hit him. Filch's arm was grabbed by an irate looking Snape. Behind him stood Evans, Potter, Lockhart and Dumbledore.

"That little brat killed my cat!" said Filch pointing at James.

"Sir I only just got here. I didn't have time to kill a stupid cat," said James looking at the Headmaster.

"I would have to agree Headmaster. Mr. Cage and Ms. Summers left the hall only a few minutes before the scream," said Snape.

"Who was it that screamed?" asked Dumbledore.

"Ginny," said Mel.

"And where were you during this Ms. Crew during this?" asked Dumbledore.

"I had detention with Professor Lockhart until about 10 minutes ago. I was on my way to the feast when I heard Ginny scream and I bumped into Triss," said Mel.

"Well I want you all to return to your dorms right now," said the Headmaster.

"Mr. Cage, please stop by my office after class tomorrow," said Snape before following the Headmaster to his office with the murderous Filch and his petrified cat.

(Important A/N: School is officially kicking my ass. I'm trying to type during the free time that I have but that has been cut back considerably by my father as I have a C in Spanish. He said that I

have to finish the semester with a B or I will have my computer privileges temporarily removed. On another note, I'm in desperate need of ideas for second year. As I've said before most of my planning went into the summer of 2nd year and on. Read & Review.)

Review responses:

Shadow Wolf0987: That's one tally to Snape and Tonks. Hopefully more votes will come in. My Beta readers are leaning towards SS/HG, RL/HG, MC/SS, or MC/RL.

Athenakitty: Yes, Yes, yes and you shall see.

Darak: Probably not THAT tall. Somewhere around 6'6" sounds good to me. You really have to take into account the fact that he is a little more than half elf and all elven people are really tall.

ER: That makes two of us. I couldn't stand the thought of putting Gin anywhere but Slytherin.

ZeonReborn: I know how 11 year olds act. They are pompous and think they know everything. To think I was like that once. : -) Well, look at how the other younger characters act. They act like teenagers, a little bit anyway. Now take James and Triss. Triss was abused most of her childhood there for I think she would act a little bit more mature than most, Kat for almost the same reason. James saw both of his 'parents' murdered right in front of him plus all of these extra powers he has. Dragon let them go out on their own because he trusts them enough not to do something stupid and get hurt. Does that justify my characters? Now, yes I plan to go threw 7th year and on to the final battle and maybe a bit further than that but I will NOT be following their kids threw Hogwarts. I have two other stories I'm working on when I'm not working on this and I plan to focus on them after this is finished, maybe sooner pending on how much free time I will have in the coming months. It's only November and the teachers are already on us about end of the year exams.

Momma-dar: Thank you.

Jenaleyn: Sorry, can't help but let James get banged up a bit. Gin being in Slytherin doesn't cause a whole lot of trouble, except with Ron and Percy.

Wytil: I don't know what things are coming to these days. Everything seems normal to me, Gin in Slytherin and Fred and George wanting in as well. I don't know about Sev seeing the practice though. (Taps fingers rhythmically while thinking.) O'well, Slytherins rule so what are you going to do. (Shrugs shoulders and continues typing chapter 15.)

Gaul1: Thank you.

Bailyy: Thanks.

Chapter 15: Quidditch, fights, and more petrification

The next day James found himself sitting in a comfortable chair in Snape's privet rooms. "What happened last night?" asked James looking at Snape.

"Initially the Headmaster blamed you but that theory didn't last long. He then tried to blame Ms. Crew but Lockhart shot that down. You would think the man was in love the way he defended her," said Snape chuckling.

James had tears of mirth in his eyes. "That's priceless! I could have such fun with that," said James wiping the tears from his eyes. He laughed for another couple of minutes before sobering. "What does Dumbledore have against me anyway?" asked James.

"I'm not sure. I think he senses your power and thinks you're not on his 'side'. He thinks you're a threat to his power and he wants to show you whose boss," said Snape.

"Yeah, giving me detention with you every night. Scary," said James sarcastically. Snape chuckled a bit. "I'm serious though. He's acting like a chess master playing his pawns. It's damn annoying," said James sighing and leaning back into his chair.

"You really should be careful around him though. He is a very powerful wizard," said Snape.

"That's the point. He is very strong for a wizard but in elven standards he is a squib. That's why he doesn't live in that realm. Triss is easily twice as powerful as he is in Wizardry and almost as powerful as me in the Elven arts. That's why he doesn't like her, she, his granddaughter, is more powerful than he could ever hope to be and she can live in the Elven realm," said James running a hand threw his hair.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Snape.

"I mean that he is jealous of her because she can do things he can't, even thought she is his descendent. During the summer she and I

stay in an Elven forest because our guardian is an elf. Some of the Elven world overlaps with this one and we can easily enter that because the power coursing about it doesn't bother us. Dumbledore can't travel there because the power surge would kill him, but there are those born with the power infusion to enter the realm, like Kat," said James.

"What else lives in that realm?" asked Snape pouring himself a cup of tea and sitting down in front of James.

"Elves obviously. Pretty much every magical creature you would find on this plain and some you wouldn't. There is a large colony of Werewolves; they are the exception to the 'No humans' rule. I think there is still a good-sized colony of Vampires there but I'm not sure. There are a lot of Dwarf colonies. They can also travel to and from this world with ease. I think the old charms teacher, Flitwick, is a Dwarf. Goodness knows he's old enough to be one. I've only met the man once but he feels older than even Dumbledore," said James chuckling a bit.

"What do you know about...my parents?" asked Snape a bit sadly.

"Well, your father, my grandfather, was a full-blooded elf. His name was Sheaf Snape, the last of Slytherin's true heirs. When he was 19 he was drafted to help in the war against Grindelwald. The war had even spread into the elven realms at that time. He was injured and sent to the elven healers. His healer was a 17-year-old girl named Andréa Norton. They slowly fell in love and were married not long later. 15 years after the war they had you, Severus Alexander Snape.

"By the early 60's some jackass thought he was going to become the next dark lord and attacked the Snape family, who were temporarily living in the human world after a minor accident. I don't remember exactly who it was but he came and killed Sheaf and Andréa. He tried to kill you but a bunch of wizards killed him before he had the chance. They thought you were a muggle and sent you off to a muggle orphanage in the London slums of all places. I always thought Wizards were idiots but that took the cake," said James.

“How do you know all this?” asked Snape, eyes a bit watery.

James pulled out his black book and scribbled in a title. A minute later a large volume landed on his lap. “Wow,” muttered Snape but James ignored it. He opened to the index and wrote the name ‘Snape’. He pages flipped to page 673.

“Here,” said James handing Snape the book. It pretty much said exactly what he did with maybe a few extra details.

“Where did you get this?” asked Snape.

“I own the most extensive library in the world Professor. Any book you could ever wish for you will find. On last count I think there were a couple hundred billion in there, but that was a while ago,” said James. Snape’s jaw, once again, became dangerously close to hitting the floor. “Yes, you can have access to the potions text,” said James seeing the Professors questioning gaze.

“How do you get hold of all of this stuff?” asked Snape.

“Technically, my guardian got hold of all of it but the library has a charm on it that any book that has ever been created resides there. All of the ancient texts are there as well. Most of it isn’t in English but the books have a language select, kind of like a computer except it’s only on one subject...”

It wasn’t uncommon to see Snape and James walking around the castle talking. James was slowly educating Snape on the elven realm and their origin. Snape had been make an effort to get closer to his only son and James let him.

Dumbledore started to get a little suspicious but when he asked Snape, Snape said that he was trying to keep him out of trouble. Dumbledore had believed him. There had been no more attacks but for some reason Mel and Ginny kept disappearing and turning up at odd moments.

Quidditch practice was becoming even more grueling than usual with the Gryffindor vs. Slytherin match on November 25, the following day.

“Why did I ever decide to join the Quidditch team?” asked Dray flopping down on a couch in the common room while nursing a bruise on his chest. “Montague is even worse than Flint was,” he groaned tenderly rubbing the bruise.

“What’s your point? You were the ones getting to hit the Bludgers towards us. You and Derrick are a force to be reckoned with but I swear if you hit me with another one of those damn Bludgers I will kill you,” said Triss growling at Dray. Dray gulped.

“Chill out you two. Triss, there will be no killing of one of our beaters. We need him to protect us from Gred and Forge, the terrible twins,” said James sitting down on one of the armchairs.

“You make them sound like goblins Shadow,” said Triss sitting down on James’s lap.

“Same difference,” said Dray.

James and Triss chuckled. “Seriously though, they will try to get us in the game. It was part of the deal. Plus, the Gryffs are supposed to be good this year with their new seeker. Chris Reeves, I think was his name. Potter had a few rules bent so he could get on the team even though he is a first year, like Snape did for you,” said Triss looking up at James.

“Yeah, but I’ll still beat him,” said James.

Finally it was the day of the match. Montague had made the whole team get up really early so they could get one more practice in before the match. Dray had steered clear of shooting Bludgers at Triss for fear of castration.

Now it was breakfast time and all of the Hunters, bar those in Gryffindor were sitting around James, Triss, and Dray. “Looking forward to the match?” asked Gin.

“Yeah, the Gryffs are supposed to have a good line up so it should be a good game,” said James taking a bite out of his sausage.

“Cage, Summers, Malfoy! Get out to the pitch!” yelled Montague gathering the rest of the team.

“Good luck guys!” said Mel as they walked out of the hall.

“Welcome to the first Hogwarts game of the season! Introducing the Gryffindor line up! Wood, Spinnet, Johnson, Bell, Weasley, Weasley, and Creevey!” Lee Jordan, the announcer, yelled.

There were several boos from the Slytherins but they were drowned out by the cheers from Gryffindor and the other houses. “Now for the Slytherins! Montague, Derrick, Malfoy, Cage, Summers, Adams, and Pike!” James, Triss, and Dray flew out on to the field followed by the rest of the team.

It looked like Snape was refereeing and he flew out on to the field. “I want a fairly clean game,” he said throwing a pointed look at both captains. The two captains shook, or tried to break, one another’s hands.

Snape nodded to James and released the Snitch and Bludgers before throwing the Quaffle into the air, signaling the start of the game. Triss had gotten hold of the Quaffle first and was speeding rapidly towards the goals on her new nimbus 2001. With in the first 10 minutes of the game the score was 30-0 Slytherin.

An hour into the game James had seen the Snitch. Reeves had seen it as well and they both dove. The Snitch had sensed the two of them and dove as well. 15 feet from the ground Reeves pulled out of the dive but James continued and was just wrapping his hand around the Snitch when he heard a gut-wrenching scream. He pulled out of the dive and turned to see Triss falling from over 200 feet in the air.

James didn’t think twice before kicking his broom to take off after her. He new he wouldn’t be fast enough on just the broom and when he got close enough he ported himself underneath Triss while holding

a shielding charm so that everyone else saw him pick up a lot of speed on his broom before jumping to Triss.

A few seconds later James felt the hard earth connect with his body, crushing his ribs with the pure force. Not even thinking about his own injuries James sat up to look Triss over. Before they hit the ground James had cast a charm so she would be protected from the impact.

As far as he could tell Triss was fine aside from a large bump on her temple. She groaned and looked up at him. "Ow!" she said as he prodded the ever-growing bump.

"Hold still," said James holding his hand over her temple. With a small silver glow the bump disappeared. Suddenly a hand grabbed James shoulder and pushed him backwards before hitting him twice in the face and once in his ribs. He heard several screams and a few curses all the while still being pummeled before everything went black.

"Do you think he'll be alright?" asked a fuzzy voice.

"Of course. I just wish I could have had a go at Lockhart before Mel, Snape and Triss had gotten hold of him. I doubt he will ever mess with us again," said a voice James faintly recognized as one of the twins.

"Why did he attack James in the first place?" asked another voice.

"Something about thinking James was attacking Triss. What a load of bull. He just risked his life for the girl. Jumping under her from 50 feet in the air to break her fall, insane I tell you," said the other twin.

"How bad were his injuries?" asked a third voice James recognized as Snape's.

"He had several fractured ribs, a broken nose, and his left arm was dislocated and broken in several places," came the voice of Madam Pomfrey.

"Hopefully my 'dear' Grandfather will be smart enough to fire that waist of air," came Triss's sarcastic voice.

James tried to sit up but flopped back down as a dizzy spell came over him. "I think we woke him up," said Dray's voice.

"How long did it take you to figure that out?" asked James rubbing his temples.

"Good to know your alive Shadow," said Triss sitting next to him on the bed.

"What happened?" asked James sitting up on his pillows.

"One of those damn Bludgers was being possessed and chased me around until it was able to knock me off my broom. Next thing I knew I had you healing the bump on my head and then you being jumped on by Lockhart. Somehow you had exhausted your magic again and you were knocked out rather fast because your body wasn't healing it's self.

"By then Mel had pulled Lockhart off of you and was giving him a piece of her mind, Snape then joined the fray by braking Lockhart's nose then I got to...play with him," said Triss smiling evilly.

"What did you do to him?" asked James.

"Let's just say that he'll have a hard time walking for the next few weeks," said Triss smiling innocently.

"Ouch," said James, wincing at the thought of what Triss had done to Lockhart. "When am I aloud to leave?" he asked as an after thought.

"Because your reserves are so low and you aren't healing your self normally you will be staying the night," said Triss.

"Why? I'll be good as new in a few hours. It's not like this is the first time I've had a set of broken ribs," said James.

“Yeah, but wouldn’t it look a bit weird for a student who fell 50 feet to break another’s fall up and walking around after getting pounded by a teacher,” said Gin.

“What’s your point?” asked James. Triss smacked him on the back of his head.

Everyone left James to rest not to long before curfew. Triss had found Jewel and sent her up to the hospital wing to keep James company. Evans had stopped by with the twins earlier in the day and she congratulated him on winning the game. She had also told him that she had found a baby sitter for the twins during the day.

Evan’s old friend and Professor, Minerva McGonagall had volunteered to watch ‘the little darlings’. Apparently they had already started doing a lot of accidental magic during the summer and Evans hadn’t felt it safe for the girls to be around the other students. One of the more resent cases of accidental magic was when the two of them gave Lockhart a monkey’s tail and Beavers teeth.

James had laughed at that for several minuets but sobered up in time for Evans and the twins to leave. Now it was just passed curfew and James was already board. Suddenly he picked up on lots of footsteps heading towards the hospital wing. James shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep when the doors banged open.

Potter, Evans, and Dumbledore walked in with Snape and a professor that Harry recognized as Vector carrying a stretcher with a stiff body on top. Upon closer inspection James recognized it as Ron Weasley.

“What happened?” asked Madam Pomfrey walking up to the group.

“There has been an attack. He’s been petrified,” said Snape as he and Vector set the body on the bed.

“Did anyone see anything?” asked Pomfrey.

“No, Lily found him while going on her rounds. He was staring at a window when she found him,” said Potter.

“Does this mean the chamber has been truly opened Albus?” asked Snape.

“I’m afraid it has Severus,” said Dumbledore.

Review responses:

Athenakitty: Yeah, I think James decking Filch would have helped Filch’s personality just a little bit. Of course there will be a fight with ol’ Voldie, how could there not be.

ZeonReborn: I don’t think you’ll find many more holes but you can try. My Beta readers do a good job in pointing them out most of the time. Yeah, I know they sell knives in stores, especially in Florida. Last time I checked they had a knife display case in the food store down the street from my house.

Wytil: Only as good as the others : - (O’well, I’ll have to try harder then. I’ve read a few stories like that as well but most of them I didn’t like for some reason or another. Yeah, Dumbledore did try to control Harry’s life by leaving him with his aunt and uncle and in this story by making Lily give James up. In my mind that makes him a bit of a bastard. Had I been in Harry or James’s place I would have electrocuted him.

Gual1: Thanks.

ER: Is it just me or do very few like Dumbledore?

JaimyeToranPotter5569: Well, I want Sev to be a little apologetic. He may look like a bad guy but inside he has a heart of gold coughnotcough. Ron, he is kind of like the Draco Malfoy in J.K.’s version, except Draco didn’t have any younger siblings hanging out with Harry’s crew in J.K.’s version. I’m still thinking about the Headmaster prank so you’re out of luck in that department, sorry.

Sierra-falls: What’s your point? I was extremely calm when I was 5 and did have someone die right in front of me and didn’t flip. Sometimes it is best to stay clam and not waist energy on panicking.

What do you mean by the teenager aged thing? I read back through my first chapter and saw nothing of the like. If anything it's a typing error.

A little laugh before the new chapter.

Did you know.....

If you yelled for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days you would have produced enough sound energy to heat up one cup of coffee.

(Hardly seems worth it.)

If you farted constantly for 6 years and 9 months, enough gas is produced to create the energy of an atomic bomb.

(Now that's more like it.)

The human heart creates enough pressure when it pumps out to the body to squirt blood 30 feet.

(Oh my God!)

A pig's orgasm lasts 30 minutes.

(In my next life, I want to be a pig.)

A cockroach will live 9 days without its head before it starves to death.

(Creepy, but I'm still not over the pig.)

Banging your head on the wall burns 150 calories an hour.

(Do not try this at home...maybe at work.)

The male praying mantis cannot copulate while its head is still attached to its body. The female initiates sex by ripping the male's head off.

("Honey, I'm home. What the...?")

The flea can jump 350 times its body length. It's like a human jumping the length of a football field.

(30 minutes...lucky pig...can you imagine???)

The catfish has over 27,000 taste buds.

(What could be so tasty on the bottom of a pond?)

Some lions mate over 50 times a day.

(I still want to be a pig in my next life...quality over quantity)

Butterflies taste with they're feet.

(Something I've always wanted to know.)

The strongest muscle in the body is the tongue.

(Hmmm...)

Right-handed people live, on average, 9 years longer than left-handed people.

(If your ambidextrous, do you split the difference?)

Elephants are the only animals that cannot jump.

(Okay, so that would be a good thing...)

A cat's urine glows under a black light.

(I wonder who was paid to figure that out?)

An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

(I know some people like that...)

Starfish have no brains.

(I know some people like that too.)

Polar bears are left-handed.

(If they switch they'll live longer.)

Humans and dolphins are the only species that have sex for pleasure.

(What about the pig???)

Lone Child

Chapter 16: Aftermath and an Arrival

James was out of the hospital wing very early the next morning. Madam Pomfrey was well aware of his healing abilities; she and Dragon had been friends for years, so she saw no reason to keep him. She told him to take it easy in Quidditch practice but that he was under no restrictions. She had no idea that he knew about what had happened to the youngest Weasley brother.

He ran up to his room, dropped Jewel on his bed, and grabbed some clean clothes and robes to wear before jumping in the shower. After washing all of the dirt and grime out of his hair he turned the water off. After getting dressed and brushing his hair he picked up Jewel.

You sure you want to come? asked James.

Yes, said Jewel slithering up his arm and wrapping herself loosely around his neck.

James walked over to Dray's bed and opened the curtain. Obviously Dray had gotten up early so James continued on his way to the Great hall. When he entered he immediately picked out the group of Hunter's. All of them were present and James spotted a teary eyed Ginny sitting with grim twins.

He sat in his normal seat next to Triss. "Ron was attacked last night. Snape pulled Gin out of her dorm at 6:30 this morning and took her down to the infirmary. She said that you were already gone by the time she, the twins, and Percy had gotten there. Did you here anything?" asked Triss.

“Yeah, I was still awake when they brought him in a little after curfew. Evans said she found him staring blankly into a window. What ever this thing is it’s bad. I thought it was a Basilisk at first but there are no living ones on record and Jewel would have told me about it,” said James motioning to the snake just inside of his robes.

“I thought so to. Gin’s taking it real hard though. Why don’t you go talk to her? Her brothers have they’re own stuff to deal with,” said Triss pointing to the teary eyed Ginny.

James nodded and stood from his seat. He walked down to where Fred and George were sitting with Gin between them and sat opposite of them. “How are you holding up?” he asked.

“This sucks! Why would anything go after him? As much of a jackass as he is he didn’t deserve this,” sobbed Ginny throwing herself on James. James, not that surprised, held her and rubbed her back with out saying anything, he just let her cry.

“Did the Headmaster give you guys a grievance day?” asked James, Ginny still crying into his chest.

“Dumbledore didn’t but Snape talked to Evans and she agreed to it,” said Fred.

“Dumbledore can be such an inconsiderate bastard sometimes,” said George furiously.

James nodded. “Gin, I’m going to take you back to your room now alright,” said James picking her up. She was small so didn’t weigh all that much so James had no problem carrying her. Thankfully she wouldn’t be bothered much in her dorm as she shared one with Mel.

When he reached the dungeons Ginny had cried her self to sleep. Unlike most men James had a kind of gift that allowed people, mostly women, to feel at ease around him. This had really helped him with Triss when he had found her. She seemed to have a built in defense

mechanism that caused her conscious mind to go deep into her mind to protect her self.

That was one of the endless reasons James was so protective of her. He wasn't kidding when he told Snape that if she were to retreat into her mind even he probably wouldn't be able to draw her out like he had the first time.

"Cobra," said James. The wall to the common room swung open and James walked in with Gin still curled up in his arms. He easily gained access to the staircase that lead up to the girl's dorms and into Ginny's own dorm. Pulling the blanket down he placed Gin's lithe form on the bed and pulled the blanket up to her chin.

"Mr. Cage," came a voice from the door.

"Yes sir?" asked James turning to look at the dark form of the potions master.

"You, as well as Ms. Crew, Ms. Summers and Mr. Malfoy have been granted the day off to help with the Weasleys. Molly and Arthur Weasley will arrive sometime between now and 12 this afternoon, Ms. Crew will accompany them to the hospital wing. Mr. Malfoy and Ms. Summers are watching over the remaining Weasleys to make sure they don't do anything rash. I suggest you stay with young Ms. Weasley until someone comes to get you," said Snape before exiting the room.

James summoned a chair and a book before sitting down and reading while he waited. An hour or so later the door of the room burst open and a very pissed looking Mel burst in. "Oh, sorry. I thought someone would have come up for you by now," said Mel calming herself a bit.

"It's alright. Just try and keep your voice down, I don't want to wake Gin. She's taking the whole thing with her brother really hard," said James in a low voice.

"I'm not surprised. She and her brother were really close before he left for Hogwarts. They kind of grew apart after that but she still loves

him and vise versa, even if they don't show it," said Mel sitting down on her bed.

"I'm sure. I'd probably go nuts if something happened to Triss. Anyway, what's gotten you so pissed off?" asked James.

"Damn Lockhart. You would think Dumbledore would have fired him after that display on the pitch yesterday but no. Old bastard just lets him have free reign. I swear if he so much as looks at me the wrong way again I'll make the son of a bitch wish he were in hell," hissed Mel.

"What did he do?" asked James. He hated Lockhart with a passion and if there were grounds to have him removed from the school he would take it. He would have contacted Lucius about the previous day had there been any rules against teachers physically assaulting students.

Sadly there was no rule against a teacher/student relationship or unwanted sexual contact so if Lockhart was assaulting Mel sexually there was little that could be done unless he went as far as to rape her, even then it was a long shot to get him in trouble with all of his publicity.

"He keeps grapping my ass and other places of the like. It's really starting to piss me off and there are no rules against it in this world. Nothing can really be done unless he rapes me in which case he might as well dig his own way to hell because it would be less painful. I can't contact me parents because they're dead and I can't fight back because there are rules against that. Guy's a pedophile through and through," said Mel rubbing his temples.

"Have you told Snape?" asked James.

"Yes, he said that unless he went further than the little ass grab here and there nothing could be done. Taking it to Dumbledore would be little to no use because Lockhart is practically his lap dog and wouldn't do any thing about it. Personally I hope what ever petrified Ron gets Lockhart as well, it would serve him right," said Mel bitterly.

"Best not to wish things on people, sometimes it doesn't come out the way you want it to," said James.

"Sure O' King of philosophy," said Mel sarcastically.

"Don't worry your self over Lockhart. You and I both know that if he did any thing to really hurt you, you could royal kick his ass," said James smirking.

"You're probably right but I'd rather not, Dumbledore would have me out of the school before you could say 'chocolate frog', and I really don't have any where else to go. I'll die before I go back to that damn orphanage," Mel said cringing.

"Then were are you planning on staying this summer?" James asked.

"Gin offered to let me stay with her, but she hasn't asked her parents yet. They may not want a Slytherin in they're house," said Mel.

"Well if you need a place to stay just let me know. My guardian loves kids so he doesn't mind Triss and I having people over. Plus the house is huge, the only problem we might have is where it is but if that comes to be a problem I can always use one of my foster parent's old houses. They were very wealthy before they passed," said James.

"How did they die?" Mel asked.

"They were murdered by Voldemort. I managed to get out of the house before he incinerated it. I think he was rather pissed that he was one-upped by a 5-year-old supposedly muggle kid. He tried to come after me but he was brought down before he could find me, but even if he somehow figured out where I was a seriously doubt he would be able to get to me," said James.

"You're an elf then?" asked Mel smirking.

"How did-"

"Your not the only one with special talents. I can just short of read peoples minds. It's not telepathy but a form of Legilimency, but not like Snape and the headmasters but something a little different, and unblockable," said Mel smirking at James's shocked look.

"So that's way your auras different than everyone else's," said James. Mel nodded as the door of the room opened. A smirking Professor Lockhart entered the room. His smirk died a bit when he saw James and the sleeping Gin but that didn't sway him.

"May I ask what you are doing in the girls dorms Mr. Cage?" he asked.

"Professor Snape told me to come up here to watch over Gin and make sure she didn't do anything rash. May I ask what you're doing here?" asked James.

"Professor Evans sent me up here to retrieve Ms. Weasley as her parents have arrived. Since you are here and have been ordered to watch her you can take her down to the hospital wing," said Lockhart.

"Alright," said James. "Gin, your parents are here. Time to get up," he said shaking her slightly.

Ginny wearily opened one of her eyes before slowly sitting up. "Alright," she said stretching and standing up.

"Come on Mel," said James leading Gin out of the dorm.

"Actually I have matters to discuss with Ms. Crew," said Lockhart. Mel shot a pleading look at James.

"That will have to wait. She is the Weasley's guide," said James grabbing Mel's arm and pulling her out of the dorm along with Gin. He pulled them into a small passage so Lockhart couldn't find them.

"Is Lockhart stalking you again Mel?" Gin asked.

"Yeah," said Mel.

“That bastard should just leave you alone. You’re not even 12 yet and he’s trying to molest you. It’s sick!” said Ginny.

“You don’t have to tell me that. If we were in the muggle world he would be locked always for 15 or more years. I still don’t know why there aren’t laws against that,” said Mel.

“It’s because of wedlock. Some pureblooded lines set their children in arranged marriages. Most of the time the wed locked couple are around the same age but sometimes the female child is more than 30 years younger than the male, never the other way around. In those instances families had signed contracts that every female child would go with a male child in that generation, no matter the age difference. It doesn’t happen that often but it has in the past.

“Plus, the wizarding world has a dangerously low population because people are so concerned with blood lines that they inbreed with each other making that generation or the next squibs. As far as the ministry is concerned the more wizards born the better, no matter how they are conceived. I heard a few months ago the ministry is going to try and ban abortion, no matter the circumstances or age of the mother,” said James opening another passage door.

“Isn’t that stupid though? The wizarding population can’t be in so much trouble that the ministry would overlook rape and then not allow a woman who conceived a child get rid of it, would they?” asked Mel.

“They’re going to try. I know a lot of Ministry workers will go for it but I don’t know about anyone else. Plus, this is only in the British Isles. I don’t think they could easily pass it anywhere else,” said James.

Several twisted passages later they arrived in the hall the hospital wing was located in. “How did you find that passage?” asked Ginny.

“A little snake told me,” said James.

The two girls giggled a bit, not knowing that what he said was true. "We're here," he said pulling open the infirmary doors and allowing the two girls to enter in front of him.

The atmosphere inside the hospital wing was grim. A redheaded woman sat next to the bed where Ron Weasley laid, eyes vacantly open and stiff. Gin stifled a sob and buried herself in James's chest again. The woman must have heard the muffled sob and turned around to see James holding the tearful Gin.

"What are you doing here?" the woman demanded. This was obviously Mrs. Weasley.

Gin stopped sobbing and turned to look at her mother. "I came to see you," said Gin in a light, almost pleading voice.

"This is no place for a little girl to be in. Out!" said Mrs. Weasley angrily shooing the trio out. Outside of the hospital wing Gin broke down into tears once again.

"What's wrong with Mrs. Weasley?" James asked Mel.

"The whole Weasley family, bar Bill, Charlie and the twins, didn't take her getting into Slytherin well. I guess Gin thought that if she saw her mother face to face they would get along," said Mel sadly.

"I'll never understand large families," said James grabbing Gin under the knees and picking her up, as she sobbed into his chest completely oblivious, for the second time that day.

"Me neither. They have no idea how lucky they are to even have a family. It's so stupid! Fighting over something so senseless," said Mel.

"Yeah, but what ever floats they're boat. Have you seen the rest of the pack yet?" James asked.

"Last I checked Percy was off with his girlfriend, Penny Clearwater, I think her name was. Triss was busy keeping the twins from killing something or going after whatever the monster is and Dray was

taking Mr. Weasley to go see Dumbledore,” said Mel, thankful for the change in subjects.

James glanced worriedly at Mel. “Do you happen to know what Triss was doing to keep the twins out of trouble?” he asked.

“I think they were going over some ideas for the you-know-what at Christmas,” Mel replied impishly.

James smiled to himself. The ‘you-know-what’ was the little prank on Dumbledore at Christmas. So far they had formed very few ideas on how to annoy the old man. One option was to turn the headmasters whole wardrobe black and make it stay that way for a few months but the group doubted that that would really get on his nerves. Another option was to charm Dumbledore, Potter, and Lockhart to do a very embarrassing song and dance routine.

“Follow me,” James said suddenly turning into a secret passage for the second time that day.

“What’s wrong?” asked Mel.

“Lockhart was about to come around the corner, most likely looking for you. Try and stay away from him. Don’t go into any closed rooms with him either. If he corners you just call out for me in your head and I’ll come,” said James.

“How?” Mel asked curiously.

‘I’m telepathic,’ James thought to here.

Mel jumped when James’s voice entered her mind. “Cool!” she said aloud.

“Yeah, I love that little trick. As I said if you need me or anyone else in the group just call out. Triss can sense your emotions so you can do that if you ever need her, alright,” said James. Mel nodded.

By this time they had arrived back in Mel and Gin's dorm. James set Gin back in the bed and pulled the covers over her. Like earlier she had cried herself into a deep slumber.

Review responses:

Athenakitty: Yes, Yes, yes.....

ER: You'll hate Lockhart even more before the year is out. The guy is a perverted creep.

ZeonReborn: No Lockhart will not be fired because as you can see above the wizarding world is lacking in quite a few rules and laws. Good to know you like Florida.

Darcey: Thanks.

Jordan: Yes and thanks.

Lady Phoenix Slytherin: Thanks.

Chapter 17: Start of Vacation and a New Club

Christmas vacation came all too quickly for the Hunters. Molly Weasley had continued to avoid talking to her daughter and in turn Ginny often broke down into fits of tears. Because their mother was treating Ginny so badly Fred, George, Bill and Charlie wouldn't talk to Mrs. Weasley.

Bill and Charlie had both agreed to visit on Christmas to help cheer Ginny up. Originally Bill and Charlie were going to come and stay with the pack at one of James's properties in Scotland but Molly Weasley refused to let her children leave the castle so the plans had changed.

Dragon had written once again saying that he had business to do in America so he couldn't come visit Triss and James like he had intended. Between balancing Quidditch practice, new methods of training, classes, and his frequent talks with Snape, James somehow managed to find time to work with the Sabetha crystals as well.

While James was having a hard time trying to figure out how to remove the Werewolf curse he could now store any spell he wished inside the crystal. He had given Mel several crystals with multiple curses in them to use on Lockhart if need be.

Lockhart was being an ass as usual. He continued to harass Mel and pick on James at every turn. If James didn't know better he would have thought that Lockhart knew he was the reason Mel never walked the halls alone. Even when all of the Hunters were busy older students volunteered to keep her away from Lockhart. If there was anyone who hated Lockhart more than the Slytherins it was Snape.

Like the whole Slytherin house, Snape wanted nothing more than to knock Lockhart's lights out. Lockhart had a nasty habit of taking points off of Slytherin, James in particular, for no reason but for the fact he was breathing but he made up for that in Evan and Snape's class.

Evan showed a lot of favor to James. Not only had he saved her daughters but also put himself through hell and back to help others.

Saving Triss was an excellent example. James could easily have been killed by the fall had he landed wrong but he still jumped from his broom to break the fall of his friend who would have been killed by the fall had he not intervened.

Plus all of the help he had given the previous year with the girls during lessons and still managing to stay top in his class. Truly impressive. If Evans hadn't known better she would have thought James had already mastered the curriculum.

"Hey Shadow! Check this out!" Triss yelled looking at the common room event board.

James groaned as he sat up, one of the Gryffindors had decided that they wanted to start a snowball fight with him and the rest of the Hunters. It was fun but James was now really tired. "What?" he asked stifling a yawn.

"Lockhart is starting a Dueling club, the first meeting is after dinner," she said pointing at the sign on the event board.

James's jaw dropped before he chuckled to himself. "That oaf run a dueling club? I'll go just to see him embarrass himself. You guys in?" he asked Dray, Gin and Mel, who were draped across chairs.

"Sleep," said Dray drowsily.

Triss walked away from the board and crawled into James's lap. "I agree with Dray. Sleep now, embarrass Lockhart later," she said succumbing to her own exhaustion.

"You're worse than me," said James yawning and going to sleep himself.

"James wake up! It's time for dinner," said Triss shaking James.

"Alright, I'm up already," James groaned stretching sleepily as all of the bones in his spine cracked.

"That really isn't healthy you know," said Triss dragging him out of the common room.

"So?" asked James. Triss smacked him playfully upside the head. "That's it!" said James picking Triss up and throwing him over his shoulder.

"James let me down!" Triss demanded, laughing as James tickled her side.

"Not a chance. We're too close to the hall," said James picking up speed.

"Don't you dare!" Triss yelled but it was too late. James threw the doors open with Triss still trying to struggle out of his strong grip. Smiling like a Cheshire cat James walked over to the Slytherin table and set Triss down on the bench next to Gin. James sat down next to her.

"I hate you," said Triss scowling at James.

"No you don't," said James grinning at her. Triss smacked him again. "Abuse!" said James blocking the second slap. "Feel better now?" asked James.

"No," said Triss punching him as hard as she could in the arm. "Now I feel better."

"Good," said James as his eyes watered from the force of the hit. "That hurt you know," he said rubbing said spot.

"Aww, the poor baby! Should I kiss it better?" asked Triss in a sweet sarcastic voice.

"Yes," said James putting on a baby pout. The surrounding Hunters burst out laughing as James and Triss continued to bicker.

"So, are you guys going to the dueling club meeting tonight?" asked Triss when she and James finally solved their argument.

"You bet, can't miss out on Lockhart making a fool of himself," said George. The others nodded.

"Hey James, do you think we should prepare to show off a little?" asked Triss.

"What do you mean by show off?" asked James eyeing her suspiciously.

"Well we've been working with the daggers and I'm starting to miss the long swords. Plus, it would be a good show and would scare the shit out of Lockhart," said Triss grinning wickedly.

"I'm not to sure that that is such a good idea but we'll see," said James.

"Lets go get ready then," said Triss standing and pulling James out of the hall.

A half-hour later James had shrunken Triss's and his own sword down to the size of a toothpick. "Come on, it's time," said Triss.

"Did you drink your potion?" James asked.

"Yes, quit being so over protective will you," said Triss walking up the steps of the trunk.

"I'm not being over protective, I'm just making sure you don't get hurt," said James following closely behind her.

"Same difference," said Triss. James blew a raspberry at her. "That's disgusting," she said scowling at him. He just grinned.

"Welcome to Hogwarts Dueling Club!" Lockhart's voice echoed threw the hall. James watched as Lockhart, wearing the most stupid looking dueling robes he'd ever seen, walk to the center of the dueling platform. "Professor Snape as sportingly agreed to help demonstrate tonight, but down worry, you'll still have your Potions Master when I'm through with him," said Lockhart grinning at some of the girls that sighed dreamily.

Snape walked into the platform in classic black robes with a deep scowl on his face. "I'm more worried about Snape getting in trouble for splattering Lockhart all over the walls," James whispered into Triss's ear. She nodded.

"I hope your ready Professor Snape," said Lockhart getting into a basic dueling position. Snape also got into position in the form of a Scorpion's defense. "On the count of three. One...Two...Three!"

"Expelliarmus!" shouted Snape before Lockhart could do anything. In a blast of light Lockhart was thrown backwards while his wand went right into Snape's hand. The Hunters and a few male students broke into applause.

Groaning Lockhart stood up. Putting his cheerfulness forward he walked back to the center of the platform. "Excellent to show them the disarming charm Severus. Of course I knew exactly what you were doing and could have stopped you any time I felt like it. Now, Professor Snape and I will pair you off into groups to practice the disarming charm," said Lockhart.

Snape walked over to the Hunters and paired James off with Triss, Mel with Gin, Fred with George and Dray with Kat.

"One the count of three you will attempt to cast the disarming charm on your partner. One...Two...Three!" yelled Lockhart.

On the count of three everyone cast a spell but most of them weren't the disarming charm. Several cries could be heard as students started sprouting boils, feathers or some other appendage. "STOP!" yelled Snape. Everyone stopped breathing.

"It seems you lot are such dunderheads that you can't cast a simple charm properly so as punishment you will not be able to leave to the hospital wing until this meeting comes to a close," said Snape glaring at the students. "Mr. Cage, I know that yourself and Ms. Summers are well practiced in the art of dueling so why don't you demonstrate a real duel," he continued.

“Yes sir,” said James walking up to the platform with Triss in toe.

He and Triss stood in the middle of the platform and bowed to each other and pulled they're wands out and got into similar positions to that of Snape's. “One...Two...Three!” yelled Snape.

“Impedimenta!” yelled Triss. James ducked as the curse flew over his head. He and Triss simultaneously pulled out their swords and James returned them to their normal size with an unnoticeable wave of his hand. The hall gasped as Triss slashed at James with the obviously very sharp sword.

“Petrificus Totalus!” shouted James.

“Protego!” yelled Triss. The spell reflected off over her shield and back at James. He jumped out of the way and slashed Triss in the arm with his sword. Some of the girls screamed when they saw the blood on Triss's arm.

Triss was quick to counter and sliced James's chest open. It was much deeper than the one he'd given Triss but it didn't impair his movements any. “Stupefy!” he yelled.

Triss barley missed the beam of red light and was clipped by the reducter curse James fired at her. “It's about time you started fighting back,” she said launching a series of attacks at James.

Several minutes later James was covered in blood from the various cuts Triss had given him. “Come on Shadow. I know you're better than this. Stand and fight like a man,” Triss demanded after getting another hit on James.

“Just remember you asked for it,” he said. “Expelliarmus!” James yelled.

“Ahhhhhh!” Triss screamed as she was thrown backwards while her sword and wand landed at James's feet.

James walked over to where Triss landed. “Just remember you asked for it,” he said pulling her to her feet. “Would you like us to

continue with a physical duel Professor?" asked James shrinking the two swords down to the size of toothpicks again and handing Triss her wand.

When he didn't get an answer he looked and saw most of the hall staring at him with their mouths open. It seemed all of the other Professors had decided to drop in and were staring at Triss and James in obvious shock. "What?" he asked.

Lockhart snapped out of his shock and stepped forward. "Excellent form Mr. Cage but you didn't use your wand much. I find myself wondering if you are only practiced in hand to hand combat," he said.

Potter, who had arrived sometime during the duel, also spoke up. "I have to agree with Professor Lockhart. Even if you are well practiced in hand to hand combat it does you no good in fighting with just a wand," he said.

"Would you like to duel with me then?" asked James looking at Potter.

"If you are up to the challenge," Potter said eyeing James blood soaked appearance.

"Step up then," said James waving Potter up. Potter took off his outer robe revealing slacks and a t-shirt.

When Potter and James were in position Lockhart started the count down. "One...Two...Three!"

"Tarantallegra!" shouted Potter.

"Protego!" said James.

"Petrificus Totalus! Expelliarmus!" Potter continued. James dropped and rolled as the two curses flew over his head.

"Stupefy!" James yelled.

"Protego! Reducto!" yelled Potter.

James avoided the reflected stunning spell but the reducer curse hit him right in the chest leaving it charred and bleeding but James didn't seem to notice. "Petrificus Totalus!" he yelled. Potter ducked and rolled.

"Impedimenta! Stupefy! Reducto!" Potter yelled.

Again James was able to dodge the first two curses but the reducer got him a little lower in the chest. He groaned as his skin sizzled and burned. "Expelliarmus!" James yelled.

The curse hit Potter but he didn't lose his wand. "Serpensortia!" yelled Potter.

A very large Chinese Vipertooth similar to Jewel burst out of Potter's wand and landed at James's feet ready to bite. "Bite him if he moves," Potter commanded the snake.

James watched the snake. Potter obviously didn't know that the snake he conjured was deadly enough to kill in seconds. "Don't worry Cage, I'll get rid of it for you," said Lockhart pointing his wand at the snake. He muttered something and a bright ball of orange light rushed at the snake.

It hit the snake but instead of making the snake disappear it was hurled several feet in the air before the snake landed in front of a very frightened looking Professor Evans, who was standing right next to the platform next to James; she obviously knew what the snake was. The snake coiled into a striking position.

No! said James as the snake started to lunge. The snake stopped mid-strike and looked at James. Come here now! said James. The snake looked at him threw soulless eyes before looking towards the rigid Evans. Don't even think about it Serpent, James hissed. The snake turned its head again to look at James. It let out a menacing hiss and turned to strike Evans when it started to burn from its tail up.

James looked over and saw Snape with his wand pointed at where the snake had been. Looking around the room he saw everyone

staring at him. I think now would be a good time to go Shadow, said Triss.

Lets go then, said James jumping down from the platform and running out of the room at full speed. Triss followed closely behind.

When they reached the common room James went strait to his dorm with out stopping. With little hesitation Triss followed him. I'm in such deep shit Tigress, said James running his hand threw his hair.

Don't worry about it right now. You need to heal those cuts and burns, Triss said lightly prodding the burns.

James sucked in a sharp breath. I need to clean them before they will heal, he said opening his trunk. I need your help with some of them, James said motioning for Triss to follow.

An hour or so later both Triss and James were clean and healed. "What do you think is going to happen?" James asked Triss.

"I think Snape will tell most of them off and the students will think you are the heir of Slytherin," said Triss.

"Figures. I'm going to take a nap before I have to go deal with everyone," James said flopping down on his bed.

"Mind if I join you?" Triss asked.

"No," said James wrapping his arms around Triss as she snuggled up to him. 'This is how life should be,' James thought before drifting off into a peaceful slumber.

Review responses:

Kata Malfoy: Thank you. I plan on bringing Sirius in later along with Remus. Lily will find out about James eventually, probably around the end of 4th year. James will freak Potter out enough later, especially if Potter gets hold of Hunter's map.

Athenakitty: Yes, yes, yes, yes, and I'm not sure if he will lose his memory or die yet. It could go either way.

JT: Either one of the Hunters or Snape will kick Lockhart's ass. There should be a prank on him in the next chapter, along with Dumbledore and Potter. In the end I just may let Tom Riddle or the Creature kill him rather than have him lose his memory.

ZeonReborn: Sadly the wizarding world is rather old and haven't really changed their life style since Slytherin's time. Sad isn't it? (Sighs deeply) I think I know why you aren't a world leader now, humans, really weird species, you are.

Paprika: I can't really comment on Mel without giving something away but think Remus Lupin.

Lunawolf: Thank you. I don't like Lockhart either so I thought, 'why not make him an ass hole?'

Darak: O'well. Thanks anyway. Glad you liked the intro.

ER: Yeah, I like the muggle world better too, until Voldemort takes his morning stroll. Then I feel a lot safer around a group of fully educated wizards, even if they are perverts.

Black-Rose1212: I'm glad you like my story. I think Dumbledore is a Bastard in the books so I'm making him a worse Bastard in my version. I can't stand Lockhart so I made him much worse than he really is. I don't think he'll mess with Mel again without her or James kicking his ass but we'll see what my mind comes up with.

Jerry Merlin Potter: I update every weekend, some times in the middle of the week and then again on the weekend. It really depends on how much time I have. I should get a lot out during winter vacation so don't worry, the updates should come really fast.

Silvanus: That looks like a good idea. I might be able to put in something of the like but we'll see.

Wytil: Good to know I keep it interesting.

Momma-dar: Thank you. Glad you liked it.

Kata Malfoy: Yes. Lily will find out who James is when he gets back from the graveyard in 4th year.

Kathy stgqvK: Thanks. Remus will be around soon. He's my favorite character so I can't leave him out. There will be a prank on Dumbledore, Potter, and Lockhart in chapter 19, hopefully.

Chapter 18: Christmas vacation part 2

“Are you ready yet? We’re going to miss the feast,” yelled Triss from outside of James’s door.

“I’m coming,” said James opening the door. Over the past couple of days James had more or less stayed to himself. Almost all of the students had left for the holidays so the Hunter’s prank was being rescheduled, no sense in doing a prank when no one was around to see it.

Because the prank had been postponed James put together another type of entertainment. Entering the hall with Triss he saw very few students. All of the Hunters, Percy, Molly, Arthur, Charlie and Bill Weasley, Penny Clearwater, Snape, Evans, Lockhart, Potter, Sara and Holly, and Dumbledore were the only people present for the holidays and were seated at one large table.

James walked into the hall under the glare of Dumbledore, Potter, Lockhart, Percy, Penny, Arthur, and Molly. No one else really cared that he was a parseltongue because they either already knew about it or trusted him enough not to care. Sitting between Kat and Triss he leaned over to Kat and asked, “What’s your favorite Christmas movie?”

“How the Grinch stole Christmas, why?” she asked.

James didn’t answer. With a small wave of his wand a muggle big screen T.V. appeared. Slowly the opening song of ‘How the Grinch stole Christmas’ started. “The twins will like this one Professor Evans,” said James leaning back in the chair to watch the movie.

Almost everyone looked at James in astonishment. “How did you get your hands on a Television that would work on Hogwarts grounds Mr. Cage?” Evans asked.

James pulled a Sabetha crystal out of his pocket and tossed it to Evans. “A present from my guardian. It will revert magic into electricity, kind of handy for occasions like these,” said James.

"I'm afraid I'll have to confiscate this Mr. Cage," said Lockhart plucking it out of Evan's hand. James caught a rouge thought of Lockhart, 'I'll just erase their memories and present this as my invention, I'll make millions.' Evans made a move to protest but James beat her to it.

"I'm afraid not Professor. There is no rule against them and I haven't copy righted them yet," said James as Evans snatched the crystal out of Lockhart's stunned hands. After inspecting it for a few more minutes Evans handed it back to him and turned to watch the movie.

Several minutes later 'You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch' came on and strangely several people looked at Snape who scowled. When the movie was over James took another request.

" 'Patrick Stewart's, A Christmas carol'" said Triss. James nodded and with a wave of his wand the movie started. (I have no idea what Christmas movies were out in 1992-93 so I'll just use the current ones)

An hour and half later the movie came to an end along with the feast. Mr. Weasley looked intrigued by the T.V. but didn't ask any questions after his wife glared at him. Dumbledore seemed to have enjoyed the movies along with everyone but Lockhart who was sulking about not being able to get his hands on one of the crystals.

"If anyone is interested the movies will continue in the Slytherin common room," said James standing and making the T.V. disappear. The Hunters followed him out of the hall along with Bill and Charlie, Percy, to the insistence of his girlfriend Penny, Dumbledore, Potter, Evans, the twins, and Snape.

"What do you guys want next?" asked James after everyone was gathered around the T.V.

"How about 'The Santa Clause'?" asked Mel.

"Coming right up," said James waving his wand again.

A few hours and several movies later almost everyone had left. Only the Hunters, Bill, and Charlie were left. "Now that the Professors have left I say it's time to start the party," said Triss taking the top off of a footrest. Inside were several gallons of butterbeer and to Bill and Charlie's surprise, Fire whiskey and Tequila.

"How did you get this? You're underage," said Bill picking up one of the whiskey bottles and two shot glasses.

"We are but some of the older Slytherins aren't," said Triss grapping two more glasses and the bottle of Tequila.

Bill smirked. "I like you two already," he said motioning to James and Triss before throwing back a shot of whiskey. "Burns," he said pouring himself another one.

James gave everyone his or her choice of drinks. Even though no one mentioned it butterbeer was almost as alcoholic as any other alcoholic drink in the wizarding world, it just depended how much of it you drank. With a wave of James's hand Anne Rice's 'Interview with a Vampire' came to life on the screen.

Sometime during the party Snape had returned and was surprised to find several smashed teenagers and two adults watching another movie while still drinking. Going against his better judgment Snape joined into the festivities instead of reporting them. By two in the morning everything had calmed down a bit.

Ginny and Dray were off making out in a corner, Bill and Charlie had gone to bed, no one knew where Kat and Snape had gone, Mel had followed Bill and Charlie's example by going to sleep, Fred and George were still watching a movie, Michael Crichton's 'Jurassic Park' last time anyone checked. Triss was curled up with James on the sofa totally smashed watching the movie sipping on a butterbeer. James was even more out of it than she was but was still aware enough to change the movies every few hours.

Around 4 a.m. James stood up. "I think it's time to get to bed," said James waving his hand to clear away any mess they had made and turn off the T.V. Fred and George wearily crawled up to the dorm

they were sharing with Bill and Charlie. James picked up Triss, who was too smashed to do anything but stare up at him.

He looked around and saw that Dray and Gin were no longer making out in the corner and had probably gone to bed. 'I hope no one did anything. They will probably get a rather unpleasant surprise tomorrow morning when they wake up with someone and don't remember how they got there or what they did,' James thought laying Triss down on his bed.

With a wave of James's hand both he and Triss were dressed on comfortable nightclothes. James expanded his bed a bit before crawling in with Triss who snuggled up to him.

The next morning James woke up refreshed. He looked down at Triss who was snuggled deep into his chest unconsciously trying to block out the light coming from James's personalized artificial sky light. With a wave of his hand the skylight showed how the sky had looked the previous night.

"Triss wake up," said James nudging his friend. Triss grunted and buried herself deeper under the covers and into his chest. "Come on Triss, time to wake up," said James pulling the pillow off her head.

Triss looked up at him and glared. "Look Shadow dear, not all of us have healing powers that prevent us from getting hangovers," she said pulling the pillow back over her head. James rolled his eyes before summoning the most powerful hangover relief potion he had. Triss smelled it's strawberry flavor and gulped it down before he even had a chance to put it in her hand. "I sleep. You go give potion to others suffering horrible hangover," said Triss sinking back into a deep slumber.

James rolled his eyes before getting up and getting dressed. After gathering enough potions for everyone James sought the most likely to have a hangover first. He found Bill, Charlie, Fred and George first, all buried deep in their pillows. "Rise and shine!" said James. They all cursed as James's voice echoed threw their heads. "Drink this and get up before people start getting suspicious," said James handing each of the Weasley boys a potion that they gulped down

gratefully before going right back to dream land. James didn't even bother to try and make them get up; it was only 7:30 anyway.

He followed the same pattern with Mel, Ginny and Dray, who had stayed the night in Gin's bed, as well as Snape and Kat who he found sprawled across sofas in the common room. When everyone was cured of any hangover they might have had James got rid of the T.V. and went back to bed himself.

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All too soon the Holidays were over. Bill and Charlie had left after James's little New Year's eve party which was just as good as the Christmas party but without all of the hangovers.

The twins had polished off the last pieces of the 'DP&L bashing prank' as it had sportingly had been called.

“Ready?” asked James sitting down next to Fred at the Slytherin table.

“Ready when you are O’ Slytherin prank master,” said Fred.

“Wait for my signal,” said James standing up and moving to sit with Triss.

"Is the music ready?" James asked.

“Yep,” said Triss.

“Let’s get the ball rolling then,” said James. With a small wave of James’s hand all the lights in the hall went out leaving them in total darkness. Suddenly the hall lit up in pink, purple, and red lights. In the center of the hall on a make shift stage were Dumbledore, Potter, and Lockhart dressed in skimpy torn red and green robes.

Some of the older girls gave wolf whistles at the sight of Lockhart and Potter's exposed chests. Thankfully the twins had opted to put the Headmaster in something less exposing.

On either side of the stage were twin bass reflex speakers. With another wave of James's hand 'Lady Marmalade' from Moulin Rouge started up. The three professors looked horrified as their bodies started moving to the song.

The hall rolled with laughter as the three professors started to sing, off tone, 'Lady Marmalade'. Potter and Dumbledore looked ready to kill but Lockhart seemed to be enjoying the catcalls and wolf whistles being sent his way.

James was fighting really hard not to roll around on the floor laughing with Triss and Mel. Around the hall quite a few people had fallen out of their chairs they were laughing so hard. Snape looked as if he were trying to figure out if he should just look on and sneer or drop his little façade and join Triss, Kat, Gin and Mel on the floor.

Eventually he compromised and looked at Potter, Dumbledore, and Lockhart in high amusement. When the song was over several fireworks went off before everything went black once again.

When the lights came back on the make shift stage was gone and Dumbledore, Potter, and Lockhart were sitting back at the head table in their normal robes looking pissed. "Will Mr. Cage, Ms. Summers, Ms. Crew, Both Mr. Weasleys, Ms. Weasley, Ms. Granger, and Mr. Malfoy go to my office please," said the Headmaster standing up.

"Why are we the first to be pointed at?" asked Dray pulling Ginny up off the floor.

"Who better to blame it on then someone they already don't like?" said James standing from his seat.

"Do you know where Dumbledore's office is Jimmy?" asked Kat.

"Yeah," said James. When the group reached the Gargoyle to Dumbledore's office Potter was out side waiting for them.

"Milky way," said Potter walking up the steps to the office. Sitting inside Dumbledore's office was Dumbledore himself, Mr. And Mrs.

Weasley, Lockhart, and Snape. While Snape looked rather amused everyone else looked ready to kill.

Mrs. Weasley stood and walked over to her sons and daughter. "WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU THREE??? I THOUGHT YOU HAD MORE SENSE THAN THIS! I'VE COME TO EXPECT THIS FROM YOU TWO BUT YOU VIRGINIA??? FIRST GETTING SORTED INTO THAT RETCHED SLYTHERIN HOUSE, NOW PLAYING PRANKS ON YOUR PROFESSORS AND HEADMASTER! MAYBE THAT DAMN THING IN THE CHAMBER SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN YOU INSTEAD!" she screeched.

Ginny's mouth nearly hit the floor and her eyes filled up with tears. With a muffled sob she ran from the office at full speed.

"What the hell is your problem?" demanded a very pissed off Dray. Mrs. Weasley just stood there fuming. "You just practically told your only daughter you wished her to be dead. You think my family is horrible? Never, in all the history of the Malfoys have we ever cast off one of our own. You are just as bad as Voldemort himself!" Dray growled, storming out of the room, probably to go look for Gin.

Everyone else just stared at Mrs. Weasley in shock or glared at her. The twins looked ready to kill. Unlike Percy and Ron they were very protective of their baby sister, and always would be. To hear their own mother say such a thing to her only daughter caught them by surprise.

"I think we agree with what Dray said," the two coursed before exiting the office.

The Headmaster didn't even try to stop them. James and Triss looked around impassively. Both of their mental powers were going haywire. James could hear everyone's thoughts and Triss felt everyone's emotions.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "Back to the original topic," Dumbledore said uncomfortably. "Did any of you have anything to do with tonight's rather embarrassing prank?" he asked.

James quickly put barriers up on everyone's minds so Dumbledore could not use Legilimency to tell if they were lying. "No," they all said together. Dumbledore nodded, satisfied with their answers and let them leave.

"Hey Mel! Can you go check on Gin and let her brothers into the common room?" asked James.

"Yeah," said Mel before walking off leaving only James, Triss, and Kat standing in the hallway.

"What the hell was Mrs. Weasley's problem?" asked Triss silently fuming.

"I've no idea but I don't like it. It's incredible how badly families can treat one of their own. I guess that is one of the upside to not having our parents," said James nodding to Triss.

"Actually you do have both of your parents but only one of them knows you are here, or even alive for that matter," said Triss.

"True, but I meant growing up in families. Sure, we had each other and Dragon, but he is more like a Grandfather than anything else. It's not the same as blood," said James.

"Basically living with family has its upsides but it has downsides as well. Same with living with friends," said Kat.

"Pretty much. I still wonder what would have happened had my mother covered up my real appearance and passed me as her husband's son, or given me to my father. It's a damn good thing Alex and Emma adopted me. Had they not they may have had another Tom Riddle on their hands. I don't even want to think about what Tom would do with my powers," said James shaking his head sadly.

"It's not like your mom could have known Shadow," said Triss.

"I know, but sti- why am I even dwelling on the past anyway? As the saying goes, 'What will come, will come and I'll face it when it does'," said James.

“Very well put Jimmy,” said Kat.

“Well now I have solved the great mystery of whether you could every be selfish or not. And the answer is, not. I swear you need to go take a vacation in Tahiti or some place like that and indulge. You spend far too much time thinking about everyone else’s welfare. Your blood pressure must be through the roof,” said Triss.

“Not like it can kill me,” said James.

“Your impossible,” said Triss.

“What’s your point?” ‘SMACK!’ “Hey that hurt you know!”

[illegible]

“Oh my God! What in holy hell did he do?” asked Triss as she and James walked into the hall. Instead of the normal tables and house banners there was pink. Lots of pink. Lots of sickeningly bright pink.

"I think I'm going to be sick," said Dray walking up behind them.

James pulled a pair of dark sunglasses out of his robes and but them on as he sat down at the Slytherin table. "Does anyone happen to know what day to day is?" James asked with dread.

“Valentine’s day,” said Triss smacking her head on the table.

“Shit,” said James.

"I think this is the stupidest think Gilderoy has ever done," said a voice from behind them.

“I fully agree Professor Snape,” said James without turning around. Pink heart shaped confetti started falling from the ceiling on to the people below. “I think we may have to turn this around on him.”

“You have my full support,” said Snape before he stalked off to the head table.

Within the hour the rest of the Hunters had shown up to breakfast not looking happy. "What's the game plan?" asked the twins.

"Let's see what else he comes up with before we plan anything," said James.

A few minutes later Lockhart burst into the hall with two rows of pissed off looking midgets in cupid costumes. "Hello dear students. On this special day I would like to present you with a treat. These are my card carrying cupids." All of the midgets made some rude gesture or another at Lockhart but he seemed unfazed.

"On this most wonderful day my cupids will deliver singing messages to whom ever you wish," said Lockhart before sitting down. The midgets grumbled and stomped out of the hall.

"I think that we should bring the midgets in on whatever we do," said Fred.

"Yeah, I think I have a good idea too," said George.

"Well, I'll leave the planning to you too. Call if you need any help," said James.

(A/N: Wow! Over 100 reviews, I'm impressed. I know it's late but I've been sick and my mom won't let me within 5 feet of a computer when I'm ill so I couldn't type, Sorry! Chapter 19 should be up soon.)

Review responses:

Athenakitty: More or less.

ZeonReborn: What is it with everyone wanting to rule the world? I think I'll stay in nice warm Florida. I don't think I'd live through a Canadian winter, but! As it is right now James and Triss will get together. I think they will be a solid couple by 6th year, you'll see why later. They did grow up like brother and sister though.

Lunawolf: Thanks. Any kind of conjured animal doesn't have a soul, so to speak, and there for will only really listen to the one that created it. Speaking to an animal in that state may distract it but not much else. Triss and James will get together but not until around 6th year for reasons you will see later.

Pingpong5: I'll see what I can do. Dueling isn't my specialty but I guess I'm not completely hopeless. Thanks for telling me about the spell list; I plan on having a rather large battle scene in the chamber so that will be helpful.

ER: No, James wasn't using wandless magic. I think that would have attracted more attention the James being a Parseltongue.

Acacia Jules: Sorry I didn't get back to you in the last chapter; I didn't get your review till today for some reason. Anyway, yes James is the heir to the four founders.

Kathy stgqv: As you can see everyone pretty much leaves James alone. I hope you were satisfied with the prank.

Wonderingwolf: Thanks. I pride my self on being different and I'm glad you like the elements of the story.

Shdurrani: Thanks. Yes, Lily will find out about James come the end of 4th year.

Gaul1: I'm still trying to figure out what to do with the whole scar thing. I don't think it would fit well with James mental abilities for Voldemort to be able to gain control of him but I still want him to have the visions.

Kata Malfoy: Thank you and your welcome. Mrs. Weasley will get better later; she is just a bit stressed about her son.

Insanechildfanfic: Yes, poor Gin.

BladeLiger786: In 6th year, you'll see why later.

Maxennce: Thanks. I'm not 100% about what I'm going to do with Gin yet but it will probably happen in the next chapter.

Howling wolf1: Everything I do is interesting, whether it be a good thing or a bad thing.

Chapter 19: The Chamber and blood

“Ready to get the ball rolling?” Fred asked his twin.

“Absolutely dear brother of mine,” said George.

“On the count of three then,” said Fred.

“1-2-3...” they said in unison while tapping their wands on the Slytherin table. Nothing happened.

“Well?” asked Triss.

“Wait for it,” said Fred.

“Now,” said George as the hall doors banged open.

Like earlier that morning two rows of midgets marched into the hall. Behind them floated the bound and gagged forms of Potter and Lockhart. The two rows of midgets stopped in the center of the hall. With evil little grins the midgets drew their wands on the two men. Together they muttered a spell and both men were picked up by their ankles by an invisible source.

The hall burst out laughing as Lockhart and Potter’s robes fell over their heads showing their underwear. Unfortunately for everyone in the hall Lockhart had decided to wear a pink jockstrap with red hearts. Thankfully Potter’s underwear were a little better. Instead of a jockstrap he had on a pair of boxers but they were covered in small dancing teddy bears.

Up at the head table it looked like Snape was losing his battle to not laugh. Finally he let loose a long hard chuckle. Several people stared at their normally dark, unhappy potions master but few took notice of him.

“Can I add my own little touch?” James asked the twins.

“Feel free,” said Fred.

James waved his hand in a small pattern and a large cloud appeared over the struggling Lockhart and Potter. 'Crack!' A large flash of lightning appeared and the cloud opened to rain on the two.

"ENOUGH!" a voice screeched. Evans was standing from her seat at the head table glaring daggers. "I suggest that you let both of them down," Evans said to the midgets. The midgets sulked a little bit but followed Evans orders.

As to not attract any attention James made his cloud disappear at the same time the midgets released their spell. Lockhart and Potter dropped to the floor hard. "Get out!" Evans yelled pointing at the door. The midgets happily skipped out of the door.

Walking over to the two fallen men Evans pulled her husband up and helped him pull down his robes, walk up to the head table and sit down. Lockhart ran out of the hall at full speed the moment he could walk.

"Well that was a view I could have gone with out seeing, but that is why I wear muggle clothes under open robes," said James shoving his plate of food away.

"I second that," said Triss also pushing her plate away. "Nice addition with the rain though, James. Never thought that would come in useful," she grumbled a minute later.

James chuckled. Triss smacked him in the arm. "You know your going to has problems if you keep doing that," said James.

"Like?" asked Triss raising her eyebrows.

"This," said James. A rain cloud, similar to the one that had been floating over Lockhart and Potter, was raining on Triss.

"Of course you know, this means war," said Triss menacingly.

"Anytime, anywhere," said James.

"Right now, RoR," said Triss walking sulkily out of the hall.

James was getting agitated. 'Something's not right,' he thought to him self.

"I'm rather displeased to report this match has been cancelled," said a silk like voice.

"Professor, what's going on?" asked James walking up to Snape. Anyone who knew him could tell he was highly agitated.

"Come with me Mr. Cage," said Snape. He wasn't happy about something.

The two walked up to the school and James became slightly more agitated as they walked towards the hospital wing. "Will all students please return to their common rooms immediately!" Evans voice echoed threw the hall.

"What the hell is going on?" James demanded.

"Last night Mr. Black had Dumbledore removed as Headmaster. Professor Evans assumed his roll. Hagrid, the grounds keeper, was taken into custody on allegations of releasing the monster from the Chamber of Secrets. He was framed for it 50 years ago so he was a good scapegoat for Minister Fudge, as is right now the school will be closed with in the week," said Snape.

"But what-" he didn't get to finish his question as they entered the hospital wing. Laid out on the beds, petrified were Triss, Mel and Kat. Triss's face was alarmed and looked as if she had been sheltering someone with her own body. Kat look scared, she was probably the one Triss was protecting. Mel was in dueling position and looked totally pissed.

"Where is Gin?" asked James calmly, but his hands were shaking.

"The creature took her," said Snape placing a hand on James shoulder. James shrugged it off.

"Where were they?" James asked with the same forced calm.

“Near moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. There is another message under the first. It says ‘Her body will lie in the Chamber forever.’” Said Snape. He knew better than to try and comfort James, the only thing he would get out of it was another broken nose.

'Triss?' James called out in his mind.

‘Shadow! It’s a basilisk! You don’t have a lot of time. The entrance to the Chamber is in the bathroom, the sink that doesn’t work!’ Then her voice was gone.

“What is he doing here?” a voice by the door shrieked.

Evans stood by the door with Lockhart, Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. "Professor, look in the first compartment of my trunk. There is a blank piece of parchment, hold your hand over it and state your name, a map of the school will appear. Do not let any of them get hold of it; it will only work for you. Keep your eyes closed," said James before walking out of the hospital wing.

The adults stared at him in shock before Snape stalked out of the wing to go get the map.

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James changed into his real form and dropped into the form of a Black Panther. He ran to the bathroom and to the sink. Open, he hissed changing back. The sink sunk down and a good-sized tunnel opened up.

James didn't waist anytime in dropping into the tunnel. With all of the fungus making the sides slippery it only took a few minutes to reach the bottom, a chamber full of rat bones. "Lovely," said James shaking the bones off of the hem of his robe and continuing.

He reached another door and commanded it to open in Parseltongue. It did and he continued. The next and final chamber was exactly what you would expect to find in Nicolas Slytherin's layer. At the far end of the chamber was a large statue of Nicolas Slytherin

before he died. The thing lying below the statue is what made his heart stop.

In a puddle of water lay Gin, as pale as death. In a second James had picked her up out of the water and was cradling her. "Gin? Talk to me Gin," said James shaking her.

"Well, well Mr. Cage, it seems you have been keeping a lot from us. No matter. I'll just kill you and the girl and seal the chamber, then I can take credit for killing the monster," came a familiar and very annoying voice.

"That has got to be the lamest thing I've ever heard Lockhart," said James.

"Avada Kedavra!" Lockhart yelled.

James raised his shields and nearly laughed at the expression on Lockhart's face when the curse missed, curved by his shield. A small amount of movement behind Lockhart caught James's eye. Right behind Lockhart was Jewel coiled up to strike. Lockhart screamed as Jewel inserted her venom. He's not dead. I cleared all of his memories, Jewel hissed.

"James Cage then," said a voice from the shadows. James recognized it instantly.

"Tom Riddle, nice to hear from you again. Last time I saw you, you were a parasite," said James.

"You will not address me by the name of that filthy muggle. I am Lord Voldemort," he said stepping out of the shadows. Unlike Tom Riddle's current form this Tom Riddle was still school age, 16 or so. He looked kind of like James in his normal form, except he had dark blue eyes where as James's were green.

"I will call you by your name, not some anagram," said James. Tom glared. He turned to the statue of Slytherin and started muttering off in Parseltongue so fast even James couldn't make out what he said.

There was a small rumbling as the mouth of the statue opened and a big ass snake slithered out. James donned his sunglasses again and put a shield in front of his eyes so the basilisk couldn't affect him.

"Prepare to die Mr. Cage," said Riddle before going off in Parseltongue again.

'Is this guy for real? He can't even speak Parseltongue right. Future Dark Lord my ass,' James thought. His thoughts were interrupted by the basilisk slithering towards him at an alarming rate. "Reducto!" said James pointing his wand at the creature. It bounced off. "Oh shit!" said James before he was knocked off of his feet by its tail.

He hit one of the snake pillars with a grunt. "You want to fight you son of a bitch, then lets fight," said James ejecting his claws. Tom looked surprised but unworried. The basilisk made another swipe at him with its tail but screamed at it came in contact with James's claws.

"This is the reason why people don't fuck with me," James grunted as he continued to punch and stab the giant snake. With his concentration on the tail James didn't notice the head until the basilisk's teeth were embedded deep in his shoulder. James swung his arm around and buried his claws deep in the basilisk's head. It screamed and let go of James' shoulder but leaving a few teeth embedded in his flesh. Screaming in an un-snake like way it hit the ground with an audible thump, stone dead.

"That's what you get when you piss me off," said James completely ignoring the fact that there were three basilisk fangs buried in his shoulder in his rage.

"Impressive Cage. Too bad your going to die of your efforts," said Tom.

"Do you want to try and kick my ass or not," asked James rolling his eyes.

"No wand. Plus I doubt you'll be alive in 5 minutes anyway," said Tom.

James shook his head and threw Tom his wand; he already knew Gin didn't have hers. "Are you going to come play now or are you afraid of a second year with out a wand?" James asked mockingly.

"Fervidus Ictus!" yelled Tom pointing James's wand at James.

James growled threateningly as the bite in his shoulder started to burn. "Reducto! Stupefy!" yelled James.

"Protego! Impediment! Reducto!"

James duct the two returning spells but didn't manage to get the last two. The venom was starting to get to him no matter how much he denied it. He grunted as the reducto curse slammed into his chest. "You know for the smartest student in your year you sure are a horrible dueler. Isn't it strange how much damage a little book can do," said Tom summoning a book that had been in Gin's robes.

It was a small leather book with yellowing pages; the words 'TOM RIDDLE' were in small gold print at the bottom. 'Gin's diary, but the name wasn't there before,' James thought to himself. Everything clicked.

Regulus Black must have slipped the book into Gin's books when the fight broke out between he and Randle. The name had been hidden and Tom had broken into her mind and started controlling her when she started writing in it. Tom had made her open the Chamber of Secrets and set the basilisk on everyone. She must have written about him and told Tom about what he could do. Regulus had had Dumbledore removed because the old man would have figured it out eventually and because Dumbledore was the only person Tom was afraid of.

It all made sense. "Sorry to cut this short but you have a date with the devil," said James breaking out of the impediment curse.

Tom stared at him in shock. "Commoveo! Fervidus Ictus! Pruefoco! Crucio!" he yelled desperately.

James was able to shield himself from the first 3 but the Cruciatus curse broke right threw his weakening shields. The curse made him drop to his knees but it would take more than that to make him scream. The thing that he was worried about was how bad he was bleeding. Cruciatus on an open wound caused heavy bleeding and often killed the victim. As low as his energy was he wouldn't be able to heal anything or stop the poison.

Several minutes later Tom lifted the curse. "So much for the great James Cage," he said.

"Fuck this," said James. Standing up he summoned both his wand and the diary from Tom. "Favillesco!" said James pointing his wand at the diary. It was reduced to ash in seconds. Tom looked panicked and had reason for it. Slowly he was turning to ash. Tom screamed as he caught fire and burned from the feet up.

"Asshole, he broke my sunglasses too," said James going over to Gin and dispelling the spell he had on his eyes to protect him from the basilisk. He had enough energy to set his disguise back in place but not much else. The basilisk poison was really getting to him now.

"James? What's going on?" Gin asked sitting bolt upright before he could even get to her.

"Don't worry about it. We have to get out of here right now," said James.

"You're hurt," said Gin spotting the blood on his shirt.

"I don't care. We have to leave," said James. He was starting to sweat and he vision was swimming and showing things that he knew weren't really there.

Gin didn't need to be told again and followed James out. Jewel had obviously already left with Lockhart so James didn't have to worry about him as well. A few minutes later they arrived at the entrance. "Hold on to me," said James grabbing Gin.

Using the last bit of unused energy he had he levitated both he and Gin to the top of the tunnel. Standing there was Snape looking very anxious. James landed softly and let go of Gin. "Hi Dad, I think I'm bleeding," James said to Snape before collapsing.

(A/N: The spells are property of J.K. Rowling or Saerry Snape. I know it's a short chapter but I will make up for it. The Chamber wasn't as involved as I wanted it to be but I misjudged some things, I'll make up for that too, I promise.)

Jordan: You know when you sometimes get a bad feeling off of people or places and try not to go near them or get them away from you. Molly had such a feeling and was protecting her family.

Athenakitty: Yes, yes and yes. You shall see.

Kata Malfoy: Thank you. I am feeling better but I might get sick again, all of my friends have the flu AGAIN. Chapters should come up rather fast now. Christmas vacation has started so I have more time to right. Why are you feeling so self-pitying?

ER: Thanks.

Shdurrani: Thank you.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. Since I had already used Barney, Moulin Rouge was the next best thing.

Black-Rose1212: I decided not to kill Lockhart, it would raise too many problems. Mrs. Weasley was so mean to Gin because she could sense the bad aura around her; it's a mother thing. As of right now only Snape, Dragon, and some of the Hunters know about Lily being James's mom. At birth Lily requested baby James have a blood test done before she named him. When she found out he wasn't James Potter's son she put him up for adoption, Alex and Emma named him James.

ZeonReborn: As much as I agree with you about the human plague thing I must tell you that according to prophecy they won't be killed off until 3023 A.D., if not in the A.E. (After Earth) period, sucks don't it.

As far as Gin and Mrs. Weasley go, I'm not sure. Either they will try to make up or Gin won't remember any of it because Tom was controlling her. You'll know when everyone else does, sorry.

Wytil: Snape is James's father but James hasn't accepted that yet. As far as he is concerned Alex and Emma, the people who adopted him, are still his parents. It's kind of like a bondage thing. Alex and Emma protected and cared for him to the death, Snape hasn't done anything of that magnitude yet.

Lunawolf: I couldn't resist the whole smashed teenagers thing. It's not illegal in my version of the wizarding world so why not?

Chapter 20: Blackmail, storms and sleeping arrangements

"Do you think he'll be okay?" asked a hazy voice.

"He came really, really close to dieing, I don't know where he got the strength to keep up his shift but he did. That is a good sign," said another voice.

"I feel so bad about all of this. If I hadn't opened that damn book he'd be okay," said a voice James' mind identified as Ginny.

"It's not your fault. You were being controlled from the moment you started writing in that book. No one blames you for it," said Triss's voice.

"Except all of the teacher, my parents and the Minister of Magic. Fudge still wants to have me locked away. Mom and dad are now angry with me because dad might loose his job. I don't want my dad to loose his job but I don't want to be sent to Azkaban either," said Gin's voice with a slight sob.

"Over my dead body. I went all the way into the Chamber of Secrets to get you, and had to kill a basilisk, destroy your possessed diary, and I had my best pair of sunglasses broken in the process," said James weakly but smiling the whole time.

"Shadow! You're awake!" said Triss jumping up and throwing herself on him.

"Triss! Shoulder!" yelled James.

"Oh sorry!" said Triss trying to get up.

"I didn't say leave I said get the hell off me shoulder," said James grabbing Triss around the waist and pulling her back to him. Triss laid down carefully avoiding James hurt shoulder and snuggled into his chest. "You coming Gin?" James asked motioning to the open side of the rather large hospital bed.

Ginny smiled and carefully lay next to James and tried not to rattle the bed too much. She gave him a tight hug. "Thank you James. I don't know what would have happened had you not come for me. I owe you a wizard's debt," said Ginny.

"I'll take you up on that debt now," said James. Ginny looked grim thinking he would make her do something horrible. "Stop treating me like I'm going to break at the slightest movement. I'm NOT made of glass. Do you really think I would have survived this beast if I was made of anything less than pure titanium?" James asked motioning to Triss. Triss elbowed him in the ribs.

"I see what you mean. Alright, I will stop treating you like you are going to break," said Gin.

"Thank you. Now all I have to do is make the others quit treating me like crystal," said James.

"I do believe you need to be treated like crystal Mr. Cage. Can't stay out of trouble for 5 minutes can you?" asked Poppy walking into the room.

"No Auntie Pop, I'm a horrible roughen that goes looking for trouble everywhere," said James sarcastically.

"What did I tell you about calling me 'Auntie Pop'?" said Poppy crossing her arms.

"Not to because it 'wasn't professional'. I won't do it again Auntie Pop," said James smiling innocently.

Poppy shook her head sadly. "First I can't stop you from calling me 'Madam Pomfrey' now I can't make you call me by it," she said throwing her arms in the air.

"You know you love me anyway," said James.

"I swear you become more like Professor Snape everyday. Like father like son they say," said Poppy.

"Was someone talking about me?" asked a silky voice.

"No, we're talking about the boogey man," said Poppy sarcastically.

"Is there a difference?" asked Triss.

"Watch it Ms. Summers," said Snape.

"Sorry, I'd offer you a hug but I'm surrounded by beautiful teenage girls on all sides," said James looking at Snape.

"I can see that. Funny, most young men would be gloating more, you don't swing the other way do you?" asked Snape with a raised eyebrow.

"Hell no! I enjoy female company as much as the next straight guy but I'm not about to feel up two of my best friends," said James glaring at Snape.

"Just checking. I'm not going to have to give you 'the talk', am I?" asked Snape cringing a bit.

"No, I've already had the female version. Mostly, all guys are bastards that no girl in her right mind would go near, right Triss?" asked James.

"More or less, I also recall the word 'don't' a few times. So, all guy are bastards and the word 'don't', yeah I learned a whole lot during that conversation," said Triss sarcastically.

"There is your answer," said James. Snape groaned.

"WHERE IS SHE?" a loud voice demanded. The hospital wing doors flew open and a purple faced Cornelius Fudge walked in. He walked right over to where Ginny was laying, white faced, with James's arm wrapped around her. He pulled a white scroll out of his robes and started to speak.

"You, Virginia Weasley, are under arrest for the attempted murder of 5 students and endangerment of countless more. Any and all ties

you have to the ministry will be terminated. The punishment for attempted murder is an automatic life sentence to Azkaban,” said Fudge pulling out his wand.

At that moment Evans, Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley burst into the room but were held back by several aurors. Minister Fudge, said James as the minister started to say a spell. Ginny clutched his arm and buried herself in his side.

Fudge sputtered and stared at James. Last time I checked hybrids were not allowed to hold positions of high power. If I am correct, which I’m sure I am, you are half dwarf, said James.

How- Fudge started to ask but was cut off.

Unless you want to loose your position as Minister of Magic I suggest you make a deal with me, said James.

That’s black mail, Fudge sputtered.

Do you think I care? asked James.

What do you want? asked Fudge.

First, I want all charges against Ginny dropped; she was being possessed. Second, I want any jobs that any of the Weasleys lost restored and I want them to have a 50% raise. Third, I want you to give the Weasley’s a 250,000 galleon settlement for this little mistake, and don’t tell them it had anything to do with me, said James.

“Done,” said Fudge.

“Good, I suggest you get on it then,” said James.

Fudge ran out of the room at record speed. James sighed and leaned back into his pile of soft pillows and closed his eyes.

“What did you do?” asked Ginny.

"Black mail is a wonderful thing," James said only loud enough for Gin and Triss to hear.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" yelled Mrs. Weasley pulling James into a tight hug.

"Ah! Shoulder!" said James as Mrs. Weasley squeezed him. She let go right away when he yelled.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I just wanted to thank you for saving my little girl, twice. I owe you two wizard's debts," said Mrs. Weasley.

"You don't owe me anything. In fact I think you owe your daughter one hell of an apology. I know if someone ever said anything like that to me I would never forgive them," said James glaring at Mrs. Weasley.

Mrs. Weasley had a look of guilt in her eyes; she turned to her daughter, who was still clinging to James. "Ginny, dear? I'm sorry. I knew something wasn't right about you and instead of trying to help I tried to protect everyone else. I know nothing I can say will make up for it but I'm asking you to forgive me anyway," said Mrs. Weasley.

Ginny looked up at her mother with tears in her eyes. "I can't forgive you yet," she said. In a flash Gin pulled out her wand and yelled, "Obvolvo! Tarantallegra!" In a flash of color Mrs. Weasley was wrapped in duct tape while bouncing around trying to tap dance. "Now you are partially forgiven," said Ginny nearly falling out of the bed laughing. Several minutes later Gin sobered enough to remove the spells.

Mrs. Weasley looked fit to kill. She puffed up as if she were going to start yelling but instead she broke out laughing. "Okay people! As much as I enjoy your company you're getting a little loud and I would like to get some sleep so these damn bites will heal," said James.

Several minutes later all whom remained were Snape, Evans, and a newly arrived Dumbledore. "Are you guys here to thank me for killing that big ass snake or to yell at me for nearly getting killed in the process?" asked James.

"Both," said Snape.

"Figures. Do a good deed and get in trouble for it," said James to himself. "Okay, you can start yelling now," said James loud enough for them to hear.

"What in the hell were you thinking?" Evans demanded.

"I was thinking about killing the snake that nearly killed several of my friends," said James.

"Do you have any idea how close you came to dieing?" asked Snape.

"Not close enough obviously. My shift didn't even drop," said James only loud enough for Snape to hear.

"When I got to you, you were unconscious and had three basilisk fangs imbedded in your flesh. Basilisk venom can kill a person in a minute or less given the chance," said Snape.

"News flash, I'm not a normal person. I'm a level 10 healer, the strongest there is. It would have taken more than that to kill me," said James.

"What about the fact that you had been held under the Cruciatus curse for 5 or more minutes, with a bleeding open wound," said Evans.

"What is your point? To me one Cruciatus curse it child's play. It would take 3 or more to even make me think about screaming," said James.

"Want to test that theory?" asked Dumbledore stepping into the conversation.

"You can if you want to," said James.

"Crucio!" said Dumbledore pointing his wand at James.

James just looked at Dumbledore. "Oh it hurts," said James sarcastically. To him one Cruciatus curse was like a bad sunburn. It hurt but not too badly. Dumbledore lifted the curse.

"Amazing," Dumbledore muttered to himself.

"I told you I wasn't normal," said James tending to his shoulder. His healing powers wouldn't work and there was no magical way to heal a basilisk bite, it had to heal naturally and his was bleeding again. Pulling off his blood soaked shirt he tied it tightly around his wound. "I hope you have a lot of uses for basilisk Professor Snape because I have a whole fresh one down stairs," said James. Snape looked like Christmas had come early.

When Dumbledore had decided he was too tired to fire Cruciatus curses at James anymore he and Evans left. James was still trying to stop the damn bite from bleeding. "Here, let me," said Snape taking the shirt out of James' hand and getting a fresh towel.

"Thanks Professor," said James.

"I wanted to talk to you about what you called me when you got out of the Chamber," Snape started.

"I was wondering what you would say about that. If you don't want me to call you 'dad' in privet I'm fine with it," said James off handedly.

"No, no, I don't mind, call me what ever you feel most comfortable with," said Snape.

"So I can call you 'old man' and you wouldn't care," said James.

"You know what I mean James," said Snape.

"Yes dad," said James. The world was strange to him but he liked it, it had been a long time since he had anyone to call that. "When do you think Auntie Pop will let me leave?" asked James.

All three professors turned their attention to him. "How long have you been awake?" asked Snape.

"Since you people noisily walked in here. Now go away so I can sleep some more," said James.

"It is 11 o'clock Mr. Cage," said Potter.

"I don't care, I'm still sleepy," said James really wishing her could turn and bury his face in his pillow.

"I second what James said," came Triss's sleepy voice.

"You should move to your own bed Ms. Summers," said Evans.

"Is it still storming?" asked Triss. A clap of thunder answered her. "In that case I'm staying right here," said Triss.

"She has a phobia of thunderstorms, that is why she is here," said James wishing they would suck up their questions and leave.

"Alright, but I expect you both to be out of here by 3 o'clock. Madam Pomfrey released you this morning," said Snape steering Potter and Evans out of the hospital wing.

"I guess it is time to relocate," said James sitting up.

"Sadly," said Triss.

"Come on," said James casting a warming spell on the floor and standing up. He started to stretch but stopped suddenly and grabbed his shoulder. "That smarts," James said.

"Come on, I'll fix it when we get back to your dorm," said Triss pulling him out of the infirmary.

Review responses:

Kathy stgqv: No, Sirius isn't dead. He is currently in Azkaban for being a Death Eater, but he is innocent. The full explanation is in

chapter 4. Sirius and Remus will be around soon. Do you think Evans and Potter should welcome Remus with open arms or be at odds with him?

Athenakitty: More or less. Yes, Gin will stay in school; blackmail is such a wonderful thing.

Kata Malfoy: Yes, Sirius and James Potter were friends in school but Sirius was also friends with Lucius Malfoy. I'm not quite sure of Sirius's reason for escaping Azkaban yet.

Cataclysmic: I try not to leave cliffhangers but sometimes it is necessary.

Black-Rose1212: Yes, Snape knows he is James's dad. James couldn't heal himself because his energy from doing all those spells and transforming works down his energy really fast. His energy is equivalent to that of any other human because of a block that was put on his powers. Plus the fact that his body was actively fighting the venom anyway, normally it could kill in just under a minute.

Lunawolf: Merry Christmas to you as well. All of the hunters know of James' parentage and of his powers. Sorry about the quickness of the chapter, I was going to do something else but I forgot to take a few things into account.

ZeonReborn: You may not be alive but I will, being me does have some perks. If you screw with computers or I will have to hurt you. I've become too dependent on technology for it to be taken away now. No, there will be no lasting side effects from the basilisk venom. Even if there were Jewel would take care of that.

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

ER: Thanks.

Howling wolf1: Thanks.

Chapter 21: Home again

"School is out!" Triss yelled skipping happily down to the train.

"See what I'm going to have to live with all summer," said James pocketing his trunk and lifting Mel, Kat and Gin's trunks, it would be too suspicious to shrink their trunks down too.

"Better than living with those two," said Gin pointing to Fred and George who were happily skipping with Triss.

"At least Mel will be there to help you hold your own," said Dray wrapping his arm around Gin's waist. Ever since the Chamber the two of them had become inseparable and were a known couple.

"True," said Mel smiling evilly. James had removed the underage wizardry charms on the group's wand so they could more or less do what ever they wanted if they were discreet.

"No killing or mauling the twins Mel," said James.

"I will," said Mel. James rolled his eyes.

A few minutes later they had their own compartment on the train. James stored the girl's trunks away and sat down next to Triss. "So, what do you guys want to do?" he asked.

"Do you still have that Monopoly board?" Triss asked.

"Yeah," said James.

"Do you guys want to give a go at playing Monopoly?" Triss asked. Few people did.

"What about Uno?" asked James.

"That sounds good," said Dray.

For the next several hours the group played several rounds of Uno, with Mel winning most of them. "I am the master of Uno!" Mel said as they stepped off the train and onto the platform.

"I challenge you for a game this summer at our house," said James.

"Where are you guys staying this summer?" asked Mel motioning to James and Triss.

"A manor near Wales," said James.

"Elaborate," asked Gin.

"A privet island a few miles off the coast," said Triss.

"Any of you and your families are welcome at anytime," said James.

"I may take you up on that offer," said Dray.

"Us too," said Fred, motioning to himself and his twin.

"You guys know how to get hold of us," said James motioning to his temple.

"Ginny, Ron, Fred, George, Percy!" yelled Mrs. Weasley coming into view of the pack.

"Hi mom! You remember everyone," said Gin motioning to her friends.

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Weasley hugging her daughter. Ron and Percy showed up several minutes later.

"Mrs. Weasley, I wanted to invite you and your family to come and stay with Triss and I at my family manor sometime during the summer," said James.

"Where is your manor?" asked Mrs. Weasley with a raised eyebrow.

"A privet island off the coast of Wales. My father was very high in the stock market before he passed and bought several houses in different countries," said James.

"Why are you not staying with your guardian?" asked Mrs. Weasley fiercely, it was common knowledge that James and Triss lived with Dragon in a remote forest in England, not in Wales.

"He wanted to visit a relative of his that lives near the manor," said James, not completely lying. Dragon had told he and Triss a few weeks before that he had business with his cousin in Ireland and he would be in and out of the manor.

"I'm sure dad would love it mom, it's a muggle manor," said George.

"We'll see. Right now we have to get home. See you later dears," said Mrs. Weasley pulling all of her children and Mel off to the ministry cars taking them back to the burrow.

"Come on Kat, I'll take you out to who ever is going to meet you. Triss, you stay with Dray," said James picking up Kat's trunk and walking her over to the exit to the muggle world. "After you," said James motioning for Kat to go ahead of him.

Kat went and James followed close behind. "Is Justin picking you up again?" James asked.

"No, my dad is," said Kat somewhat hesitantly.

"Remember if you need anything I'm only a shout away," said James.

"I know," Kat sighed.

"If you want to you can come directly to the manor with Triss and I," said James.

"I would but I'd like to see my mom and Jack," said Kat.

“Feel free to invite them as well. The manor is huge; it could easily house over 100 people. I still don’t know why Alex bought it,” said James thoughtfully.

“My dad is here,” said Kat pointing to a middle aged man with brown hair and blue eyes. He had several worry lines on his forehead and his hair was looking thin, but he was a good sized man. He stood around 6’1” and weighed around 200 pounds.

James held his hand out to the man. “James Cage, you must be Dr. Granger,” James said.

The man took his hand and squeezed hard, James squeezed back making the man wince a little. “Doctor Jacob Granger,” he said letting go of James’s hand.

Kat nodded to her father and turned to give James a hug. “I’ll see you soon Jimmy,” she said into his chest.

“Yep, just call if you need me alright,” said James hugging her back.

“Will do,” she said picking up her trunk with a little bit of difficulty. James cast a small feather weight charm on it and winked at Kat’s surprised.

“Have a good summer,” he said turning and walking back to Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$. Triss was still standing there with Dray.

“Everything go over alright?” asked Triss.

“Yeah, she’ll call if she needs help,” said James, but with a little doubt in his voice. Kat was just one of those people that covered up their feelings and that could destroy her if given the chance.

“I’ll see you guys later, dad is here,” said Dray walking over to the newly arrived Lucius. Lucius greeted his son and the two disappeared with the aid of a portkey.

“Do you want to port to the manor or fly?” James asked.

“Port,” said Triss. James nodded and grabbed her hand before porting away.

[illegible]

They arrived on the beach, not to far from the manor. “Hey Shadow, look at that,” said Triss pointing to black mound lying on the white sand. “What is that?” she asked squinting her eyes to see.

“Looks like a dog, lets have a look,” said James letting Triss go. He kneeled down by the dog and felt for a pulse. “It’s alive, go up and get the door, I got him,” said James levitating the dog.

He walked up to the large white manor and in the open door. "Take him up there," said Triss motioning to a bedroom on the first floor. James nodded and carried the dog up the stairs. "Lay him right there," said Triss pointing to the bed in the corner of the room.

James laid him down but sensed something that wasn't right. Dropping his barriers he saw the aura of an animagus. Placing his hand on the dog he muttered a few words and wasn't surprised that the dog turned into a man, it was the man he turned into that surprised him.

Lying on the bed was the gaunt form of Sirius Black. He was painfully thin and looked like he had been beaten with a baseball bat. "Triss, look in my trunk and get the green healing potion," said James. Triss ran out of the room and down to where James had dropped the trunks.

She came back a minute later with a shimmering green potion. “Enniverate!” said James holding his hand over Sirius. He jolted and blearily opened his eye, upon seeing James he jumped and curled back into the corner of the bed. “No, please don’t send me back. I didn’t do it; I would never become a Death Eater. Please don’t send me back. No, no, no, no, no” he said rocking back and forth.

Triss jumped into action knowing James would feel a bit strange about comforting a man. “Shhh, we’re not going to send you back. We know you’re innocent,” said Triss pulling the distraught man into a

soft embrace. Sirius latched onto Triss like she was a lifeline that would disappear if he let it go.

“Sirius, I need you to drink this so I can take care of your injuries,” said James holding out the potion. Sirius backed away from James.

“Sirius, would you rather take a shower and get clean robes first?” Triss asked as the man buried his head in her robes. He nodded into the robes. “Okay, up you get,” said Triss standing and pulling Sirius with her. “Shadow, can you get something that will fit him while I help him into the bath?” Triss asked.

“Yeah, are you sure you’ll be alright with him?” James asked as Triss stumbled a bit under Sirius’s wait.

“I’ll be fine,” said Triss leading Sirius off into the large bathroom.

James walked out of the room and down the stairs where he left his and Triss’s trunk. Opening his trunk he quickly found a pair of flannel pajamas pants and top. He lengthened them a bit to fit Sirius’ tall form.

Slinging them over his shoulder he walked back up the stairs and into the bathroom. Triss was sitting on the edge of the bathtub washing Sirius’ hair as he occupied himself with the blue bubbles covering his naked form. “He really, really needs a hair cut,” said Triss trying to work the knots out of his hair.

“Let me,” said James walking over and examining Sirius’s hair. “How short do you want me to cut it?” he asked.

“Shoulder length should be fine,” said Triss. James nodded and with a wave of his hand Sirius’ hair was short and clean. “I wish you had told me you could do that sooner,” Triss grumbled.

“You didn’t ask,” said James.

“Sure, help me get him out,” said Triss grabbing a towel from a rack near the separate shower.

“Sirius, are you able to get out on your own?” James asked. Sirius nodded and stood, wrapping the towel Triss gave him around his body and stepped out of the tub. “Here, Triss and I are going to step out for a minute while you put these on,” said James handing Sirius the pajamas.

“Did you do a scan on him yet?” Triss asked once they were out of Sirius’s hearing range.

“Yeah, he was beaten while he was there. Several of his bones had been broken and need to be reset. There is some internal damage but I can fix that pretty easily. I’ll leave the bones to you, I won’t risk getting too close to him,” said James.

“Why won’t you get close to him?” Triss asked. James didn’t answer. “Shadow? Tell me what is wrong with him,” Triss demanded.

“He was raped, within the last two days if what my scan says is true. It’s not the first time either; it’s probably been going on since he first entered Azkaban. He is going to be very skittish around me, or any other guy for that matter,” said James running a hand through his hair.

Triss gasped at the revelation, she had figured he had been beaten but nothing more. “No one deserves that, I don’t care who they are,” said Triss with a small tear running down her cheek.

James wiped the tear from her face. “You’re right, and it will not happen to him again if I have anything to say about it,” he said looking her in the eyes.

“I know, but what are we going to do with him. As much as I would like to I can’t and won’t stay with him all the time,” said Triss.

“I can call Mel over,” said James.

“Why not one of the others?” Triss asked curiously.

“Gin needs to be with her family right now and Kat wants to be with her family so that leaves Mel. I’m sure she will come over if she is asked,” said James.

"You do that then, I will take care of Sirius until then," said Triss turning back to the bathroom.

'Mel?' James called out.

'Yeah, what do you need?' Mel's voice asked.

'We have something of an emergency over here, we need your help,' said James.

'How do you want me to get there?' Mel asked.

'You wouldn't happen to be an animagus would you?' James asked.

'Yeah,' she said.

'What are you?' James asked.

'A wolf,' said Mel.

'Damn,' James swore. 'I'm going to come get you. Be dressed to fly,' said James cutting the connection.

He walked back up the stairs and knocked on the door of Sirius' room. Triss opened the door slightly. "What?" she asked.

"I have to go pick up Mel. I'll be back in a few hours," said James.

"Alright," said Triss shutting the door.

James grabbed his wand out of his trunk and apparated away. Like Dragon's home you were able to apparate out but not in. He reappeared outside of a rickety looking house that had to have magic holding it together.

He walked up to the house and knocked on the front door. Ron answered it. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I'm here to pick up Mel," said James.

“Why?” he asked.

“Emergency, can you get her please?” James asked. It wasn’t every day he was nice to Ronald Weasley but today was an exception. All James wanted to do was get Mel, go home, and sleep.

Ron looked a little thrown off at how polite James was but called Mel and Gin down. The two came bounding down the stairs carrying Mel’s trunk. “Hello!” Mel greeted James. Gin didn’t bother with formalities; she walked right up and hugged him.

“Ready?” James asked after exchanging greetings.

“Yep,” said Mel.

“Good,” said James shrinking Mel’s trunk down to the size of a matchbox. He handed it to Mel and she pocketed it. Not wasting anytime he shifted over into an adolescent Aquaria Dragon.

“Never thought you were one for blue James,” said Mel climbing on.

‘It’s the fastest animal in the world so I suggest you hang on,’ said James taking off into the air. Less than a half an hour later James set down in front of the manor. Mel slowly climbed off the sleek dragon and slowly lowered herself to the ground as to not loose her footing.

“That was interesting,” said Mel. “Scary but interesting.”

“Come on, let’s go inside,” said James changing back into his human form. Mel nodded and shakily followed him inside. “Set your stuff their, I’ll take care of it in a few minutes,” said James pointing to where Triss’s and his trunks were piled up.

Mel nodded and set her mini-trunk on top of Triss’s. James led her up the stairs and into Sirius’s room. Sirius was curled up with his head in Triss’s lap while she played with his hair. Sirius looked up, startled at the site of James, and curled into himself a little more.

James looked over when he heard Mel gasp. Mel was on her knees on the floor holding her temples as if they were causing her great pain. Seeing what was happening James dropped to the floor beside her and put both of his hands over hers and creating a mental block.

"Is she alright?" Triss asked from her spot on the bed.

"Yeah, she didn't have her shields up and her mind was overwhelmed by the emotion," said James helping Mel get to her feet.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me I was going into a room with a mentally unstable rape victim?" Mel demanded.

"I didn't think your shields would be down," said James.

"Next time tell me what you're sending me into," Mel grumbled walking over to Sirius. "Do you have any idea how much trouble you could get into aiding the most wanted man alive?"

"A lot, but as of right now no one but us know he is here and I plan to keep it that way," said James.

"What about Dragon?" Triss asked.

"He is staying with Henry and Teresa in Ireland for the summer. He is doing a study on the people driven insane by the Cruciatus curse, so it's just us," said James.

"You two can leave, I'll take care of him," said Mel pointing to Sirius.

"If you need anything call Trig, he will get it for you. Your room will be the one next to this one, if you need anything from us you know how to reach us," said James walking out of the room with Triss in toe.

"Today has been rather dramatic hasn't it," Triss stated.

"Yeah, and we haven't even had to deal with the ministry yet. You know they will come here to look around. Azkaban is only about 30 miles from here, not the closest place but close enough," said James.

“What are we going to do when they come?” Triss asked.

“Seal off the room, let them look around, then tell them to get the hell out and threaten to sue,” said James smirking.

(A/N: With school starting up again updates will start to slow down. I'll try to post once a week but I really need to focus on my studies. This past week I received an invitation to the International Baccalaureate program, but I must keep a 3.5 G.P.A., which means a LOT of studying as I am taking all AP classes, even if I am only in 8th grade. Plus Florida Writes, FCAT, and R.C.T. (I think that is what it's called) are all this semester too. I will most likely post on Sundays, if not then than on Wednesdays. Thank you and Happy New Year!)

Review responses:

ZeonReborn: Thanks. No, I'm not Arnold but I do have to fend for my self against 5 brothers, all but one of them are older and MUCH bigger than me. That has to count for something, right? Yes, I would be alive at the end of humanity but that doesn't mean I'll be in this realm. I, personally, prefer the Elven realm, the people are nice.

Black-Rose1212: Thanks. I think I'm going to put it as Remus always thought Sirius was innocent but no one believed him and that puts both of them at ends with Potter. I don't like Potter much after what he did to Snape in the fifth book so I made him into the Snape of J.K.'s version.

Kathy stgqvck: As I said above I think I'm going to put Remus as never really believing Sirius was a Death Eater and put him at ends with the Potters. James and Remus will get along well in the end of third year, you'll see why then. HintThink CrystalsHint

Athenakitty: Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I hope you liked the part with James blackmailing Fudge; he will be doing that quite a bit.

Maxennce: Thanks. I can't fire Fudge yet, but James will have his thump on him till about the end of 4th year.

Anon: James didn't take the death of his foster parents very well at first but he got over it.

ER: Thanks. Happy New Year!

Wytil: Yeah, I thought that would make it more interesting.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. Glad you liked the black mail; James will be doing that to Fudge a lot.

Ur friwe: Thanks. I am working on it to the best of my ability but with school and everything it's hard to find time to write the chapters, much less tweak them to perfection. I spend weeks tweaking the first two chapters so they could be posted but I still made a few mistakes.

A friend: Thanks for telling me about the mistakes. Sometime this summer when everything calms down a bit I'm going to go back through the story and fix all of the mistakes I made, with the help of a few friends. Normally I catch most of the mistakes I make when I proofread a chapter but I always miss at least one thing. As for becoming a famous author, not only no but hell no. I write for fun and to keep my over active imagination on a leash. I have absolutely no proof that these people exist for real but they do roam around in my mind and that is good enough for me.

Amora: Thanks. AU is one of my favorites as well.

Gaul1: Thanks.

Lunawolf: Thanks. I've never been a fan of Fudge and he is as stubborn as a dwarf, wouldn't you say? See the A/N above for news on posts.

Chapter 22: Yet another, but more expected, drama

The next few weeks passed uneventfully. Mel and Sirius pretty much stayed to themselves but did come down and walk around the manor for a little while every day. Sirius was no longer skittish around James and often played game of Wizard's Chess or Exploding Snap with him, but he still would only let Mel or Triss touch him.

"So what's the plan for today?" Triss asked flopping onto James lap.

"There is a pretty big section of woods on the island. I think it would be good to take Sirius out on a run to test some of the changes I made to his Animagus form," said James. Shortly after Sirius arrived the ministry had come to search the house, not only were they looking for Sirius himself but also his dog animagus form.

After much consideration they had agreed to let James make some changes in his form. Instead of a grim like dog Sirius could now take the form of a purebred black wolf with deep, dark blue eyes. Sirius still hadn't had a lot of time to get used to it.

"Sounds good to me," said Sirius coming down the stairs with Mel in toe. He looked a lot different from the near death man that had arrived several weeks before. His hair was now neat and clean, tied back into a ponytail. His eyes, while they still had a haunted look to them, were no longer sunken in and were much brighter than before. With a little help from James and Triss he was no longer painfully thin but was now lean with slight muscle tone.

"When do you guys want to go?" James asked.

"How about now," said Mel.

"Sounds good to me," said James standing and pulling Triss up with him.

Several minutes later four animals were walking slowly out to the woods. Triss was in her tiger form rough housing with James in his panther form as Mel and Sirius, both in wolf form, looked on.

Eventually Triss, being the bigger animal, was able to pin James. James let out a low purr signaling he gave up. Triss let him up and the quartet walked in companionable silence.

‘Guys lets run,’ James’ voice echoed in their heads. Sirius jumped at the sound of a male human voice in his head but ran along with the group. James and Triss once again competed against each other but James won, as Triss’s animagus form wasn’t built for speed, but strength.

An hour later four tired humans slumped onto sofas in the family room. Triss curled up in James’ lap while James laid spread out across the sofa. Opposite of them Mel was sitting up with Sirius’s head resting in her lap. Even though he was much better than when he first arrived his mental state was still close to that of a scared child and he needed almost constant comfort.

“You guys interested in watching a movie?” James asked.

“Sure,” said Mel.

“What do you guys want to watch?” James asked.

“Something light, funny,” said Mel.

“How about ‘Pirates of the Caribbean’?” asked Triss sleepily.

“Yeah,” said Mel.

“Alright,” said James waving his hand. The same big screen T.V. he had used during Christmas appeared and the opening credits of Disney’s ‘Pirates of the Caribbean’ started.

A few hours later the movie was over and both James and Triss were asleep on the couch. Mel and Sirius were both laying on the couch much like James and Triss but both were only lightly dosing. A sharp intake of breath from James woke the two of them. Mel stood

“James? What are you doing here? You’re supposed to be at the manor in Wales,” Libby said shaking her finger at him.

“I know but I don’t have much of a choice. I need to get Kat Granger’s stuff,” said James.

“You know where the girl is then?” asked Libby hopefully.

“Yeah, she’s been under my protection since I first met her. She is staying with a friend of mine,” said James.

“Well her father and older brother have been put under arrest for child abuse and, from the samples of blood we found in the room, rape. Do you have anything else you would like to add to that list?” asked Libby.

“Yes, attempted murder,” said James.

“On who?” she demanded.

“Me,” said James showing her the blood covered bandage on his shoulder.

“Oh my God,” she said examining it. “You need to go to St. Mungo’s and have that healed James, it looks horrible. He didn’t shoot the little girl did he?”

“No, but I have 5 more of these to prove the shot wasn’t accidental,” said James.

“If I didn’t have a lot of faith in Triss’s healing abilities I would insist you go to the hospital. Come, we’ve already gathered the girl’s things. The ministry is still trying to contact Mrs. Granger to tell her what has happened; she is staying with her oldest. Will I be able to contact you at the manor?” Libby asked.

“Probably not, but my mental connections are always open so you can contact me that way,” said James.

“Shadow! Wake up!” yelled Triss’s voice in his ear. James sat up bolt right.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Dragon is here with Libby and a few other people from the Ministry. Mel and Sirius are already hidden but they want to see you,” said Triss throwing him a pair of black kakis.

James grabbed them and winced as he moved. He looked down and saw his abdomen was covered with bandages. His shoulder looked to have finished healing but the 3 places in his gut hadn’t.

Wincing James put on the pants over his boxers and walked down to the entrance hall where the small group was waiting. Libby and Dragon were there along with Nymphadora Tonks, James’s cousin on Severus’ side, and two other Aurors James didn’t know.

“What in bloody hell happened to you?” asked Tonks walking up and giving James a quick hug and prodding the bandage.

James hissed in pain and grabbed Tonks’ hand. “No touching Dora, they hurt like hell on a bad day,” said James.

“You know you are still the only person who gets away with calling me Dora squirt,” said Tonks ruffling his hair.

“By all rights you can’t call me squirt anymore Dora, I’m taller than you,” said James standing up to his full height of 5’10”.

“You grow up to fast kid, it seems like only yesterday you only came up to my elbows,” said Tonks whipping away a mock tear.

James chuckled and turned his attention to Dragon. “I’m guessing this isn’t a social call,” said James.

“No, Ms. Granger’s father is being sent to Azkaban for 5 years and then released if he is still mentally stable, if not he will be sent to St. Mungo’s. Justin Granger will be in Azkaban in 6 months and his

mother will handle him after that. Now this is a social call,” said Libby smirking.

“I still don’t see how you are related to ol’ Dragon. He is 40 years your senior for starters,” said James.

“Imagine my shock when I found out my father was still procreating. Ew!” said Dragon shivering at the thought.

“I really didn’t need that mental image Dragon,” said Triss walking up behind James and gagging.

“I don’t think any of us did,” said Tonks also shivering a little at the thought.

“So what have you been up to in the last two years?” asked Libby.

“You know, the usual. Saving the world, killing, or trying to kill, evil psychopaths, planning pranks on teachers and students, trying to cure werewolves, and keeping my friends out of trouble,” said James off handedly.

“Have you managed to get Potter yet? He was so fun in school but now he’s an ass hole,” said Tonks.

“Don’t we know it. You probably had it easy because you were a Gryff, but everyone is prejudice against us poor helpless Slytherins,” said Triss with a pout.

“Anyway, yeah, I did get him. Didn’t get any pictures though. I’ll take some and send them to you next time,” said James.

“O’well, I can dream can’t I,” said Tonks.

Review responses:

Gaul1: Thank you.

Kathy stgqvck: Siri-poo, interesting nickname. Sirius and James will be kind of close but Sirius will become rather attached to Mel, as will Remus.

Black-Rose1212: Well, no one has killed me for what happened to Sirius yet, I guess that his a good thing.

ER: Not in my Azkaban, for every 100 Dementors there is one guard. In my opinion a guard would start tormenting the prisoners to give himself a little bit of pleasure while being stuck in Hell on Earth.

Athenakitty: Yes, Yes, Yes.....

Lunawolf: Thanks. No, last year it was Justin, her brother that had come to get her.

ZeonReborn: Be glad you only have one older sibling. I have four, all boys. Personally I think my younger brother is worse, he can do what ever he wants to me and not even get in trouble. At my Uncle's Christmas party he bit me on the ass while I was playing with my cousin and everyone laughed until I turned and bitch slapped him, then I got in trouble. Demons are fun but I like my fair share of quiet, especially at night. If they caused a lot of chaos in the daytime I'm game.

Kata Malfoy: No, James doesn't think Sirius is a death Eater because he can see dark mark auras. Sirius will get better with time, and a chance to rip Peter to tiny little pieces.

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Wanderingwolf: Sirius never was James's Godfather because they didn't know he existed. As for the rape victim thing, I'd never seen it done before either and I prefer my stories to be at least mostly original.

Howling wolf1: ??? Stares in confusionBleh: Thanks. I was told IB was hard but if I do go in it will mostly be to piss off a few of my teachers. Have you ever had those teachers that practically say 'you are worthless'? Plus, my dad really wants me to take it.

Chapter 23: Just another day in the life of James Cage

By August 13th everything had calmed down to be almost normal. Kat was still staying with Snape, but James, Triss, and Mel all visited often. Snape didn't seem to mind; in fact he seemed rather pleased with the arrangement. Not a lot had changed with Sirius, though he was happy about returning to Hogwarts with them this September.

"Oy, what classes did you guys decide to take this year?" asked Sirius as they sat down for a late breakfast.

"All the base classes along with Care of Magical Creatures, Ancient Runes, Arithmancy, and Divinations," said James.

"I'm taking the same," said Triss.

"Aren't you only able to take three?" asked Sirius.

"We're giving up our free period," said James.

"You two must be insane, giving up your free period," Mel said shivering.

"Kat is taking every single class there is," Triss said.

Sirius and Mel stared at her in shock. "There is no way," said Sirius shaking his head in disbelief.

"There isn't enough time in a day," said Mel.

"Kat said she had it all arranged with Evans, she'll probably be taking classes on the weekends or something," said James.

"The girl is top in our year. If anyone could pull it off it would be her," said Triss.

"Do you know what Dray is taking?" Mel asked.

"Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, Care of Magical Creatures," said James.

"He thinks we're nuts to give up our free period as well, he thinks Kat is bloody well insane," said Triss with a slight chuckle.

"Am I going with you guys to Diagon Alley this afternoon?" asked Sirius.

"If you want to, did you think up a pet name for him yet Mel? He's going to be your dog after all," said Triss.

"Night," said Mel. "We agreed on it, it goes with his fur."

"All right, and remember, no scaring anyone, no matter who they are," said James giving Sirius a stern look. The dog would probably try to rip Severus to shreds if given the chance.

A little more than an hour later they were all ready to go. "Alright everyone, keep a tight grip. This is going to be wild," said James. Group apparation was very different from single person apparation. It was more like a really, really dizzying roller coaster ride than anything else. James always got a kick out of it but he wasn't sure how Mel or Sirius would react, especially with Sirius in wolf form.

With a pop they all disappeared. They reappeared in a small room in the back of the Leaky Cauldron. Triss looked a bit green, she had never liked that mode of transportation, porting was much smoother. Mel and Sirius, or Night as they would call him in public, looked like they rather enjoyed the ride.

"Well that was fun," said Triss sarcastically downing a small green potion. She looked much better.

"Alright then, on to Gringotts," said James pulling Triss along, Mel and Night followed them looking amused.

When they finally arrived at James' vault both Mel and Night looked very surprised. James walked in and grabbed several bags of Galleons, Sickles, and Knuts and attaching them to his belt loop. "Back up to the top," said James to the goblin.

“What about stopping at my vault?” Mel asked.

“My treat, plus I don’t think I could ride this thing any longer than necessary,” said James.

“But you’ll run out of money before you graduate,” said Mel looking at the bags hanging from his belt.

James laughed. “You saw how much money was in there right? Take that and multiply it by 10, and that is only in the wizarding world. I have twice that in a bank not including all of the stock and business rights I have,” he said chuckling.

“Spoil away then,” said Mel looking at him in well-hidden surprise.

“Great! I hope you are planning on joining the team this year. Triss, Dray and I are the only ones left. Everyone else either got kicked off for bad exam grades or graduated,” said James.

“Maybe, I’ve never really played before. If I did play it would probably be for a beater,” said Mel.

“Working with Dray then, we shall see,” said James.

A loud whistle caught their attention. Ginny and Dray were running towards them at high speeds, just managing to avoid other people in the crowd. “Hey, everyone is waiting in the book shop,” said Dray breathlessly.

James nodded and let himself be pulled along by Triss who was very eager to see the twins and Kat. Just outside of Flourish and Blotts a large group of people were waiting. Fred and George were at the front of the group talking to each other. Kat stood just behind them and was in what looked like an animated discussion with Lucius and Severus.

Night growled at the sight of Snape and Malfoy but a sharp, but not pain intending, slap on the nose from Mel shut him up. Fred and George were the first to see them and greeted them with enthusiastic handshakes. By the time James was finally able to pry his hand

away from an obviously hyper George the other three had taken notice to them.

“Hello James, Ms. Summers, Ms. Crew,” said Severus. Lucius greeted them in the same way but Kat would have none of that. She tightly hugged both Mel and Triss and nearly broke all of James’s ribs she hugged him so tightly.

“I missed you two,” James wheezed.

“Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t hurt you did I?” she asked gently prodding James ribs.

James chuckled. “No, it would take a LOT more than that to hurt me. I’m practically untouchable,” said James giving her a lop sided grin.

“Is that so Cage? Then you won’t mind if I do this,” said a voice from behind James. Pain exploded in the back of his head but he ignored it.

He turned to see a very muscular Randle Black standing there with his father slightly behind him. Night growled and was ready to lunge at anytime. “I thought I got rid of you last summer when I broke your nose. Do us all a favor and get lost,” said James glaring at Randle.

“That was a lucky shot Cage. I would have pounded you had that fool Lockhart not been present,” Randle hissed.

“You wish, you probably went running to your daddy the minute we were out of sight,” said James.

Regulus Black stepped forward. “You will not address my son in that tone Mr. Cage. I will have you suspended,” he said threateningly.

James raised an eyebrow at him. “You can’t do that. School is not in session, the worst you could do is call in a bunch of Aurors who would just laugh at you,” said James.

“I would not argue Regulus, the boy is right,” said Lucius looking down his nose at the shorter and younger man.

"Hanging out with Mudbloods now Lucius, and you too Severus, shameful really," said Regulus glaring at the older men.

"No worse than having your son in Gryffindor," said Severus distastefully.

While everyone was paying attention to the exchanges between the three men Randle had been preparing to jump James. James for his part had been too distracted to notice the large boy getting ready to pounce on him and was very surprised when he felt himself being pushed to the ground with great force.

He was able to turn himself in such a way that he would fall on his back and face his attacker. It didn't surprise him to see that Randle was his attacker and was able to block the first swing. After several swings Randle must have figured out that he wasn't going to get a hit on him and went for his throat.

This was something James hadn't anticipated and he could only gasp for breath as the stronger boy slowly crushed his larynx. By then other people that had been walking around had seen what was going on and were running for help while Severus tried to pull Randle off of James and was not having a whole lot of luck.

James started to see black around the edges of his vision and did the only thing he could think of, he ejected his claws and held them threateningly at the other boy's neck. Randle jumped back in shock, giving James enough time to catch his breath and get out of arms reach of him.

"Wha-? What the hell?" Randle breathed backing away from James.

James coughed hard trying to regain his breath. Triss patted his back lightly giving him a little help. "Thanks," he coughed. His voice was scratchy at best but he could still talk easily.

"What happened here?" a familiar voice demanded.

"It's alright Dora, everything is fine," said James.

“My ass. What happened?” Tonks demanded.

Triss wordlessly pointed to the shell shocked Randle. “He jumped James and tried to strangle him. James acted in self defense,” said Triss pointing to the claws still protruding out of his hands.

“James you watch X-men too much,” said Tonks before turning to Randle. “Well Mr. Black, you are under arrest for Battery. Anything you say can and will be used against you in the Court of Magic. Please turn over your wand and put your hands behind your head.”

“What about Mr. Cage?” Regulus demanded.

“What about him?” asked Tonks.

“He attacked my son with those things in his hands! I demand he be placed under arrest,” he ranted.

“There is such a thing as self defense Mr. Black. Mr. Cage is under no fault, your son attacked him and he acted accordingly. Had he injured your son there might be something I could do but since he didn’t he is free to go,” said Tonks.

Regulus looked ready to explode. Taking a deep breath he turned and stalked away. Tonks disappeared with Randle seconds later. “This is starting to be more drama that I can handle,” said James so only Triss could hear.

She nodded. “Well, now that that is over with lets go shopping. Shadow, I believe you had a small surprise for Kat,” said Triss gaining everyone’s attention.

“Right, come on Kat,” said James motioning for her to follow him. She did so with no hesitation. He led her into the nearby pet shop and stopped in the front of the shop near the register. “For your early birthday present I’m going to get you the pet of your choice,” said James.

“But-“ Kat began but James stopped her.

"It's your birthday present Kat, don't worry about it," said James.

"Okay, but what should I get," Kat asked getting slightly excited.

"Well, I doubt you would want a toad, so maybe an owl or a cat," James suggested.

Kat nodded and walked back towards where the cats were. Five minutes later Kat had picked out the animal she wanted. The cat was big, furry and orange. "A kneazle, good choice," said James scratching the cat under his chin.

"Ah, someone has finally decided to buy poor Crookshanks," said the cashier coming towards them. Kat nodded vigorously.

"Well, bring him up," said the woman.

James nodded and plucked Crookshanks out of the metal cage he was in and carried him to the register. "That will be 5 galleons and 9 sickles please," said the cashier.

James handed her the exact amount and handed the kneazle to Kat who cooed over him. On the way back Kat asked, "Have you heard about Sirius Black's escape yet?"

"Yeah, they announced it in the prophet this morning but Triss, Mel and I've known for weeks," said James.

"How did you find out?" asked Kat.

"The ministry came to search the manor a few days after we got back from school. We're about 30 miles away from Azkaban," said James.

"Why didn't they notify the public then?" demanded Kat.

"I think they thought that they could catch him and not have to tell the public of their mistake. What were you, Dad and Lucius talking about?" James asked changing the subject.

"The same. Lucius still thinks Black is innocent but Sev doesn't agree. Apparently Black tormented Sev in school but was very chummy with Lucius. I was playing mediator, I think it is possible that Black was innocent but not probable," said Kat.

"I think I agree with Lucius. From what I've heard of Peter Pettigrew he was very shy and looked to people stronger than him for protection but was very sly and cunning. Pettigrew's character in general would make me think he was one of Riddle's lackeys, remember Quirrell? It's the shy and quiet one you have to watch out for.

"Black's character on the other hand shows that he is least likely to be a Death Eater. He grew up in a dark family, sure, but from what I hear they favored their youngest, Regulus and Black left their house at 16. He was a very popular Auror and captured more of Tom's lackeys in one month than some of the other Aurors did in a year, he also caught the Lestranges. Add to the fact that no one really knows the story because he had no trial and you have one doubtful story," said James.

"But true none the less," a voice hissed. James turned to see Potter standing behind him. Potter looked ready to kill, his face had a red tinge to it and his eyes blazed as if they were made of fire.

"No one knows that. Black didn't have a trial and there for nothing is certain. The only proof anyone has is what muggles saw. The ministry didn't get there right away so who is saying Pettigrew didn't just alter their memories and take off?" asked James.

"They found remains Mr. Cage," said Potter.

"A rather cleanly cut, unburned, living thump. That was it, they didn't even find a blood splatter," said James.

"And how do you know all of this Mr. Cage?" came another voice James recognized as Evans.

"Summer project, do you think I sit and twiddle my thumbs all summer?" asked James. This was partly true, he had done some

research on what they found when they captured Black and it wasn't much. All of his other free time was spent working with the crystals again.

"On with both of you then, don't want to keep you from your shopping," said Evans walking away carrying Holly and Sara with a whipped Potter trailing behind.

Review Responses: Wyttil: Oooooookay. If you made a review on the last chapter I didn't get it but I blame it on my e-mail. It's been acting up lately and I'm this close holds up and inch between thump and forefinger to switching over to hotmail, but my friend says that it has worse problems so I'm stumped.

Athenakitty: Yeah, Sirius is going to be one of those people who except and get over things fast but still holds grudges. With the help of Sev, Kat gets over everything pretty fast as well. Don't you ever tease your cousins? It's so much fun until your little brother gets too rowdy and bites you on the ass.

Paladin3030: Triss? Hell NO! Triss is going with James, it has already been voted. As of right now Kat will be going with either Remus or Snape, not sure who yet, it depends on how many more people catch on to what I was doing. Why does Snape/Hermione creep you out anyway?

ZeonReborn: Those are my kind of people. I just prefer to do things in the day because there are more people to scare and torment. My friend Shadow just invented a game. When ever you are in a public area act weird and try to creep people out. If they just quietly slip away you get one point. If they run away screaming you get five points. It's rather fun until some old person comes screaming at you swinging their cane at you and end up falling over the second floor banister of the mall. Shakes head sadly

Princezz2Di4-Sis-M. Amanda: Thanks.

Remus' Girl a.k.a Wolfies Rock: I seem to get more reviews when it's dramatic for some reason, still don't know why. No worries Remus, Sirius gets his revenge later. You know, that is one of the better reasons not to bounce on your brother's bed.

Lunawolf: I've been planning that for a while now. I was going to do it in the beginning of second year but it didn't fit in with some other stuff I was planning on so I delayed it a bit.

Gaul1: Thanks.

Energeezzer: Thanks.

Bella: Yeah. As for Dray and Gin, I threw that in at the last minute because a friend asked me to, and it worked, kind of. Dumbledore won't always be a complete bastard. He finally gets a clue sometime around the end of 5th year, with the help of one Trisstessa Dumbledore, ouch!

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

BladeLiger786: Thank you. I would love to be able to post more as well but I'm currently getting my ass royally kicked in school (CoughSpanishCough) and I'm supposed to go into the IB program next year so I have to keep a high average. Hopefully I will have more time in the summer so I can work on it.

Black-Rose1212: I figured everyone would expect that. That is one of the things I've been planning since I started the story, and I'm not mean, I very easily could have made it a cliffhanger, that would have been mean.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. I might kill him off in an Azkaban raid or something.

ER: Thanks.

Goddess of Boredom: No, James thinks Sirius was a Death Eater and that he killed Peter Pettigrew when Pete found out he was a Death Eater. Because James believes Sirius betrayed them they are at ends. Remus was the only one who still believed him innocent besides Lucius Malfoy.

Chapter 24: Train rides, Dementors, and Werewolves

"Come on people! Let's get a move on!" yelled Triss from the bottom of the staircase. It was 10:30 on September the first and they were going to miss the train if everyone didn't hurry up.

"We are so going to be late," said James running down the stairs levitating their trunks with Jewel curled up around his right arm. Since the chamber she had been rather quiet and stayed to her self quite a bit as if punishing herself for not telling James about the Basilisk. James had to almost make her listen to him when he explained it wasn't her fault about the Basilisk, most snakes either couldn't sense them or were scared shitless of them. "Come on! If you don't want to have to hitch a ride to Hogsmead get your asses down here!" he yelled. Seconds later Night and Mel came thumping down the stairs carrying the last of their stuff.

"Ready," said Mel sitting down on top of her trunk.

"Good, hold on tight," said James. Triss wasted no time in grabbing James's arm, it was a known fact she hated group apperation. She had a very strong fear of roller coasters, particularly the part when you go down, and group apperation was very similar to riding a very fast and loopy roller coaster.

With a 'pop' they all disappeared. They reappeared in a dark alley way not to far from the station. Triss latched on even tighter to James's arm. Her second highest fear was dark alleyways; no doubt her father had something to do with that.

"Triss chill. Nothing is going to happen, I promise," said James giving Triss' shoulder a squeeze and turning his attention to the three trunks. With a wave of his hand the three trunks shrunk down to the size of matchboxes, he picked them up and pocketed them. "Why didn't I think of that before?" he asked himself aloud.

"Are you sure your not having blonde moments already?" asked Mel pointing to his hair. James glared at her and ran a hand threw his now frosted brown hair. "You look like you just can back from California," said Mel.

“So? I happen to like my hair and what wrong with California?” James demanded.

“Never mind,” said Mel shaking her head in mock sadness.

“Enough! We have less the 15 minutes to get to the platform,” said Triss pulling them along. With a quick ‘notice me not’ charm from James no one noticed the 3 teenagers and wolf running into the station and threw a brick wall.

“James! Over here!” came Dray’s voice. James looked at the train and saw Dray starting up the steps. James, Triss, Mel and Night all walked over, still breathing a little hard from their run.

“Hey Dray!” said James clapping him on the back.

“What happened to your hair? You look like you’ve been in California all summer,” said Dray running a hand over James’ hair.

“Not you two. What do you people have against the states? California rules. It’s one of the only places you can go surfing one minute and rock climbing the next. Have you ever been rock climbing? Or surfing for that matter?” asked James throwing his hands in the air.

“No and no, nor would I want to. All that chalk during rock climbing, yuck!” said Dray.

“Insane, the whole lot of you,” said James shaking his head in mock sadness and boarding the train.

“Like he’s one to talk,” Triss muttered following James with Dray in toe. “Did you guys get a compartment yet?” asked Triss.

“No, I got here about the same time you did. Keep your eyes open for Kat, Gin, or the twins I guess,” said Dray.

“Shhh!” said James entering a large compartment. Walking in behind him Triss and Dray spotted Kat, Gin and an older man they

didn't know asleep in a corner. 'Why are we sitting with the new DADA Professor?' James voice asked inside Kat's head.

'All of the other compartments were taken and I didn't think he would mind so long as we were quiet,' said Kat.

'All right people, keep quiet. The mental links are open, just think about the words and it will be like talking normally,' said James.

'I still find that creepy. People say hearing voices in your head is the first sign on insanity,' said Dray.

'No, talking to yourself is fine, it's when you start answering back you have a problem,' said Triss.

'Anyone know where the twins are?' asked James over Triss and Dray's banter.

'They wanted to go hang out with some of the other 5th years for a while. They said they would come down eventually, if there was any room,' said Gin.

'Okay, anyone up for another UNO tournament?' asked James.

'I'm game,' said Mel immediately. Everyone else joined in.

"You know you don't have to be silent on account of me," said another voice about a half hour later startling everyone. Everyone turned their attention to the Professor who was in the corner with his eyes still closed. He opened one of his brown eyes and James could almost taste how truly tired the man was.

"It's fine, we have alternate ways of talking to each other," said James looking at the man in sympathy. With the man's tired state James could also pick up his werewolf scent, and since the full moon was coming up soon James knew the man needed his sleep.

Night walked up and licked the man's hand looking at him in sympathy and lay down next to him on the floor. "It seems Night has

taken a liking to you,” said Mel. She had a small look of triumph on her face as she was royal kicking everyone else’s ass in UNO.

“It seems so. I’m Professor Lupin, may I ask for your names?” the man asked.

“I’m Mel Crew, and that is my wolf Night,” said Mel shaking the Professors hand.

And so they went on with names. “I’m James Cage.”

“Triss Summers.”

“Gin Weasley.”

“Dray Malfoy.”

“Kat Granger,” said Kat finishing off the list.

“Quite a group,” said Lupin.

“We still have two more down with the 5th years. Fred and George, my brothers,” said Gin.

“The Weasley twins?” asked Lupin.

“Yep, I see one of the other teacher already warned you about them,” said Gin.

“I was also warned about a group called the Hunters, do you happen to know who they are?” asked Lupin raising an eyebrow.

“What about the Hunters?” asked a voice from the door. Fred and George were standing in the doorway looking their mischievous selves.

“Are you spilling about the Hunters to a teacher James?”

“Shame on you! A teacher of all people,” said the twin James assumed was George. Both boys walked into the compartment, Fred sitting down on James’ lap and putting his arms around James neck.

“Fred, this seat is VIP only, if you don’t get the hell off right now you will find yourself turned into something very unpleasant,” said James. Fred was sitting next to George in seconds. “Now that that has been established, what do you need?” asked James.

“We decided to join in with you guys to see what we missed. Apparently you started an UNO tournament without us. Who’s winning?” asked George.

“Mel, who else,” said Triss pointing to Mel’s smug grin.

Suddenly the train lurched and pulled to a stop, all of the lights went out. “What the hell was that?” asked Kat with a little fear in her voice.

“I’m sure it was nothing,” said Lupin’s calming voice.

“Lumos!” said James holding up his wand. A bright white light glowed at the tip of the wand. James pointed his wand at the door when it was pulled open.

“Hey, do you know why the train stopped?” asked Neville Longbottom walking into the compartment. James nearly sighed in relief.

“No, take a seat for now. It isn’t safe for anyone to be up walking around when it’s so dark,” said James. Neville nodded and sat down next to Kat by the door. Five more minutes went by and still nothing.

“Think we should go talk to the conductor?” asked Mel.

“No, Triss do you feel that?” asked James. Suddenly a cold feeling swept over them. “Kat, Nev, come sit over here,” said James pointing to the empty spaces behind him.

“What are you sensing?” asked Lupin pulling out his wand. As a werewolf his sense of danger was strong, but nowhere near as strong

as James or Triss's power. He wouldn't pick up on the danger till it was too late.

"Nothing good," said James. "Just sit and chill. I doubt the halls are safe, something's on the train."

The cold feeling got stronger and James gripped his wand tightly. Night was whimpering from his place on the floor. Mel got up and sat down next to him petting him and rubbing his ears.

Once again the train door opened. Kat's eyes went wide and she curled up into herself and started whimpering. Triss reacted much the same way, everyone else, except Lupin, just looked shocked. A bony hand pulled the door open and James knew what was wrong immediately.

Get out! James hissed at the Dementor. It hissed back, but not in parseltongue. "Expecto patronum!" yelled James pointing his wand at the Dementor. A big silver panther came out of his wand and charged the Dementor, making it turn and run. And don't come back! James yelled after it.

Not wasting anytime James dove into his trunk and pulled out several small chocolate bunnies. "Triss, catch," said James throwing Triss a bunny of white chocolate.

"Thanks," she said opening it.

"Dray, Gin, Nev, Fred, George, Kat, Mel," said James handing off the bunnies one by one. "Professor what type of chocolate do you like best, white, dark, milk, or otherwise, I've got them all," said James displaying the compartment of his trunk that was full to the brim with sweets.

"White, thanks," said Lupin as James handed him the bunny. "Where did you get all of these?" asked Lupin.

"Florida, the Russell Stover's factory is right there and they sell their chocolate for dimes and nickels. My whole stash probably only cost

me 45 pounds,” said James motioning to the still very full trunk. “Are you guys all okay?” asked James.

They all answered in the affirmative. “Good,” said James sitting down next to Triss and putting his arm around her shoulders. He knew just by looking at her she was really shaken up, even more so than Kat was. “You sure you’re all right?” asked James as Triss leaned on him.

“I’ll be fine, I always am,” said Triss.

“No your not, your sense of panic was stronger than even Kat’s, not an easy task,” said James.

Triss leaned into him a little more and sniffed, so low that no one but James could hear it. “Just old memories. I think I speak for all of us when I say if I never see a Dementor again it will be too soon,” said Triss with a small laugh.

“So long as your sure. I’m going to go scare the Dementors away now and go yell at Fudge a bit. Want to come?” asked James with a smirk.

“I would love to, but the Dementors erk me so I’ll just stay here,” she said allowing James to stand up.

“Okay, I’ll be back in a few minutes, no one leave. Hopefully we will be on our jolly way in a few minutes,” said James walking out of the compartment, wand in hand. He came across 6 more Dementors and each had to be sent away by his Patronus. Finally he found none other than Cornelius Fudge, he was standing in the door of a compartment of 1st years with a Dementor standing not to far from him.

Fudge, quit scaring the 1st years, said James making Fudge nearly jump out of his skin. The Dementor that was standing next to Fudge floated toward him menacingly, or so just about everyone else thought. “Expecto patronum!” said James pointing his wand at the Dementor. For the 8th time that day his Patronus chased the Dementor away.

James looked inside of the first year compartment and saw all of the very shaken 11-year-olds. "Here," said James handing out several chocolate bunnies. As for you Fudge, what's with the Dementors?

They are a precaution. With Black on the loose no one is safe, said Fudge like a bumbling idiot. He was still shocked by James' display of a corporeal Patronus, not to mention how fierce it was.

What ever you say Fudge, just keep your pet demons away from the students, said James before turning and leaving the minister to stare at him in shock.

By the time he had gotten back to his compartment they were indeed back on their jolly way to Hogwarts. Neville, it seemed, had already left and everyone else was just waiting for him.

"What did Fudge say?" asked Triss as soon as he sat down.

"Not much, he just best keep his pets from the students or all hell will break loose," said James.

"How is it you have so much control over the Minister?" asked Lupin.

"He owes me his job, big time. If he starts acting like a royal jackass I just say a few select words and he does what I tell him," said James shrugging.

"How does he owe you his job?" asked Lupin.

"I'm the only thing standing between him and being cast out of the Ministry all together. Just last year he tried to send an 11-year-old girl to Azkaban without a trial," said James leaving Gin's name out.

Lupin's expression by it's self said that he thought Fudge was a bastard. "That man is an idiot," he said so low under his breathe that only James could hear.

“True, but the dumbest people always end up being authority figures. It’s just the way the world works. Saddam, the terrorist leader in Iraq, is a prime example,” said James. Lupin looked at him, speechless.

‘How could he hear that? I could hardly even hear it and I said it,’ Lupine thought to himself. James put a barrier up around Lupin’s mind so he didn’t have to listen to the man’s thoughts.

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When they reached Hogsmead not too long later James and Mel were still going at each other in UNO. It looked like James would win as he only had 4 cards left where as Mel had 15. Suddenly Mel got an evil look on her face after James laid a blue card down. "This is where you fall," said Mel laying down about 8 'Draw 2' cards and a 'Draw 4 Wild Card'. "Green," she said smirking.

James groaned and drew 12 cards. Five minutes later Mel was celebrating her victory. "I told you I was the queen of UNO," she said dancing about the compartment. Lupin looked rather amused at her antics, as did Night.

“More like a mind demon,” said James rubbing his temples trying to get rid of the large headache he had. Triss, who was sitting next to him, made him lean forward a bit so she could rub his shoulders, one of the best cures for headaches.

Lupin looked curiously at the two. “Are you an item?” he asked motioning to them. James and Triss looked at him as if he were insane. Night, who was still lying on the floor between Lupin and Mel, nodded his head in agreement; he’d been wondering the same thing. “I take that as a no then,” said Lupin.

“We should get a move on. We arrived at the station 5 minutes ago,” said Dray standing and pulling Gin up with him. The rest agreed and they made their way the Great Hall and opening feast.

(A/N: So you guys know 3rd year will be very short. 4 chapters give or take, I want to head onto 4th year where the story actually leaves J.K.'s plot. Plus I didn't have a lot planned for 3rd year any way, most

of it just leads up to the events of 4th and 5th year. Also, I'm thinking about bringing in another OC. Tell me what you think. R&R)

Review responses:

Athenakitty: Yep, lots of fun planned for this year. James and Triss won't be taking a lot of classes for very long. Regulus is a bastard.

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Websurffer: Thanks. I have a thing when I read that I don't read the whole word, just a few letters, before I move on to the next so that is why I didn't catch it when I read over the chapter. Sorry.

Lunawolf: I don't think I will set Kat up with Snape. I think he will think of her more like a daughter and Lupin will take her and I'll bring in another original character for Sev.

ER: Will do.

ZeonReborn: Cool. My brothers did something like that to me once. I was walking home from school by my self and my brothers and their friends pulled up next to me when I wasn't paying attention on pulled me into their friends van. They learned never to do something like that again if they valued their lives. I think the most minor injury in that little argument was a broken nose and the worse being a good 'Nad Shot' as my dad calls it.

Gaul1: Thanks. I had at least some fun writing the train part.

Howling wolf1: Thanks.

Quicksilverwitch: Thanks. I know Sirius and Remus will find out about James's father at the end of 3rd year, they will be kind of shocked but they will accept it. Lily, along with everyone else, will be shocked when they find out who his mother is; she and James won't get too close either. Snape will go back to his bastard ways soon enough, I already have a character for him, but she hasn't been brought in yet.

Chapter 25: Of New classes, Werewolves and Plans

"I'll never tire of the food here," said Dray digging in to a plate of ribs.

"Yeah, the house elves do a really good job," said Gin taking a bite of her steak.

"House elves?" asked Kat.

"They run the castle. Clean it and make the food and everything else you could think of. Real friendly creatures too," said Fred. George nodded in agreement.

"Why don't we see them around?" asked Kat.

"They prefer not to be seen. Kind of sensitive about that. Most of the ones here are elves whose masters have died or given them clothes," said George.

"Masters?" asked Kat with distaste.

"House elves bind themselves to a certain family, normally Purebloods. They serve the family for their whole lives, unless their master dies or gives them clothes. To give a house elf clothes is the ultimate punishment," said Gin.

"They're slaves!" said Kat with shock.

"No," said James stepping in. "They like to work, and they're treated pretty well. If they aren't treated well they are likely to turn on their masters and free themselves," said James. Night growled in agreement.

"I didn't know they could turn on their masters," said Dray.

"Well, not exactly turn on their masters. They can't divulge family secrets but they can give hints, like sign language, but can't say anything directly," said James.

"Hmmm... I didn't know that," said Dray looking thoughtful.

"You learn something new every day," said Triss.

"That is the whole point of going to school if you didn't know," said Mel sarcastically.

Dray glared and Triss reached over and gave him a friendly punch on the arm. "Ow," Dray said quietly rubbing his arm.

"Dumbledore is standing for his speech," said Mel turning to the head table.

"Welcome and welcome back students! Now that you all have been fed and watered I have some start of term notices. First is that only 3rd years and up may go to Hogsmead this year, if they have turned in their signed permission slips. Also as every year the Forbidden forest is called forbidden for a reason.

"As some of you already know the Minister of Magic has demanded that the school be guarded by Dementors in light of Sirius Black's resent escape from Azkaban. They are not aloud inside the gates but I suggest you keep an eye open anyway. Last but not least I would like you to welcome our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Remus J Lupin," Dumbledore finished pointing to Lupin. Everyone clapped politely as Potter, Evans and Snape all scowled at him.

"What's with that?" asked Kat.

"He's a werewolf," said James so low only Kat could hear. She raised an eyebrow at him.

"So? That's no reason to look at him like that. He seemed rather nice to me," said Kat.

"The Wizarding world is prejudice, what more can I say?" asked James. "I would keep that little bit of info to myself if I were you. If the school board were to find out about him he'll be out of a job," said James.

Kat looked horrified. “How can they do that?” asked Kat.

“They’re afraid the non-humans will rise up and take over the Wizarding world so they belittle them and make sure they know they have no rights. Why do you think I’ve been working on the crystals for the passed few years? I don’t think it’s right for someone who had no control over what happened to them be bullied and discriminated against,” said James.

“What about Fudge?” asked Kat.

“What a shock it will be to the Wizarding world when they find out that their Minister is half dwarf,” said James smirking.

“What about you? You’re not quite human are you?” she asked.

“Yeah, elf on both of my parent’s sides. Sidhe on my dad’s and my mom’s mother was a pureblood squib,” said James. Looking threw some of the books on his family, James had found that his Grandfather was half Sidhe, not human, as he’d originally thought.

“Powerful combination,” said Kat.

“I’m a powerful person,” said James offhandedly. If only he knew how powerful.

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So far the school year had been rather uneventful. Only one day into classes and James was thoroughly bored. He'd already learned everything the professors were teaching. He hoped that Lupin's first class would be better.

James, Triss, Kat, and Dray piled into the DADA room. As was normal for them they were the first to arrive. Lupin was sitting at his desk in the front of the class reading a book that James recognized as a copy of 'Cry wolf' by Tami Hoag. "Hello Professor," said Kat sitting down between Dray and James in the front row, Triss sat down on the other side of James.

Lupin jumped at the sound of Kat's voice. "Oh, hello. I didn't expect the students to be arriving so early. Don't take out your text books, you won't need them," said Lupin.

"I like this guy already," said Dray leaning back in his seat.

"Anyone is better than Lockhart was, with the exception of maybe Potter," said Triss.

"You would think he would still be a little grateful to me for saving the life of his wife and daughters," said James. It still bugged him that Potter was such a prick to him just because he was a Slytherin.

"Daughters? I wasn't aware Professor Potter and Evans had any children," said Lupin standing next to their table.

"Yeah, Sara and Holly, they'll be 3 in December. Minerva McGonagall takes care of them during the school year, it would be dangerous to have them at the school because they've already started doing accidental magic," said James.

A hurt look briefly passed over Lupin's face so fast only James caught it. Before he had time to wonder about it another group of students walked in and Lupin went back to his desk. After five more minutes everyone had arrived.

"Hello and welcome to Defense Against the Dark Arts. Don't bother to take out your books, you won't need them," Lupin said leaning on his desk. "Today we will be doing something practical. Can anyone tell me what a Boggart is?" asked Lupin. Kat raised her hand. "Yes, Ms. Granger."

"A Boggart is a Shapeshifter. It takes the shape of whatever you fear the most," said Kat.

"Couldn't have said it better myself. In that closet over there," said Lupin pointing to a cabinet in the corner of the room, "is a Boggart. Mr. Longbottom, what do you fear most?"

Neville looked like a deer caught in headlights. He muttered something so low even James didn't catch it. "Can you speak up Mr. Longbottom?" he asked.

"Professor Snape," said Neville blushing and looking down.

"You live with your Grandmother, correct?" asked Lupin. Neville nodded. "Can you imagine the clothes she wears in your mind's eye?" Neville nodded again. "Step up here with me," said Lupin walking to the wardrobe.

Neville nervously stood up with Professor Lupin. "What I want you to do is picture Professor Snape in your Grandmother's clothes. When the Boggart comes out hold that image in your mind and say 'Riddikulus'," said Lupin.

Neville hesitantly walked up to the wardrobe and with a small incantation from Lupin the doors opened revealing the image of an irritated Snape making his way towards Neville. Neville took a step back and said, "R-r-riddikulus." The image of Snape stumbled and with a crack he was dressed in a frilly green dress with a moth eaten raven sitting on a matching hat and a big red handbag.

Most of the class broke out in laughter and the Boggart leapt up and landed in front of Dray. Instead of Snape there was the tall robed form of a Dementor. "Riddikulus!" said Dray. The Dementor turned into a large purple and green dinosaur, singing 'I love you, you love me'. Dray started cracking up at the sight remembering the prank they had played on Ron, Bole and Randle in their first year.

Again the Boggart jumped and landed in front of Triss. It shifted from Barney into a man. He had dark auburn hair and light blue eyes, not that different from Dumbledore's. He glared at Triss with malice and made a motion as if to hit her but Triss was faster. "Riddikulus!" she yelled. The man shifted into a man size fluffy pink rabbit. James could have sworn Triss muttered 'Take that you bastard.'

The Boggart jumped a final time, landing back in front of Lupin. It took the shape of a large silver ball floating in the air. Lupin lazily pointed his wand at it and turned it into a cockroach. Parvati Patil

screamed at the sight of the insect and everyone else giggled, unintentionally making the Boggart explode.

“Very good students. Not exactly how I wanted to destroy the Boggart but good enough. Since the lesson ended a bit early you all can head to lunch, Ms. Summers, could you stay behind please?” asked Lupin.

“Sure,” said Triss expecting to be asked to stay behind.

“Want us to wait?” asked James.

“Everyone else can go onto lunch but you’re staying Shadow,” said Triss. James nodded.

Why does the Werewolf want her to stay behind? asked Jewel.

Because of the form the Boggart took, the man that appeared was her father, said James.

Jewel squeezed his arm showing she understood and left him waiting for the classroom to empty with Triss. When everyone had left for lunch Lupin turned his attention to Triss. “I asked for only you to stay behind Ms. Summers,” said Lupin motioning to James who was standing slightly behind Triss.

“He is just as involved in what you want to question me about as I am,” said Triss leaning back on James.

“Very well then. Who was the man?” asked Lupin bluntly. James could feel anger radiating from Lupin but couldn’t figure out where it was directed. Triss felt it too and obviously thought it was aimed at her as she tightly grasped James’ hand.

“My father,” said Triss.

“Why is your father your worst fear?” asked Lupin. James felt Lupin’s anger rising and Triss grabbed James hand tighter.

"I'm sure you've already figured out why, can we leave now?" Triss asked still holding tightly onto James' hand.

"No, does Dumbledore know about this?" Lupin asked.

"He's one of the main reasons I was abused at all, of course the old Bastard knows. He's spent the better the better part of 5 years trying to have me sent back as well. If it wasn't for James I would probably be dead or worse by now," said Triss before turning and walking out of the classroom.

"If I were you I'd keep my emotions in check around her. Non-humans and Empaths don't mix well," said James before turning around to go find Triss.

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"Mr. Cage, come to my office after lunch please," came Snape's unmistakable drawl.

"Yes sir," said James nodding at Snape and making his way to the Slytherin table. Triss, Dray and Kat were all talking between one another with Mel, Gin, and the twins listening in.

"What's up?" asked James.

"Potter just took 50 points off of us in the hallway for walking to slow. We're planning the first prank of the year," said Dray.

"Walking to slow? Can he even do that?" asked James.

"Whether he can or not he did. So far we've only come up with turning him into Tweety bird and having a cat chase him around but then we have the problem of the cat catching and eating him," said Mel.

"What about Glacier? I'm sure she'd be happy to help," said James.

"That would work if I knew where she was. Normally she just stays in my room but now she's hardly ever in there," said Triss.

"Night keeps running off too. Think he might be planning something?" asked Mel.

"If he is he better keep his eyes open and not do anything stupid. As good of a thumb as I have on Fudge I don't think I could save him from the Dementors," said James. It was common knowledge that if Sirius was caught he was Dementor food.

"Let's just hope he doesn't do anything stupid," said Triss.

"I doubt he will. Even if he sometimes has a big head he's not stupid," said Dray.

"On to the next topic, what do you guys think of the new professor?" asked James.

"He's cool. Sickly looking but cool," said Gin.

"I trust you all have figured out why by now," said Triss.

"Yeah," they all said in unison.

"Good. The full moon is in two days and I think Triss and I should be out on grounds. I don't think they would let him run loose without some kind of control but for all we know no one else knows," said James.

"Don't think for one minute your leaving me out," said Mel.

"Already thought. It's safest for only James and I to go. Hell, if he has no control I plan on hauling ass back here and letting James deal with it. He is much more capable of holding his own than you or I could ever be. Plus, he's been working on find a cure for werewolves for years. What better investigation then going and hanging out with one," said Triss.

Mel glared at her. "Triss is right. What would you do if wolfie boy decided it was mating season?" asked James. Mel blushed. "Thought so."

"Sure you don't want someone in the air?" asked Kat.

"Yeah, I could take to the air if need be," said James.

"Sounds like a plan. I trust all of you will follow James's command and not go outside," said Triss in a serious voice.

"Yes ma'am!"

(A/N: This chapter sucked, but I didn't have many ideas, most of it is just planning. It was short too, but hopefully I will be able to make up for that in my next chapter.)

Review responses:

ZeonReborn: Ahhh, the good old days, when I could beat up my brother and not get in trouble. It's at times like this I regret turning into a teenager. When I was little I could do ride my bike without a helmet and only get a warning. Now cops try to run me over just to prove a point. I had a close call today. A cop was speeding up the main road and ran the light when I was crossing. Had it not been for my reflexes I'd be in a hospital bed about now.

Paladin3030: My mom's first husband was 26 years older than her. I don't do step moms. In all reality I don't think I'd have a problem with my friend being my step mom so long as she didn't tell me of her bedroom antics and didn't try to boss me around. I'm not doing the Snape thing anyway; he's going to be more like a father figure to her.

RilieDeAnnPotter5569: Thanks. UNO is one of my favorite games. I got the idea from my friend who likes the game more than I do but gets pissed off when I beat him.

Athenakitty: No, they're not going to be late. James's hair was my own personal touch; I think the frosted look is cool. As almost everyone, Sirius is under James's protection. Fudge needs to be spooked, or scared shitless, I'm not opposed to either. Randle Black

isn't going to be much more of a character till later, he's just there as a prank target.

Cataclysmic: Thanks. Sirius was sent to Azkaban for supposedly killing Peter Pettigrew and a dozen other people in a murderous rage after Peter found out he was a Death Eater. The whole explanation is in chapter 4 or 5.

Jake: For some reason I attract big people. All of my older brothers are 6' or taller. My best friend is 6'3", too damn tall in my opinion. Sorry about you getting beat up, I used to get beat up till I got seriously pissed off and decked the school bully.

Shezza88: Thanks.

Lunawolf: Thanks. Lots of people said they didn't want Kat and Snape together so she is going with Lupin, and Snape will become like a father figure to her. Fudge bashing is one of my favorite things to do. I don't like him. The 'are you an item?' thing just kind of popped into my head.

Claudia: Thanks for telling me about the mistake. When I have time this summer I hope to be able to sit down and correct them all. University? Ouch, I'm hoping to go into Pre-IB next year. The only thing I don't like is how early I have to get up; I'm a night owl and getting up at 5 a.m. doesn't really agree with me.

Gaul1: Dumbledore won't find out. Most of their forms are too common to be singled out, plus, it's not like Lupin is going to say anything.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. Insanechildfanfic: Thanks. He will get close to Remus and Sirius, just not right away. Sirius28: Thanks. I really, really don't like Dumbledore so it wasn't that hard to turn him into a bastard. Dark Angel: I agree 100%. The first part of it is on the 10th sadly. I hate writing essays; I just pray mine is Expository.

Chapter 26: Divination, dreams and tears

‘Dodge, parry, duck, dodge, drop, roll, spin, flip, kick,’ James thought as he fought with Triss. Today’s lesson was on Broadswords, the weapon James hated most. Unlike Oriental or Elven swords a Broadsword was very heavy and hard to control, but it could pack a punch.

An Oriental or Elven sword was light and could cut a person with a Broadsword to pieces before they could even make one blow if given the chance. However a Broadsword could crack most non-enchanted swords in half with the amount of force one hit would have.

The biggest reason James hated the sword was how it slowed his movements down to almost human speed, he didn’t like it. Triss was much better and faster with a broadsword, the problem was she depended on the force a blow would have. Even at the slow rate James was moving she still couldn’t get a strong hit on something that was moving.

“Wow,” Dray said from the stands where he and Kat were sitting. They had finally convinced James and Triss to let them come out and watch one of there sessions. “This is better than Dueling.”

“So long as they don’t kill each other,” said Kat with her hand covering her eyes. “Is it safe to look yet?”

“It’s been safe to look. They aren’t just randomly striking; all of this is very well planned. If you know what to look for you can almost predict who is going to hit where and when,” said Dray.

Kat slowly uncovered her eyes and dared a look. She just managed to see Triss catch James with her blade and cut him from his right side, across his abs and into his back while he was spinning. Kat yelped and covered her eyes again.

Several minutes later James tackled Triss and made her loose her sword. “Do you give up?” he asked tickling her sides.

“Y-yes,” squealed Triss trying to wriggle out of James’s grasp.

James stopped tickling her and helped her stand up. "I hate Broadswords," said James. Triss smirked.

"That was so cool you guys," said Dray walking up to them.

"Thanks, maybe next time you will see us at our full potential," said James. Dray stared. "Do you have any idea how heavy these bitches are?" asked James handing his sword over to Dray.

Dray could hardly hold the sword in the air. "How much does this thing weigh?" he asked.

"Little more than a hundred pounds. That is a training sword though, the real ones aren't that heavy but damn near. I don't like using those, too heavy," said James.

"That's because you depend too much on your agility, we'll work on that tomorrow," said Triss slinging her sword over your shoulder.

"You, Tigress dear, depend too much on the shear force of the hit. Even as slow as I was moving you could hardly ever get a good hit on me," said James taking his sword from Dray.

"No good hits?" asked Kat eyeing one of the bigger bloody wholes in his shirt.

"None of them are anymore than a centimeter deep. A good hit from you sword would break all bones within a 5 inch radius of the hit and give me a good 3 inch cut, minimum," said James running his hand over the quickly fading scar that had, only a few minutes before, been a bleeding wound.

"You should sell tickets to this. Do you have any idea how much money you could make?" asked Dray.

"I already have more money then I know what to do with. Ask Triss, I'm right up there with you in the money department," said James.

“Wow, I knew you were rich but I didn’t know you were that rich,” said Dray.

“Money isn’t everything,” said Kat.

“Got it in one,” said James grinning at her. He’d been thinking the same thing.

“Come on, let’s head in. It’s getting close to the time the early birds get up,” said Triss looking at her watch.

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“Why do you guys have to get up so early?” asked Dray yawning. They had just arrived to breakfast, only a few Ravenclaw students were up so far and Kat was still getting dressed in her dorm room.

“No one else is up that early, they can’t see us practicing,” said James.

“Plus, we don’t need as much sleep as normal people do anyway,” said Triss.

"Yeah, well I happen to like my good amount of sleep," said Dray.

“Quit complaining, I won’t hesitate to throw you in the lake,” said James. “I’ve done it to Triss multiple times.”

"Or you could just make it rain on his head," said Triss.

“I think I’ll pass, thanks,” said Dray sliding a bit further down the table. James chuckled and spotted Kat making her way down to the Slytherin table.

“Sorry I took so long, my hair took forever to tame,” she said running a hand over her now straight honey hair.

“It’s alright, you know I could help you permanently straighten your hair right?” asked Triss. Kat’s eyes lit up and the two submerged themselves in the land of ‘girl talk’.

“Girls,” said Dray rolling his eyes.

“Hey, you don’t have to live with one so stop complaining,” said James.

“Does my mother count?” asked Dray.

“No,” said James.

“So why don’t you want us out with you tonight?” asked Dray changing the subject.

“Werewolves are dangerous, but only the one night a month. I’ve been working with them for a while trying to find a cure, but I’ve never run with one during the full moon. I don’t know how he will react to us and I don’t want you guys getting hurt,” said James.

“Have you forgotten what my form is?” asked Dray.

“That’s just it, I don’t know how your form would react if he bit you. You could get the curse yourself. No one else has ever reported being a Raptor Animagi so nothing is known about them,” said James.

"I thought the curse couldn't be transferred to Animagi," said James.

"It can be transferred to Primate Animagi," said James.

“Oh,” said Dray.

There was a small beeping noise and James looked at his watch. "I've got to run back up to the dorm, I'll see you later," said James jogging to the door.

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Reaching his dorm in record time James opened one of the compartments of his trunk and jumped in. The first thing he saw when he landed was a simmering cauldron surrounded by finely

prepared ingredients. James picked up a container with, what looked like, relish in it.

“Add diced dragon kidney and stir 7 times counterclockwise, let simmer until it turns navy blue and becomes as thick as cream,” James muttered to himself stirring the potion. He set the heat down to simmer and started putting his ingredients away. Finishing that he looked at the potion, it was light blue and about as thick as milk.

He walked over to a counter to the left of the table the potion was on and skimmed threw the page the book was opened to. “Let simmer for 10 hours,” he read to himself aloud. “That works,” said James shutting the book and making it disappear with a wave of his hand.

After he finished cleaning up his workstation he exited the trunk and locked it, so no one could mess with his potion. He walked over to his bed and picked up Jewel’s sleeping form and the schedule he’d gotten at breakfast the day before.

‘9:00- Divination.’ James read. He picked a copy of ‘Unfogging the Future’ from his bed side table and walked out of the dormitory, Jewel hissing curses at him the whole time.

I told you to be awake by the time I got back, said James wrapping Jewel around his arm. Jewel hissed something else at him before crawling into his robes and wrapping herself around his upper arm.

James dashed up the steps of the dungeons, hoping he wouldn’t be late for his first class of the day. You would think they would make the damn classroom more accessible, Jewel hissed, she wasn’t enjoying the rather bumpy ride.

Feel free to find your own way. Damn, what have you been eating? Deer? You’re heavy, said James.

Does that mean you think I’m fat? the snake hissed menacingly. Like every other female Jewel was very conscious of her appearance.

No, just heavy, said James. Jewel hissed at him again before loosening herself from his arm and slithering down to the ground. James never slowed his pace, if anything he ran faster.

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“Where’s Jewel?” asked Triss when he reached the Divination tower.

“She’s feeling fat, so she decided to get up on her own,” said James sitting down between Kat and Triss. Sadly Ron Weasley had decided to take the class as well and was glaring at them. “He just doesn’t give up does he?” James muttered to himself.

“Something you want to say Cage?” Weasley snarled.

“Just wondering who parented Gin, Fred, George, Bill and Charlie because I really don’t see how you guys are related. You, Percy, and your parents are all have sticks shoved so far up your ass it’s a wonder you can walk,” said James calmly.

“Better than being an orphaned bastard,” Weasley hissed.

James glared at him. “At least I don’t get my ass kicked by girls.” One of the newer rumors running around Hogwarts was how Susan Bones had beaten the shit out of Weasley for grabbing her ass.

Weasley snarled at him and moved in for the kill. He leapt at James, making the chair James was sitting in overturn. James used Weasleys weight against him and flipped him over his head, effectively slamming him into a wall.

Weasley slammed into the wall and fell to the ground with a sickening thud. A few seconds later he still hadn't done more than groan. "Is he alright?" came the worried voice of Parvati Patil.

“I don’t know. Someone go get Professor Snape and Evans,” said James kneeling over Weasley. He checked for a pulse and was shocked to find it was very weak. Jumping into Medic mode he dropped some of his mental walls and ran a scan. “Shit!”

“What happened Shadow?” asked Triss worriedly.

“He hit his head hard, he’s got a concussion and his neck is broken. I think a few vertebrae are messed up too,” said James.

“Can you fix it?” Kat asked frantically.

James nodded. “Triss, my energy is running low if I pass out take me to my dorm. Don’t let anyone mess with me,” said James seriously.

Triss nodded. Normally she wouldn’t let him deplete his energy like that but if he didn’t they both knew Weasley would die. Like he’d done with Evans two years before he placed both of his hands a few inches over Weasley’s crumpled form. His eyes slowly turned silver and an invisible wind swirled around he and Ron.

Slowly Ron’s form uncurled until he was laying flat. A small purple light formed over his temple and slowly moved across his body, healing as it went. Slowly Weasley became more aware and his eyes slowly opened.

He was shocked to see a pair of glowing silver eyes slightly above him and his magic reacted like anyone else’s would, it blasted James across the room. James hit a beam on the roof with a sickening crack, dropping to the ground, out like a light.

“Shit!” yelled Triss kneeling down next to James. His breathing was steady and his heart rate was normal but he had one hell of a bump on his head.

“What is going on here?” a voice demanded. Triss looked up and saw Evans and Snape climbing up the stairs to the tower.

“Cage attacked me, flipped me over and into the wall. Next thing I know he’s standing over me with the whole silver eye thing going on,” Weasley yelled, quick to cover his own ass.

“Don’t lie Weasley. You attacked him and he acted in self-defense. In fact had it not been for him you would be dead,” Kat yelled

slapping Weasley hard across the face. Most of the Gryffindors nodded in agreement, all having seen what transpired between he and James.

A lot of the Gryffindors had lost family in the war; The Weasleys were one of the handful of families that got away untouched. For Weasley to say something like that, even too a Slytherin, was very insulting and frowned upon. Add the fact that James had just saved Weasley's life and Weasley tried to get him in trouble anyway just made it all the worse.

"Ms. Granger, go to my office, Mr. Weasley, go to Professor Evan's office. Ms. Summers, no doubt Mr. Cage left directions with you. You have the rest of the day, and tomorrow if needed, to carry them out," said Snape.

Triss nodded and levitated James, Kat following slightly behind them. Evans followed soon after with Weasley and Snape tailing her. On the way too the dungeons Kat silently fumed while Triss thought of different ways to get back at 'The Weasel' as she officially named him.

Kat turned onto a different corridor that led to Snape's office and Triss continued on to the dorms. Triss didn't even bat an eyelash at the 2nd, 4th and 7th years staring at her as she walked down the corridor to James and Dray's room with the unconscious James floating behind her. On a normal occasion some of the 7th years might have made catcalls but Triss's pissed off demeanor made all of them steer clear of her.

Triss easily broke the wards James had placed on the door and walked in. With a small wave of her wand James was stripped down to his boxers and slipped into the bed. Opening a hidden compartment of James's bedside table Triss grabbed a small canary yellow bottle and eased it down James's throat.

The potion, known as the Energio potion, was a different form of the Pepper up potion. It would double, if not triple, the rate at which James recovered his energy. Waving her wand at herself, Triss changed into one of James's loose shirts and a pair of short running shorts and crawled in with James.

As of late Triss had been having trouble sleeping. The little sleep she did get was plagued with nightmares of white snake men and robes surrounding a cauldron with green flames. It was at times like these she was thankful for having her own rooms as almost every time she did make herself sleep she woke screaming. Out of desperation she had tried to use a dreamless sleep potion but that had only made it worse.

James sighed and wrapped both of his arms around Triss. Even in his sleep he could sense her distress and wanted to comfort her. Triss snuggled into the embrace, desperately needing the comfort James offered, even in his sleep. Slowly Triss drifted off to sleep, hoping that James's presence would protect her from her nightmares.

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Slowly Triss drift back into the land of the living. The first thing she noticed was the pair of arms wrapped around her. Looking up she saw James, a content look covering his face. 'I like his natural look better,' Triss thought to herself drowsily. Glancing at her watch she was surprised to find it was just after midnight.

Triss reached over and opened the curtain slightly. She was surprised to see the curtains to Dray's bed wide open with no Dray in sight. 'He's probably staying with Gin,' Triss thought. Triss pulled the curtains shut and cast a small ward on the curtain and drifted back to sleep.

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Slowly James drifted into consciousness. Looking down he was surprised to see Triss's mane of red hair. He started to loosen his grip on her but she whimpered and snuggled closer into him. James gave up on getting up rather quickly and glanced at the alarm. 4:23 a.m. shown in green letters.

'Screw getting up,' James thought wrapping his arms tightly around Triss and going back to sleep.

“Get out of my room and don’t ever make anymore assumptions about me or my friend,” James hissed. He wanted nothing more than to be able to rip his sad excuse for a father to pieces but held himself back. Snape didn’t move, just stared in shock. James walked past him in search of Triss, throwing a pair of jeans on as he went.

The first place he looked was her room and was not surprised to find her huddled up in a corner sobbing. “Triss? Hey, it’s alright,” said James sitting down next to her and pulling her into his lap. Triss latched onto him like a lifeline and buried her face in his shirt.

“Shhhh, it’s alright. No one’s going to hurt you while I’m around,” James whispered to her, rubbing gentle circles on her back. Triss didn’t let up on her tears, even with James holding her. She’d heard what Snape said and it only served to make her more upset than she already was.

Triss had thought that James might be mad and hit her, or do what her father use to do when he was angry with her. Triss shivered at the very thought, slowly she tried to calm herself down but panic hit her in waves and after a few minutes she couldn’t breath.

“Triss, it’s alright, concentrate on breathing. Calm down, you know I won’t hurt you or let anything happen to you,” James whispered. Just from her ragged breathing James could tell she as having a panic attack. James eased down the walls of her empathy talent just enough that she could feel the concern and will to protect coming from him.

Slowly Triss started taking deep breaths and stopped shivering. 10 minutes later Triss was totally calm and James brought her mental barriers back up. “I’m sorry,” she whispered to him.

“Nothing to be sorry about. If I should be mad at anyone it would be Snape. In fact I’m rather pissed off at Snape. He had no right to say any of the things he’d said. How do you feel about turning him into a big spider and leaving him in Weasley’s bed. Double pay back,” said James.

Triss giggled. "Sounds like fun," she said.

"Okay, we can do it tonight, just the two of us, like it use to be before the rest of the crew showed up," said James.

Triss grinned and together for the first time in over two years they planned out a prank, just between the two of them.

Review responses:

ZeonReborn: Who died rather violent deaths? Last I checked we were on the subject of brothers and cops trying to run me over. . .

Kata Malfoy: Thanks. Evans and Potter don't like Lupin because even after all of those years Remus still believed Sirius to be innocent. That kind of pissed them off. 'Please continue'? Did I give the impression that I was quitting?

Anna: Bite me dear friend and Spanish partner of mine. Please ignore Anna, she's a friend of mine, but I think her mom dropped her on her head one too many times.

Athenakitty: Yes, Sirius will be cleared, but not before he beats the piss out of Pettigrew. Potter and Evans aren't really on good terms with our favorite Werewolf because of the whole Sirius thing. I could have sworn I'd mentioned Fudge being half-dwarf before. Hmmm. . . (Sits down on big rock near a lake to think.)

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Wytil: Good luck. I find that if you just kind of let stories sit in your brain for a while it pretty much builds it's self, eliminating stupid stuff while it sits.

Lunawolf: I'm glad that my new chapter made you feel better. Did the Flu catch up with you? I thought I was going to die when I had it; it was pretty bad this season. This chapter measured up to be 9 pages long with out the reviews, quite a bit longer than the last. Hopefully I'll be able to keep them around this length.

Howling wolf1: I like Sev too much for Potter to disgrace his image. Knowing Potter he would do something stupid. Maybe I'll turn him into Mad Eye Moody. Was that three words or two? O'well, I'll check the books later, too tired now.

Ficfan: It should be interesting when Evans finally figures it out. At this time I'm not saying whether or not I'm curing Lupin, I might, but I might not.

Musicstarlover: Thanks. The whole Sirius thing just kind of popped into my head. If you think that is a twist just wait till you find out who the rapist was.

Virginia Madison: Thanks. I like original stories as well. I get kind of tired reading the same thing over and over again so I thought up something only slightly used. God Bless and Happy Valentines Day.

Gaul1: Thanks.

PantherGuide: Hmmm. . . Never thought of that. I might just try that. Thanks for the idea.

Chapter 27: The Full Moon, Going Home and Strange Dreams

The day passed quickly for James and Triss. They stayed relatively close to one another, not really talking with anyone else. James was still pissed off at Snape and had no intention of getting over it anytime soon.

Triss was still a bit upset and scared that the anger James carefully hid was directed at her. James assured her it had nothing to do with her and that gave her some comfort. With a bit of persuasion Jewel gave them the password to Gryffindor tower.

By dinner everything was set. James had talked, well, bribed one of the house elves into slipping a potion into Snape's food at dinner. The potion was one of James's special brews, time activated as well. At approximately 7 o'clock the potion would turn Snape into a spider and transport him to Ron Weasley's bed. The potion wouldn't release Snape until Weasley had busted him up just a little bit, but wouldn't let Weasley kill him.

Sadly, neither James nor Triss would be around to see the show, as they would be out with Lupin. Because they would miss the prank and wouldn't be there to take pictures, Triss hired a second year Gryffindor boy and his first year brother to hide in the third year boy's room and wait. The boys were curious as to what they were supposed to wait for but agreed when James let it slip that it had something to do with Snape.

"The sun goes down at 7:15. You ready to go?" asked James from his seat next to Triss. It was 5 minutes till 7 and James was anxious to get to the grounds.

"I'm ready," said Triss standing up from her place at the Slytherin table.

"Be careful guys," said Fred.

"Yeah, we've no intention of having to peel what's left of you from the ground," said George in disgust.

"I love you too," said Triss.

"Really? What do you say to a drink at 'The Three Broomsticks' this weekend?" asked George wiggling his eyebrows seductively.

"I would but I'd rather not have to peel what's left of YOU off the grounds. I may not have a protective older brother but James is just as bad," said Triss. George paled and ducked behind his twin, looking wearily at James.

James smirked at him. "No, I'm worse," he said adding onto Triss's comment. George paled even more, if that was possible. James grinned. "Come on, I know I'm not that scary."

"When you smirk like that you are. It's like dealing with Snape after a class of first years," said Fred shivering.

Triss shook her head, trying not to burst out laughing. "Come on James, we've got a Werewolf to baby-sit," she said grabbing him by the arm and pulling him out the door.

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'Well this should prove to be a rather eventful evening,' James thought to Triss, as they stood just inside the forest in their animal forms.

'If he's not in control I'm bolting,' said Triss.

'As if I would let you hang around,' said James with a snort. A giant cat paw shut him up. 'Okay I get the message, you can take care of yourself,' he said ducking another swat.

Triss growled at him before turning and resuming her watch on the castle doors. 'There he is, see him?' asked Triss motioning to a dark figure slowly making it's way across the lawn.

‘Yeah, the moon should rise in a few minutes so lets go catch up with him. It looks like he’s going to the Shrieking Shack,’ said James stealthily walking out of the underbrush. Triss followed just as silently.

Several minutes later they were crawling threw the tunnel to the Shrieking Shack. They both could already hear the screams accompanying the Werewolf transformation. Finally they reached the end of the tunnel and both jumped up through the trap door at the top. Sitting in the corner of the room was Lupin in his full Werewolf form.

The wolf stood, hackles raised, and growled at him. James rolled over on his back, exposing his belly, showing that he was a friend. Triss followed his example. Lupin rolled over as well, showing peace.

The wolf cautiously approached them and sniffed them. His eyes went wide when he recognized the scent. ‘Don’t look so surprised,’ James said in his mind, making Lupin jump again.

‘Your Animagi?’ Lupin asked still not quite believing his eyes.

‘What did you think?’ asked Triss sarcastically.

‘What are you doing here?’ Lupin asked switching over to Professor mode.

‘Making sure you had some kind of control potion under your belt. Don’t need someone kicking our best Defense teacher yet out because he mauled a student,’ said James.

Lupin looked somewhat hurt by the statement. ‘Don’t take it personally. Jamesie over there didn’t mean anything. As a matter of fact I think he was being sarcastic,’ said Triss. Lupin perked up a bit at the statement. ‘In all truth we’re here to do a bit of fieldwork. James has been doing research on Werewolves for a while now, trying to find a cure. So far he’s had minor success. He can cure Werewolves that are only a few days old and still recovering,’ said Triss.

Lupin looked stunned. ‘What about long termed Werewolves?’ he asked, voice full of hope.

Triss were sad to have missed it. Creevey had also told them that Weasley would be serving detention till Christmas break, at least.

“How’d it go last night?” asked Dray coming to sit with them.

“Better than expected. Have you seen Snape yet today?” asked James.

“No, but Kat’s on a war path. Almost everyone knows about the little prank in the Gryff dorm last night. I swear I could hear Snape yelling from the Dungeons. Do you know who pulled it?” Dray asked smirking knowingly.

James handed Dray the pictures. Seconds later Dray was doubled over in laughter; the particular picture he was looking at was when Snape had just changed back to human form and the look on Weasley’s face. “That’s too cool, just watch out for Kat, she threatened to castrate who ever did that to Snape,” said Dray chuckling.

“Speaking of castration, what’s Snape going to do to us? He’s got to have figured out who it was by now,” said Triss.

“I don’t know but I vote to lay low. I’ve no intention of getting castrated by Kat or murdered by Snape,” said James.

“Speak of the devil,” said Dray looking over at the great hall doors. Both Snape and Kat walked threw the door, right at the Slytherin table.

“We are soooooo dead,” said Triss standing up a bit from the table.

“Not yet. Escape route 5,” said James.

Triss wasted no time standing from the table and heading towards Professor Lupin, James a few feet behind her. “Hi Professor! Can James and I have a quick word with you in your office?” asked Triss. James locked eyes with Lupin and made a small motion to the two people walking towards them with Hell not too far behind.

"Of course, this way," said Lupin standing from his seat and walking towards a side door. James and Triss eagerly followed, not wanting to get jumped by Snape or Kat. Several minutes they arrived at Lupin's office, neither Snape nor Kat following.

"That was close," said Triss.

"Well, I'm just glad I didn't end up getting castrated," said James.

Triss rolled her eyes. "Well, did you too have something you wanted or are you just trying to hide from Snape?" asked Lupin with a hint of amusement.

"It's not funny! You didn't get threatened with castration!" said James sitting down in one of the chairs in front of Lupin's desk.

Lupin looked like he was trying hard not to laugh. "Well, who was threatening you and how did you get Snape so angry?"

"Well, after that little incident with The Weasel yesterday James passed out from over use of his healing powers. He gave me specific orders to take him back to his room so I did. I decided to stay with him because sometimes he starts to convulse when he's used too much of his energy. The next morning Snape came in to yell at James for some reason or another and found us in the same bed; I guess he thought we were up to something inappropriate," said Triss blushing just a little for cover. Actually she couldn't care less what anyone thought, she needed sleep and James made her feel safe.

James picked up where she left off. "Snape started yelling and spooked her for reasons I sure you could guess." Lupin nodded. "She took off like the devil himself was chasing her and Snape started throwing around accusations. Naturally, that didn't go over too well with me and he and I exchanged words. Eventually I left and tracked Triss down, I offered to plan a prank on Snape and Weasley for double pay back. I'm sure you've heard about what happened in the Gryff dorm already."

"Yes I did, but what does that have to do with you being castrated?" asked Lupin, still hiding his amusement.

"I still don't see how you to aren't a couple. You sleep in the same bed more often than not, flirt no stop and you cuddle," said Bill walking down the main hall stairs.

James gave him the Byrd. "I swear the next person who says something like that is going for a swim in the outdoor pool," said James rubbing his temples. Ever since that little screaming match with Snape the first few days of school everyone teased the two teenagers. Both James and Triss were quickly getting fed up.

"Okay, okay, no need to threaten us," said Dray sitting in a loveseat, Gin on his lap. The Twins, Bill and Charlie glared at the young Malfoy, and Gin glared back at them.

Mel snickered from the lazy boy she was draped across, Night snoozing in her lap. The only member of the crew that had decided not to come was Kat; she wanted to spend vacation with her new father. As of October 23 Snape had legally adopted her, she was now officially Katherine Hermione Snape. Kat had decided to drop her real last name and swap her first and middle names, as she wasn't really a part of that family anymore and didn't like her first name. It had come as a shock to most of the school but James and Triss weren't surprised.

As of yet only James, Triss and Mel knew about Sirius and his innocence but they intended to break the news to everyone present when they were all settled in. "Alright people, I need all of you to sit down and gather round. Triss, Mel and I have a few things that happened over summer break we would like to inform you about.

"As I'm sure you all know the infamous Sirius Black escaped from prison this past June. As I am also sure you know he was accused of killing Peter Pettigrew and 13 muggles in a rage, well that's not true. I know from personal experience that Pettigrew was a Death Eater; I blinded him in one eye when I was 5 years old after they killed my mom and dad.

"Now, you all have to promise not to fire and trust my judgment. Night, anytime your ready," said James motioning to the dog.

Night jumped out of Mel's lap and landed on the floor with a thump. Slowly the black wolf transformed into a healthy looking man. Everyone staid seated and didn't move a muscle; all of them knew James enough to trust his decision on Sirius. "Well, no one cursed me, that's surprising," said Sirius in a slightly rough voice.

Dray was the first to move. "Nice to see you well Uncle Sirius. I'd get up and hug you but I'm comfortable right where I am," he said smiling at him Godfather.

"Draco? Wow, last time I saw you, you were this high," said Sirius holding his hand two feet off the floor. In all the time he'd been around them he'd never figured that Dray was his Godson Draco. Drawing little attention to himself Sirius slipped back to his original seating plan with Mel, still not all that comfortable around other men.

"James, what proof do you have of his innocents?" asked Charlie. While Charlie trusted James' judgment he wanted to know if he had any solid proof.

"I've seen in side his mind, Pettigrew blew up the street and cut his finger off before fleeing the scene. Not too complicated and very effective, Sirius didn't even get a trial," said James sadly.

"Isn't that illegal?" asked Gin.

"Yeah, but you know Fudge. I really don't like dwarves. Their stubbornness rivals his," said Triss pointing to James. James gave her a raspberry. "It's true Shadow. The Elven people are supposed to be very agreeable but not you," said Triss.

"You're an elf?" asked Charlie.

"I could have sworn I told you guys that. Anyway, yes. I'm 5/8 elven, 1/4 pure blood wizard and 1/8 Sidhe. Very interesting combination," said James. Charlie nodded, not really surprised.

“Okay, now that it has been established that no one will be killing anyone I’m going swimming,” said Triss standing up.

“You do that. I’m going down to the lab; I’ve got work to do. Everyone, make yourself at home. If you need anything ask Dolly or Dot, I’m sure they will be happy to help,” said James disappearing down one of the corridors.

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“Damn!” said James ducking a bolt of electricity. “Okay, I won’t be using that stuff with a crystal again,” said James putting a vial of frog’s breath back on his storage shelf. In the last week he’d had absolutely no luck with the crystals. Most potions ingredients they were exposed to ended up exploding or the like.

Triss was getting annoyed that James only left the lab long enough to eat and sleep. Add that to the fact she was hardly sleeping at all and you've got a very dangerous mix. She had suggested that he take a break several times but each time he said no. Both of them were very frustrated, if for different reasons. That made an extremely dangerous situation for anyone with in 100 feet of James and Triss.

James moved to grab another potion bottle off the shelf but was interrupted by the door of his basement retreat. Triss was standing in the doorway hardly concealing her annoyed look. "Okay Shadow dear, you are coming up with me for some sunlight, now," said Triss from the doorway.

“No time, I want to get this done then I’m project free for your use,” said James distractedly.

“Do you even know what today is Shadow? It’s Christmas Eve; we’ve left you here alone all week. You need to come visit; it’s not healthy being down here all the time,” said Triss.

James looked at her, rather annoyed. "I want to get this finished."

“James, you still have no idea what you’re even looking for,” said Triss. James sighed in defeat.

"Alright, I'll come up for a few hours but that's it," said James setting the jar of toad livers back on the shelf.

"Excellent!" said Triss bounding back up the stairs. James followed closely behind, silently laughing at her antics. At the top of the stairs they were greeted by Bill and Charlie.

"It's about time you came up for air. I thought you'd died down there," said Charlie.

"Me too. Anyway, since it's Christmas Eve and all we thought we might have, well, party. Like last year," said Bill.

"So, let me get this straight. You want to chill and watch a movie, get piss drunk, and not remember any of it tomorrow," said James thoughtfully.

"More or less," said Charlie.

"Well, as long as you aren't too bitchy in the morning cause you have major hangovers. If you couldn't tell, most of the stuff I keep in storage is strong," said James walking towards the den.

(Later)

"Who the hell talked me into putting on 'The Beauty and the Beast'?" James demanded staring at the big screen T.V. in the middle of the room.

"That would have been Gin," said Triss pointing to the couple snogging in the corner. The four Weasley brothers threw a glare at Dray every once in a while but he was having too much fun to care.

"Well, since they're busy. . ." said James waving his hand at the T.V. The movie switched from 'The Beauty and the Beast' to 'Shrek'. "Much better," said James relaxing into the sofa, Triss lying on top of him.

Fifteen minutes into the movie everyone was rolling with laughter. The twins were lying on the floor trying to compose themselves. Bill and Charlie were in much the same state, except they had managed to stay on the couch.

Sirius and Mel had disappeared long before and hadn't been seen since, and Dray and Gin were still having a petting session in the corner. "James, I'm getting tired. Can I stay with you in your room tonight?" Triss asked.

James nodded, a bit too smashed to care. Triss stood from the sofa, pulling James with her and slowly, as to not trip over their own feet, walked up the stairs to James' room. With a small wave of James's hand both were dressed for bed. Triss crawled onto the large mattress first, pulling James with her. James, being a bit tipsy, tripped and landed on top of her.

"Oops-" but James was cut off by Triss. He'd hardly had time to register the fact that Triss was kissing him before he'd found himself lying flat on his back with Triss straddling him. "What are-" again Triss cut him off.

"Please don't fight me on this James. I want this. I want you, as my first," said Triss again kissing him. James struggled at first, his mind fuzzy and unwilling, but he eventually broke down and started kissing back.

As to prevent intruders, James cast a small locking and warding charm on the door. Before James had realized he was shirtless, Triss running her hand anywhere she could find flesh. James groaned as she more sensitive and harder areas.

Triss laughed. "Like that do ya," she said grinding her hips into his. James groaned again. Triss went on licking, biting and sucking what ever she could get her mouth on. Suddenly, as things started getting hot and heavy everything started to fade.

"James!" a voice called. Things started to dim faster. "James, wake up!" suddenly James eyes snapped open and he came face to face

with a jar of shaved basilisk bladder. James jumped and fell back out of his chair.

“Shit!” yelled James as he hit the ground. A masculine voice chuckled. James looked up to see Bill leaning over him.

“Sorry about that. You really shouldn’t fall asleep in the lap though, no telling what could happen if you happened to knock something. Anyway, Triss told me to come get you. A bunch of your Professors are here, along with a few other people, including the rest of my family,” said Bill.

James looked at his watch, the date was Dec. 24, Christmas Eve. “What did you guys do about Sirius?” asked James standing up from the floor and changing into formal robes with a wave of his hand.

“He’s up in the privet wing you set up, with Mel. Everyone thinks she’s got the flu and they are to stay far away from her,” said Bill.

“Right then, I suppose we best get a move on then,” said James in a fake old English voice. Bill laughed and the two walked up the stairs, James having completely forgotten about his dream, for now at least.

(A/N: Okay, I get it, no one liked the last chapter. It was too late to change this one so bare with me, but it does start off the whole James/ Triss thing you guys wanted. For the record, screw beta readers! The last chap and part of this one was my beta’s idea. If you didn’t like it, well, neither did I so, again, just bare with me. On another note, I’m taking a temporary break from the story. It’s the last half of the year and my grades are falling, not to mention the last part of FCAT is in a few weeks, March 1-10. I should have an update by then, if not earlier. If I don’t have one up by April 6, spring break for me, e-mail and bitch me out.)

Review responses:

Athenakitty: More or less. You get a little more info about the prank and what not in this chapter.

Lunawolf: Glad that makes you happy. I decided to give Snape his bastard edge back after a little skirmish with him in my mind. (See my bio for more information) He wasn't too happy with me so I reverted his image a little.

Musicstarlover: Thanks, I try. The rapist will be someone you don't really suspect so keep your eyes open.

Insanechildfanfic: Snape, a parental figure? Ha! Well, Snape will be sort of parental but not very much. As far as I'm concerned James is an adult of sorts, what's the point of Snape trying to parent someone who acts like an adult? He'd have more luck trying to control Dumbledore.

Lee: Well, that's my moral booster for the day. I don't really think chapter 26 was very good, but that's what I get for letting one of my beta readers influence the chapter topic. I planned to just hop and skip right over 3rd year but no, 'you need to make it just as long as the others'. That's the last time I listen to her.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. I think I'm going to do a combo prank but I'm not sure when. I might do it next chapter, but I'm not sure.

Gaul1: What ruined potion? I don't remember adding in a ruined potion. . . If I did I honestly don't remember. O'well, this is what a lack of sleep does to you.

Chapter 28: Of Loons and Dementors

"It's about damn time Shadow," said Triss upon seeing Bill and James.

"Your language Ms. Summers," said Lily Evans from one of the many chairs in the den, Sara and Holly sitting on her lap.

'How many people did you invite over?' James asked.

'The rest of the crew and their families, and a few Professors, including my grandfather,' said Triss. James raised his eyebrows. 'He's starting to become a pain in the ass. I figured if I let him come and 'investigate' my living conditions he'd leave me alone. Oh, Libby and Tonks are here as well,' Triss added as an after thought.

'Okay, I guess that's fine,' James thought, ending the connection.

"Jimmy!" yelled an excited voice. James was nearly knocked down by a mass of moving honey curls.

"It's good to see you too Kat," said James as Kat slowly crushed him with her hug.

"I think he needs to breath Kat," came Snape's familiar drawl. Kat let go and took a step back.

"Sorry," she said grinning sheepishly.

"Not harm done, I think," said James prodding his ribs. "Nope, all is well."

Before Kat had time to scold James for his sarcasm he was bombarded with two hyper little girls. "James!" Sara and Holly yelled crashing into James' legs.

"Hello there! Now when was the last time I saw you two? Easter? Wow, you've grown," said James picking up his half-sisters. "Are you looking forward to your birthdays?"

"Yes!" the two little girls yelled in slightly mispronounced English.

"Careful with those two Mr. Cage," said Evans from the sofa.

"You drop them you die," Potter said, glaring at him. James grinned. James continued talking with the twins for a few more minutes before another voice drew his attention.

"Use seem rather good with children squirt. When do you plan on making me a second cousin?" said Tonks' cheerful voice.

"Not for another 10 years at the least Dora," said James.

"What about you Tigress?" Tonks asked.

"I like kids just about as much as like dwarves Tonks, what do you think?" asked Triss sarcastically.

"So I don't get to spoil any little munchkins for another 10 years?" asked Libby settling down in a chair near the one James, Triss and the twins were sitting in.

"You are still young enough to have children of your own Aunt Lib," said James passing the twins off to their mother.

"It's not the same. You actually have to raise them whereas if they're not yours you can just hand them back to their parents when you're tired of them," said Libby.

"That's cruel Lib. Plus little babies are sooo cute!" said Tonks.

"Okay, enough of the baby talk. Obviously no one here is planning on having one anytime soon so lets drop it!" said Triss. She wasn't kidding when she said she didn't care for kids.

"Did I miss something?" came an old voice from the hallway. A crimson robed Albus Dumbledore entered the room.

“Not a thing Albus,” said Potter.

“Well, now that everyone seems to have arrived we can start the feast now or we can wait,” said James. Minority chose to eat then.

‘Why do I get the feeling this is going to be a disaster?’ asked Triss looking over at the looks the Weasleys were giving the Malfoys. By then the large group had entered the dining room. Like the rest of the house it was very elegant, decorated with glass dolphins, whales and other sea creatures.

‘Probably because it will be,’ said James. ‘Well you’re the hostess, go mingle.’ James started to go sit next to Tonks at the high end of the table but was intercepted by none other than Albus Dumbledore.

Before James had a chance to do anything he was nudged into a seat in between Potter and Dumbledore. ‘Triss, help!’ James yelled.

‘A bit busy Shadow. I don’t think they’ll maul you, just go with the flow,’ said Triss. James looked up and was that Triss was trapped between Minerva McGonagall and Evans.

“So how has your holiday been thus far Mr. Cage?” asked Dumbledore.

“Fine, just finished the last of my homework,” said James.

“I wasn’t aware any work was assigned,” said Potter.

“Extra credit for Professor Lupin,” said James.

“What on?” asked Dumbledore.

James wanted to roll his eyes. ‘Why did Triss invite Dumbledore of all people?’ he thought to himself. “The Patronus charm,” said James.

“The Patronus? Isn’t that a little advanced for someone your age?” asked Potter.

"Are you not able to cast it Professor?" asked James turning Potters question. Potter turned a little red.

"No, I can't Mr. Cage, but I'm sure you can't either," said Potter, just barely hiding his anger.

James raised an eyebrow. "Don't judge only by what you see Professor," was James only comment.

Half an hour later dinner was over. It had been a rather tense affair and everyone was on edge. Triss slipped from her seat unnoticed and appeared behind James. "Just count this as pay back Shadow," said Triss emptying a glass of water on his head.

James sputtered and glared at Triss. Triss looked like the Cheshire cat until she saw James wolfish grin. She squeaked and broke into a run. "Excuse me, I'll be right back," said James running after Triss. James finally caught up with her in the west wing of the manor. James easily picked up Triss' small form and threw her over his shoulder.

Triss tried to get him to let go but was laughing to hard to make a coherent sentence. Everyone stared as James walked past the dinning room hall with Triss hanging over his shoulder giggling. Dray, Kat and the Twins didn't hesitate to follow the two but it took some nudging from Bill and Charlie to get the rest of them to budge.

The large group followed Dray, Kat and the Twins, all who seemed to know exactly where they were going. They arrived at a large pool house in time to see James drop Triss into the pool and get pulled with her. When the two surfaced James whipped the hair out of his face, exposing his scar, and glared at Triss. "Of course you know, this means war!"

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That was how Christmas break went. James and Triss continually played pranks on each other, one of their guests often getting caught in the crossfire. When the Twins got involved things really got wild. Looking back it was a wonder they didn't blow up the manor.

The Potters, Weasleys, Malfoys, Snape, Dumbledore, and McGonagall all believed both James and Triss to be totally and completely bonkers. Triss' response was 'We do not suffer from insanity, we enjoy every minute of it.' James was sure none of them would look at either of them the same way again.

Both James and Triss continued to have dreams, Triss's haunted with men in white masks and with snake like faces. James kept having dreams of he and Triss doing rather inappropriate things in a variety of places. Triss had opted to sleep with James, using the current snowstorms as an excuse. James quickly grew tired of having to hide his morning 'happiness' from Triss.

Once or twice Triss had caught him but wrote it off as normal male hormones. Gin had said Dray often did the same, something about all males being happy when they wake up. Slowly but surly the dreams stopped and Triss was finally able to sleep.

One storm night during a snowstorm, however, the dreams decided to return. James had been soundly sleeping when he felt Triss shift a little in his arms. He waved his hand and one of the lights in the room turned on. Sitting up slightly he gave Triss a quick look over. Her brow was covered in sweat and she was shivering slightly.

"Triss?" asked James shaking her a bit. She didn't even stir. James, slightly worried, sat up fully, bringing Triss into his lap. "Triss!" said James shaking her a bit, she still didn't stir. James placed a hand on her forehead, she was burning up. James cast a wandless cooling charm on her.

Pulling Triss fully into his lap and leaning her head against his chest James placed one hand on either side of her temple. Suddenly everything around him started to fade and a small room appeared. In the center was a large growling werewolf, ready to pounce on Sara and Holly who were curled up together in a corner. Potter was laying spread eagle on the floor, his head bleeding, while Evans cradled his head looking desperately at her two daughters.

Looking behind the wolf James saw Triss sobbing over a bloody mess on the floor. "No!" Triss cried to her self, gripping the bloodied shirt of the figure. James didn't have to look to tell the person was dead; their throat had been ripped out and had bled all over the floor.

'Who is that?' James thought to himself stepping forward. His mouth dropped as he recognized the bloodied figure, it was him, in his natural form. His long black hair was a bloody mess and his clothes were covered in blood. His exotic green eyes were staring lifelessly forward. "Triss?" asked James placing a hand on her shoulder.

Triss's sobbing figure stiffened and slowly she turned to meet James's eyes. As suddenly as it had appeared the room started to fade. James shook himself a little, clearing his mind of the images from Triss's dream.

"James?" a small voice sounded. James looked down into Triss's tear filled eyes.

"Hey, it's alright," said James pulling Triss into a hug. She lost it and started sobbing into his chest. "Shhh..." said James lightly rubbing her back. While Triss sobbed into his chest James's mind was on the dream. 'What in the world was that about? I know she's been having nightmares for a long time but I always thought they were about-' James stopped his train of thought right there.

Slowly Triss's sobbing slowed and her breathing evened out. James laid her back on the bed and placed a hand on her forehead, she still had a high fever. Reaching over to the table next to the bed James hit a space on the top and a secret compartment opened. James grabbed a small pink bottle. James lifted Triss' head a little and eased the potion down her throat.

Her fever went down a little but she was still rather warm and sweaty. Slipping out of the bed James threw on a pair of jeans and pulled the blanket back up around Triss. Waving his hand he cast a temperature charm on the blanket to keep her from getting too warm or too cold. Slowly James walked out to the den to think about what he'd just seen.

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“Okay team! You know the drill! Everyone stick to your positions, help where you can. Ready! Break!” yelled Montague, the Slytherin Captain.

“Well, that’s not something I’m used to,” said James slinging his broom over his shoulder.

“What do you expect now that Flint is gone?” asked Triss from his right.

“Yeah, did you think he was going to threaten us if we lost?” asked Dray from his left.

“Just still used to having Flint around,” said James.

“Anyway, I still think you were smart to drop Divination. All the professor does is predict people’s deaths and the like. It’s worthless,” said Dray changing the subject.

“I didn’t drop it cause of the teacher. I dropped it because Weasley was in there. It’s enough to keep him from killing everyone during potions, I’ve no intention of having to deal with him else where,” said James.

“That’s cold,” said Triss.

“You can’t stand him either Tigress,” said James.

“Only because he tried to get you in trouble after you saved his weasel ass,” said Triss.

“Hey! Don’t make fun of his last name, sadly it’s mine too,” said Gin.

“Sorry Gin,” said Triss.

The loud voice of none other than Lee Jordan echoed through the locker room. “Well, that’s our cue,” said James grabbing his broom.

“Let’s go kick some Hufflepuff ass!” said Gin grabbing her broom.

“Here, here!” said James, Dray and Triss hitting their brooms together with Gin’s. The quartet all walked out to the field where they were met with the Hufflepuff team. Cedric Diggory, the Hufflepuff captain and seeker, shook hands with Montague at the request of Potter, the acting referee.

Potter blew his whistle and both teams lift from the ground, the Hufflepuff team gaining control of the ball. James flew up until he was about 100 feet from the ground and leveled off. Looking at the near black sky he could tell a bad storm was coming. ‘This should be very interesting,’ James thought to himself.

Several minutes later the clouds opened up and with in minutes everyone was soaked. ‘Hey James! Ya think you could give us a little help down here!’ Triss’s voice yelled in his head.

‘Sorry, can stop natural rainstorms. I’m stopping any lighting from hitting any of the players as it is,’ James responded.

A half an hour later even James was loosing his patients. The score was 40-60 Slytherin and he still hadn’t seen the snitch. It was starting to get very cold but James couldn’t figure out why, he knew it wasn’t the rain. Suddenly James saw why.

A group of 15 or 20 Dementors were gathered together on the pitch grounds. Looking around James saw several people swaying on their brooms. James picked Triss out of the group of airborne student’s and saw that she was shaking. Her eyes connected with James’s momentarily before they rolled up into her head and she fell.

James stared in horror. He was to far away to catch her so he did the next thing that came to mind. Pulling his wand from his sleeve he cast a strong suspending spell. It wouldn’t be enough to stop her but it would slow her down significantly. Triss’s body slowed and she hit the ground with an inaudible thump.

All around him James could see people falling from their brooms. James cast multiple spells to break their falls. Using his elemental abilities James used the lightning in attempt to scare the Dementors, it worked, the Dementors fled.

While James made sure no one else was going to fall from their brooms he failed to notice the single Dementor making it's way towards Triss. A loud scream from the people in the stands alerted James of its presents.

The Dementor lowered its self to the ground and picked up Triss's limp and shivering form. James wasted no time in launching himself toward the Dementor. James was nearly there when the Dementor started to lower its head to Triss's face.

"NO! EXPECTO PATRONUM!" yelled James pointing his wand at the Dementor. The silvery form of a large panther burst from his wand and launched it's self at the Dementor. James couldn't tell if the Dementor was touching Triss's face or not, he just prayed he wasn't too late.

The panther jumped on the Dementor, clawing and hissing at it. The Dementor let out an inhuman squeal and dropped Triss to the ground. Ignoring the Dementor that was being clawed to pieces by his Patronus James jumped off of his broom in mid-flight and ran to Triss.

He slid through the mud, landing on his knees next to Triss's still form. With out thought James scooped her up from the ground. He body was cold and limp, her face paler than death. By this time many teachers and students were making their way to James and Triss.

Dumbledore had a look of slight fear on his face, followed closely by anger at the fact that he'd let the Dementors into the school and that he wasn't the one protecting his Granddaughter. Potter was not far behind holding a crying Holly with a stunned look on his face. Evans held her husbands hand, holding a crying Sara in her other arm, as he walked to where James was kneeling with Triss laying in his lap.

James didn't see or hear any of this. His concentration was centered on the girl lying cold in his arms. ^Triss? Triss please wake up!^ said James in elven. Triss didn't respond. James now had tears pooling down his cheeks, mixing in with the heavy rainwater.

"Triss? Please wake up!" said James shaking her slightly. She still didn't stir. The group of people was now forming a large circle around the couple. Dumbledore looked sadly at his Granddaughter and the young boy holding her. The lack of response was too much for James and he broke down sobbing in Triss's hair.

"No, please no. You can be gone. Please," James cried into her neck. The surrounding people looked on in shock. Never before had anyone, including the other members of the crew, seen James cry. Even Dragon had only ever seen him tear up the one time the night his parents were killed. Now he sat on the ground in the middle of a rainstorm crying over his best friend, who, to all appearance had just suffered a fate worse than death it's self.

(A/N: Okay, I know this took a long time to come out. As of right now I'm doing revisions. When I'm done most spelling errors will be fixed and the different fonts should show. It shouldn't take me to long, a week or two to get it all fixed and loaded, I may make some story line changes (Chapter 26 mostly), but I'm not sure. If I do I'll let you know. If anyone spots anymore spelling errors let me know and I'll fix it best I can. Sorry to all of you who got frustrated with my spelling and Grammatical errors.)

Chapter 28 Review responses:

Gaul1: Thank you.

Athenakitty: Well, Kat's mad about the prank but she's one of the only people.

Lunawolf: The dream is what I call a 'Look into a male adolescent mind'. I have a lot of guy friends and I get detailed stories of their dreams and so on, must of which I really didn't need to know. With having guy friends comes the knowledge of how to scare them, castration is in the lead. One of the other things is biting them; only

problem is they bite back. No, Snape isn't abandoning James; they're just not getting along at the moment.

Wytil: Until now the story hasn't really messed with my grades but because the finals and what not are coming up I've got more homework. Add that to the fact I have to get a good grade in Spanish, which is currently a C, and I've got no time. The only real homework free time I have is on the weekends, which I use to sleep. If I'm not asleep I'm doing stuff for my parents or being physically dragged out with my friends. Hopefully everything will calm down after the FCAT.

I-hate-cliffies: Ooookay. . .

Musicstarlover: Thank you. Yes, James and Triss will get together but not yet. As I've been saying, you'll see why soon.

SS2 Megami-sama: *Smirks* No offense taken. Lol!

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. Yes, James has got something for Triss but they won't get together for a while yet, you'll see why soon.

TheAlphieParadox: I should start updating faster soon because school and the like is winding down. I can't wait for this summer!

Star Eyed Unicorn: Thanks. Yes, Remus is going to play a good role in this story. As some have already figured out he's going to become rather close with (Harry) James's crew. I'm still not sure if I'm going to cure him yet, but we shall see.

ERMonkey, Queen of Insani: Well, that's what one gets for having close guy friends. This was another part that was my late beta reader's idea, but o'well. Most people seemed to have enjoyed or ignored it so I'll just leave it at that.

Anna: Once again. Bite me. Why don't you reread the chapter and use your brain? It was a dream.

Phoenix catcher: Thanks, glad you like it. I actually spent several months thinking up the characters and story line, not to mention how many different versions of this story I started before finally settling on one of them. I think I'd been thinking up the story for more than a year before I started writing. (Wow! I surprise even myself.)

Quicksilverwitch: Sevvv is still in James's good books, just not as well as before. What secret? I don't remember anything about a secret. And no, nether James nor Triss is going to smack anyone around, yet.

Abby: Not to be rude or anything but, bite me. Each of these chapters I come up with in a matter of hours, more than I can say for a lot of people. Yes, I've noticed that I have a tendency to use the wrong version of a word, but I'm not used to typing on a computer yet. I have about 6 binders full to the brim of hand written works, all of which are limited to spelling errors and little else. I intend to go back and fix the mistakes when I have time, which I don't have now. In fact I remember stating such in an A/N as well as several review responses. As for my language skills, they work for me thank you very much. And by the way, to me this is a hobby, not a job.

PrinceHarry: Thank you Lee. Nice to know I'm loved.

Dark Artist: Thank You! My first real bit of constructive criticism! Okay, the only excuse I have for the first Chapter is that it's the first real thing that I've written. I re-wrote the first chapter about 6 or 7 times, going from James being a 'super child' type, to him having autism. The only thing I really didn't want to change was the name. I know the chapters get sappy or wrong in some places, but that's what I get for using a hormonal teenager as my beta. (I fired her.) Yeah, I know I've got no subtlety but that I just can't help. Dragon isn't really a tool so to speak, he plays a bigger roll than anyone sees. For the James being 5 part, he is five but he's not. You'll see what I mean later. Giving you a little spoiler, James didn't really understand what was going on, but pretended he did and came to understand what was happening over time with a little help. I'll get into why he was the way he was at that age during 4th, and some of 5th year. Don't worry about the comments; I was starting to think I was the only one that did constructive criticism. As for quitting, I promised to many people I'd finish to quit now. Hopefully my next story will be better.

Crazy-lil-nae-nae: Thanks.

Chapter 29: Of Waking and Werewolves

For several minutes James cried into Triss's hair. Several people looked on with pity. Gin, Dray, Fred, George, Mel, Kat, and Night all stood next to each other with sullen looks. None dared to go near James in this state, they didn't know what he would do.

James just cradled his friend. He didn't know what he was going to do. First his mother abandoned him, his adoptive parents were murdered, his father cared more for a girl he'd hardly known than for his own flesh and blood and now he was about to lose his best and closest friend. A small voice in the back of his mind drew his attention. 'James? It's so dark. I'm scared,' the voice said. James knew it had to belong to Triss.

'Triss, where are you?' James asked frantically.

'I don't know. It's so dark. Please help me,' she begged.

'I will,' said James. He knew where she was and how to get her back now. "Accio Dementor!" James yelled pointing his wand in the direction the Dementor had run. Seconds later a great dark figure could be seen flying through the air towards him. James laid Triss carefully on the ground and turned towards the Dementor. ~By my right as an Elf I demand you return my Elf bonded's soul,~ James hissed.

~An Elf? Yes, you smell of the royal bloodline,~ the Dementor hissed. Slowly it knelt and picked Triss up from the ground. Surrounding people watched as the Dementor glowed a faint red, pulsed once and then lay Triss back on the ground.

It returned to where James stood. ~May luck be with you my Prince,~ the Dementor hissed. It bowed low and floated away, surrounding students and teachers parting as it swept through.

James had picked Triss from the ground again in a flash. He didn't notice everyone staring at him in shock. He didn't even spare a look as he raced off to the hospital wing and Poppy's care.

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James kicked the door of the hospital wing open and set Triss down in the nearest bed. Poppy rushed in shortly after. "Oh! The poor dear! James I need you to get these wet clothes off of her, and put her in something warm," said Poppy gathering several potions from her stores.

James waved his hand and Triss's wet Quidditch uniform was replaced by one of his own long t-shirts. James waved his hand again and her hair was also dry. Poppy returned with several potions bottles and started easing them down Triss's throat one by one. When she had finished she turned her attention to James.

"Oh look at you! Get out of those wet clothes right now before you catch cold!" she yelled. James waved his hand and he was dressed in long PJ bottoms and a plain black cotton shirt. "Here, drink this," she said handing him a potion bottle.

"I can't Poppy. I'm under the influence of a rather strong shielding potion and my stores are completely dead. I'm defenseless as a muggle at the moment," said James.

"Well you better get straight into that bed young man!" said Poppy.

James laughed to himself and crawled into the small hospital bed with Triss. "Poppy, if you could?" he asked gesturing to the small size of the bed. Poppy rolled her eyes and enlarged the bed. "Thank you," he said.

James pulled Triss into his chest and wrapped his arm around her. The storm outside was still raging and he didn't want Triss to wake and be more afraid than she probably already was. Very slowly James drifted into a deep slumber.

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When James woke much later he felt horrible. He knew he was sick, but he didn't care. He looked down at the thing that had woken him up. Triss had latched onto the front of his shirt and was shaking with

tears rolling down her cheeks. "Triss?" asked James nudging her a bit.

Triss eyes flew open and looked panicked for a second before focusing on James's eyes. She didn't hesitate to launch her self on him, crying harder than ever. "Hey, it's alright Tigress, shhh," said James rubbing her back lightly.

"It was so cold. I was scared, and He was there, he was going to hurt me again," Triss sobbed. James didn't need to ask who he was.

"Hey, it's alright, I promised I'd never let him near you again, and I haven't. I'm not about to break that promise now," said James.

"Well, you cut it damn close this time Shadow," said Triss making an effort to calm herself down. Slowly but surly her breathing evened out but she was still awake. "What happened after I fell Shadow?" Triss asked.

"I cast a suspending charm to slow you down, and everyone started dropping like flies. I used a bit of lightning and got rid of most of the Dementors. I never saw the one going towards you. It kissed you. I thought you were gone for sure but I remembered the Elven code of bonds. The Dementor had to return your soul," said James.

"Looks like I owe you one again Shadow," said Triss laying her head on his chest.

James started to respond but was cut off by an annoyingly familiar voice. "I do believe I owe we as well Mr. Cage, for my granddaughter's life and that of my students," said Dumbledore.

"Get out!" said Triss not even looking at the old man.

"Tri-"

"I said get out! I don't have the energy nor patience to deal with you at the moment. And, personally, you, trying to convince me to return to my sad excuse for a father, is not what I need at the moment!" yelled Triss.

Dumbledore started to say something but was stopped by a PJ clad Poppy. "Albus! I told you to leave them alone! Get out of my hospital wing and stop disturbing me patents!" Poppy yelled. The old man looked shocked but left the wing.

"Thanks Poppy," said James.

"No trouble at all James. That man infuriates me! Doesn't listen when I tell him to leave my resting patents alone. Speaking of that, how do you feel dear?" Poppy asked motioning to Triss.

"So far so good, a little cold and shaken but alive," said Triss.

"How about you James? You look a little flushed," said Poppy.

"Well enough, not much can be done even if I am sick," said James.

"Why?" asked Triss.

"I used a potion to stop any flying potion parts from killing me," said James. Triss knew he was talking about the crystals, but she didn't comment.

"Oh, before I forget, a certain snake came looking for you. No doubt she'll be back in the morning," said Poppy.

"Okay, I starting to wonder what happened to Jewel. She's hardly around anymore," said James.

"Nothing to worry about I'm sure," said Poppy. James nodded. Soon enough Poppy returned to her room and James curled up with Triss again.

"You sure your alright?" asked James pulling Triss to him.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Who one the game?" Triss asked.

"Good question," said James. He'd totally forgotten about the game. Unless Cedric had caught the snitch while he was busy with the

Dementors then the game had been postponed. "I'll ask the twins what happened after we left when I see them next," said James.

"Why not ask now?" asked a voice from the shadows.

"Fred? What the hell are you doing here?" James asked as the twins stepped out of the shadows.

"What? Too busy to let us know you're okay? Everyone's been worried sick about you guys, especially after Dumbledore got booted out. Kat has been having kittens, everyone totally tripped when you summoned that Dementor back to you and started hissing at it. What was with that anyway?" asked Fred

"Parseltongue is a universal language of the undead. Vampires and Dementors are one of the few that can speak it. The Dementor had given Triss the kiss and I made him give her soul back," said James shrugging.

"Well, don't do that again because word in the tower is that you're the next Voldemort," said George. Fred nodded.

"They think you're his lost great-grandson or something like that," said Fred.

James couldn't help it, he laughed. "Me? Ha! Ol' Voldy probably wants nothing more than to disembowel me. Related to him? That's a laugh," said James chuckling.

"I think he's cracked," said George.

"The stress must have gotten to him," said Fred.

"For once I agree," said Triss looking at James with a raised eyebrow.

"You guys suck. Take away all my fun," said James sulkily. Triss stuck her tongue out at him. James grinned and flipped, effectively pinning Triss. Triss squeaked and James tickled her sides. Triss

tried to wiggle out from underneath him but was unsuccessful as he tickled her mercilessly.

“Hey look Fred, dinner and a show,” said George grabbing a chocolate frog from a nearby table, eyes focused on Triss and James.

James flipped again, putting Triss on top of him. “Perv,” said Triss from her spot. George laughed.

“Okay, is there any other reason you’re here?” asked James. He was starting to get very uncomfortable.

“No, we’ll leave you to your activities,” said Fred winking. James threw a pillow at them but missed. James could hear their laughing as they ran out the door and down the hall.

Triss rolled off James and back onto the bed. “I don’t know about you but I’m dead tired,” she said yawning. James nodded and Triss curled up next to him, dropping into a deep sleep almost immediately.

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The next morning James and Triss were woken by yelling from the hallway. “I’ll be right beck,” said James groggily standing up. Running a hand through his hair James walked out the main door, not even bothering to put a shirt on. “Some people are trying to sleep,” said James.

A red-faced Cornelius Fudge turned to face James, along with Dumbledore, Potter, and Snape. Fudge paled. “Salutations minister. I’d hoped I wouldn’t have to deal with you at 7 in the morning,” said James looking at his watch.

“Mr. Cage,” said Fudge pathetically.

“You know I could have sworn I told you to keep your soul suckers out of the school. You obviously didn’t listen Fudge, so I leave you with a few choices. Choice 1, you remove the Dementors from the school grounds. Choice 2, you let me give them their orders, going with the fact that I could communicate with them better than you.

Choice 3, you post them further from the school, nearer to Hogsmead, and then you have to deal with the people there,” said James.

Fudge thought for a second. After a minute or two he made his decision. “Choice 3,” said the minister.

“See that it is taken care of now.” The minister looked relieved. “Now, if no one minds I’ve got a warm bed with a pretty girl waiting for me,” said James disappearing back into the hospital wing. All surrounding people looked shocked. No one had ever seen someone control the minister like James just had with out getting sent to Azkaban for black mail.

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“Where the hell happened to you two?” was the general question James and Triss got when they dragged themselves down to lunch. Neither really wanted to leave the hospital wing but Poppy had insisted that they go rejoin the school. James and Triss wasted no time in planting themselves in the middle of their rather large group of friends.

Upon seeing the two Kat, Gin and Mel squeaked and launched themselves on Triss, asking multiple questions. While the girls were distracted Fred, George and Dray all started whispering to James. “The Minister is here, up at the high table. He’s been causing trouble all morning,” said Fred.

“Kinda pathetic, running around a school trying to cause a ruckus,” said George.

“Anyone interested in pulling something on him?” Dray asked.

James subtly glanced at the Minister. “Watch and learn,” said James, waving his hand slightly. A large rain cloud formed over the minister and started raining. The Minister jumped up and sputtered as rain poured into his eyes. Suddenly, in addition to the rain, the Minister started changing colors. James counted 7 different colors before it started over again.

“How did you do that?” asked Fred as the hall broke into laughter.

“I didn’t. Look at the leg of the table closest to the Minister,” said James.

The boys did as they were told and spotted a very self-satisfied looking Jewel. “Did I ever tell you your snake kicks ass?” asked Dray.

“No, but I’ll make sure to tell here you think so,” said James.

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The rest of the month went off with out a hitch. The Hufflepuff vs. Slytherin game was replayed, and Slytherin, of course, won. The Minister didn’t cause any more trouble and followed James’s wishes to have the Dementors sent further from the school. However, with the ending of school came the end of the year exams.

James, being the nice person he was, was tutoring Neville on potions and transfiguration. Kat was tutoring him in charms, her best subject. After a rather disastrous potions tutorial James was ready to give up on the clumsy boy. “I swear, the kid needs a backbone, it would help him greatly,” said Kat as she and James walked down an empty corridor.

“Yeah, but there isn’t much that can be done,” said James. “Come on, it’s almost time for dinner then we have our stuff to do tonight. I really think I got the cure this time,” said James.

“Alright,” said Kat taking a deep breath and following James into a secret corridor. 10 minutes later they were walking into the Great hall, heading for the Slytherin table. James sat and took a glance at the head table. To his surprise Evans, Potter, Lupin and Snape weren’t there. Lupin was no surprise as it was a full moon, but Potter, Evans, and Snape could be a problem.

“Hey Mel, where is Night?” James asked, a heavy weight growing in the pit of his stomach.

“I don’t know. Why?” asked Mel.

"I think we have a problem," said James. This was confirmed by Snape running into the hall like the devil himself was after him. Snape ran up to Dumbledore and started whispering furiously in his ear. A grave look crossed Dumbledore's face and he stood up.

"Prefects, please lead your students to your house dormitories. Do not leave until one of the professors calls for you," said Dumbledore.

"Shit," whispered James. 'Guys, duck into the passage by the hall doors. We have big problems,' James thought. Each member of the crew nodded discreetly at him.

5 minutes later the group was gathered in a small anti-chamber near the doors of the school. "What's going on Shadow?" asked Triss.

"Something happened. I'm not sure what but it's bad and I think it had something to do with Remus or Sirius, if not both," said James.

"What do you want us to do?" asked Mel.

"All of us that are Animagi are going to go down to the shack. The rest of you are going to hang out here until I call for you," said James. Fred, George, and Gin all made to protest but were silenced by a look from James. "The rest of you, if I say pull out, you pull out," said James. Dray, Kat, Triss and Mel nodded. "Let's go."

With a wave of James's hand the 5 of them were completely invisible. Within minutes they had reached the entrance to the Shrieking shack. 'One at a time,' said James pushing the trap door open. Silently James crept into the room. The scene before him almost made him blow his cover.

Huddled together in a corner were Holly and Sara. Across from them were Potter and Evans, both bound and gagged on the floor. Next to them was Sirius, also bound and gagged, and bleeding from a cut on his forehead. On the far side of Sirius was Lupin, he looked green, and was shivering. James only had to look at him to tell he hadn't taken his Wolf's bane potion.

However, it was the final figure that spooked James the most. Standing, swathed in black robes and an eye patch was none other than Peter Pettigrew. It took James a minute to register that Pettigrew was talking. "First your dear werewolf friend will go after the brats, then he will rip each of you limb from limb. . ." James had had enough, and he blew his cover.

"Over my dead body Pettigrew," said James making himself visible. Pettigrew turned and looked at James in surprise. Then recognition crossed his eye.

"You! Escaped the fire did you, you little brat! Well, I'll finish you off for good this time!" yelled Pettigrew.

"Tell me you not still sore about your eye Peter. Damn, you can hold a grudge," said James. Pettigrew turned red. James smirked, his plan was working. Distract Pettigrew while Mel, Triss, Dray and Kat focused on getting the others out.

"You brat! You shouldn't even be alive-"

James cut him off. "I can't help it your boss was so incompetent. It's his fault. Now, why don't you be a good little rat and knock yourself out so I can get one of the Dementors to take you to Fudge," said James.

Pettigrew just smirked. James heard a growl to the left and was the now werewolf Lupin lunge for Holly and Sara. "No!" James yelled jumping on the Werewolf. Lupin immediately turned on James and bit into his arm. James heard an evil chuckle come from Pettigrew, but was cut off by a fierce growl. James caught sight of Tigress crouched ready to attack Pettigrew.

The other 3 were busy untying the other people in the room. In his moment of distraction James was thrown from Lupin's back. He heard Evans scream as he was thrown into a far wall. Lupin made to go after Sara and Holly again, but James would have none of it. He jumped on Lupin again, and pinned the large wolf to the ground. "RUN!" James yelled to the others. Dray wasted no time in pushing people down the trap door.

The werewolf, seeing his meal running away, started to fight James viciously. James just held tighter, not once thinking about changing into another form. James was able to hold the much stronger wolf for about a minute before it threw him again, through a wall. James barley saw it take off down the trap door.

Seconds later James was after it. By the time James caught up with it, it was running across the grounds, and had almost caught Sirius, who was lagging a bit behind. James waved his hand at it and it stopped dead. James slid to the ground next to it and forced its mouth open, and poured a small vile of red liquid down its throat. The wolf started shivering and slowly it shifted back into human form.

“Kat!” yelled James, taking the bind off of the ex-werewolf. A hawk landed on the ground next to him and shifted into Kat. “Take him up to the school,” said James, laying spread eagle on the ground.

Kat nodded without a word and wrapped her cloak around the barley-clothed man. James didn’t even notice her leave. James took a deep breath and heaved himself off the ground, about 10 feet from where he was, was the rest of the jolly group. Evans and Potter were staring at him in amazement, but the rest didn’t seem to be surprised. James caught Triss’s eye, and chuckled when she pointed down. Triss was now using Pettigrew as a chair, albeit an ugly chair, but still a chair.

Triss stood up and walked over to James. She was the only one who seemed to notice how badly James was hurt. James smiled thankfully at her and used her as a crutch as he made his way over to Evans and Potter. “You guys alright?” James asked, his eyes falling and the two little girls huddled between their parents.

“We’re fine, but I believe we owe you a big thanks,” said Potter, surprisingly.

“No need,” said James.

“Shadow, we have another problem,” said Triss, throwing a look to her right. James groaned as his eyes fell on a rather large group of

Auror with Fudge leading. The first person Fudge seemed to spot was Sirius, but James stepped in front of him.

“Fudge if you so much as even look at Sirius the wrong way I will break your wand and shove it up your ass. However, I do have a present in the form of Peter Pettigrew,” said James. Fudge’s eyes widened as they fell on the stupefied form of Pettigrew.

“It seems that we all owe Mr. Black an apology,” said Fudge, still staring at Pettigrew. One of the Aurors stepped forward and offered a hand to help Sirius from the ground, but Sirius brushed it off and pushed himself up.

“Okay, Sirius is to get an official pardon, Pettigrew is going to jail. Now that we’re all clear on that I bid you all goodnight,” said James dropping to the ground in a dead faint.

(A/n: *Gasps!* Can it be? Chapter 29 is finally up! I know, I was surprised too. I meant to have this chapter up last weekend, but I suddenly got very busy. Spring break starts Friday, so I hope to catch up with myself and rebuild my chapter stores. Did I ever tell you I hate school? Out of the blue I get THREE projects, all do within a week, on the same day. Damn evil teachers. Hopefully I’m not going to get smacked with anything else during my break. We’re the last ones in the county. What’s the point of having spring break a month before school lets out? O’well, we get out earlier for summer than everyone else. You know, our last week of school consist of one day. The people here are nucking futs. It must be the heat.)

Review responses:

Gaul1: *grins evilly* Thank you. I like my cliffhangers, especially when I’m the one doing it.

Iced Flame: MWAHAHAHA-*coughchough*-HAHAHAHA!

Mr. Happy Java Man: Faerie people? That's new. Well, if you send your faerie people I'll have to send my evil fluffy pink bunnies! As for the whole 'finding out thing' you shall have to wait and see.

Elessar: Thank you.

Wytil: Everything is starting to calm down a bit now, thankfully, so the updates should go back to normal schedule. I hope.

Athenakitty: Yes, and you'll see.

SS2 Megami-sama: Okay . . . never say never, I may kill Triss off just to spite one of you, ya never know.

Cataclysmic: Is that good or bad?

Romm: Displeased? Formal aren't we? I'm not going to kill Triss off, so no worries, I like her too much.

Abby: Thank you.

Lunawolf: *Grins evilly* I like my cliffhangers. Now I see why other authors like them so much. I'm trying to pick up with the updates but we shall see what happens with school schedule.

Ibozun: Thank you. I normally don't do cliffhangers, but I couldn't help myself. As you can see above, she was really kissed but once again, James used his powers to his advantage.

Blue Phoenix2: Yes, students do still start school when their 11. James is a bit taller than the rest because of his elven heritage. As for the language, I know I talked like that at that age, still do.

Kata Malfoy: Thanks. Of course Triss will be okay, James would rip me limb from limb if she wasn't.

Lily of Tortall: I know . . .

Dracos-girl8706: Thank you. I'm honored. I try to limit James's power as much as possible, notice he gets hurt just like normal people? I'm sorry but I couldn't resist a cliffhanger. As for Snape,

James was ticked off at first but he got over it, he knew Snape wouldn't be able to claim him because of who he was. Yes, Kat know that she is James's adopted sister, but they already kind of acted like that before the events with her family. I actually did read a few of your stories, I never finished them, can't remember why, I think it was cause my laptop crashed and I never found the link again, o'well.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. You know people don't die from the Dementor's kiss. They just live soulless, and my personal belief is that they turn into Dementors themselves.

Crazy-lil-nae-nae: Thanks.

MetsFan5: I could care less what statistics say. My best friend was 6'1" at 11. Plus, what part of James is ELVEN don't you get?

Sasinak: Beans? I like beans! Especially baked beans!

Musicstarlover: Me, break James's heart? Hell no! I'm not suicidal, he'd kill me, or join Voldemort and try to over throw Max, Pierce and I. Not the best thing for humanity, especially if they figure out how to do Pierce's little lightning thing. *Shivers* (See Bio)

Star eyed unicorn: That was the point. You say I'm evil like it's a bad thing. Currently I've no intention of killing off Triss, she's too important, and James would kill me.

Knot2be: Thank you. I would only stop this story if my life depended on it.

Prongsblacks: That, my dear reviewer, was a cliffhanger. Somehow I find I like leaving people on edge. I may have to do that more often.
^_^

Beea20: Thanks.

Purpleanimefreak08: Congratulations, you have officially submitted my longest review yet! Umm.... Well, to start with the questions, Evans is the deputy headmistress. Her name is still Evans because she didn't want to go through the confusion of them calling her and

Potter 'Professor Potter'. Umm.... Yeah, if there were other questions I missed them, I'm running on only food as of right now, and I really need sleep. This is the first time in over 48 hours that I've gotten a good couple hours of sleep. School is being a bitch. They just pile on the projects, don't bother to ask how many other projects we have.... Well, I'm off to right my Language Arts paper. Wish me luck!

Chapter 30: Fights and Jamaica

The first thing James heard when he woke up was arguing. "Ugh! Can't people get any sleep around here?" he yelled. All noise stopped. "Much better," said James pulling his pillow over his head, perfectly happy to go back to sleep.

^You need to get up Shadow. Fudge is being a moron again,^ said Triss pulling James's pillow off of his face.

James wearily sat up and looked at the people surrounding him. Snape standing in the back of the room looking rather irritated, along with Kat and Dray. Mel and Night were standing behind Triss, the three of them looked rather pissed. Dumbledore, Fudge, several Aurors, and Potter stood on the other side of the bed. Just behind Triss, James could see Remus lying on a bed, looking rather thin, but much healthier than one should after a werewolf transformation.

"Anyone care to tell me why you woke me up? I need my beauty sleep you know," said James only half sarcastically.

"Where is Black you ungrateful brat?" Fudge shouted.

"Look, I put Pettigrew in your hands! Why do you still want Sirius?" James demanded.

"There is no Pettigrew! He got away!" yelled Fudge, turning slightly purple.

"So you're looking for a scapegoat? Well you better drop that fucking thought right this minute. If you so much as look at Sirius I will follow through with everyone of my threats and then some," James snarled. He was so beyond pissed it wasn't even funny.

Fudge turned slightly white. "We couldn't be sure that was the real Pettigrew. It could have been a clone," said Fudge.

"You can't touch a clone you moron! You know damn well that that was Pettigrew. Quit covering your own ass and make amends for some of the stupid shit you did," yelled James.

Fudge paled even more. As mad as anyone had ever made James he never called them names outright, especially in English. "I think the boy is right Fudge. You owe a lot of us an apology," said Remus's weak voice.

"Shut up Werewolf," said Fudge turning on Remus. "You attacked a student and are to be dealt with by the Department of Magical Animals," said Fudge, Remus paled.

"That's ex-werewolf to you Fudge. Oh, and do I look like I was mauled by a werewolf to you?" asked James showing his arms. To almost everyone's amazement they were cut free. Fudge sputtered but didn't say anything. "Do you plan on following through like you promised or do I have to get mean?" asked James, finality in his tone.

"On behave of the Ministry of Magic I, Cornelius Fudge, give one, Sirius Black, a full pardon. Because of the Ministry's mistake I grant Black to have all of his belongings returned as well as 100,000 galleons for his false imprisonment," said Fudge, slight fear in his eyes.

"Damn right," Mel muttered under her breath.

"All of these things will be put in order after we figure out where Black is," said Fudge. James threw a glance at Night, who was lying at Mel's feet. Night stood, and seconds later Sirius stood there in all his glory.

"You better get the ball rolling then," said Sirius gruffly. Fudge's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Hardly anyone had a chance to react when several Aurors started firing spells at Sirius.

"STOP!" yelled James. The Aurors stopped and looked at James. "I really don't like humans or dwarfs for that matter," James muttered. Triss gave him a look that showed her agreement.

"Sirius, I-" came James Potter's meek voice. Sirius didn't even let him finish the sentence.

"Don't even think about it Potter. You were my friend, but you let them through me into Azkaban without one word against it. If it weren't for the kid I wouldn't even be alive right now. So it seems the only friend that has stayed true is Remus, and he has been rewarded for his loyalty," said Sirius indicating to Remus's state.

"Sirius, you don't-" Potter started again. This time Kat cut in.

"I think Sirius is right Professor. You betrayed him to a fate worse than death and now you want to apologize. It's not going to happen. The only people Sirius owes any loyalty to are James, Triss, Mel and Remus," said Kat, her eyes glittering with silent fury.

"Do not tell me you were in the middle of this Katharine! It's bad enough 3 of my Slytherins were in on this, but not my daughter as well," yelled Snape, advancing on the group.

"As a matter of fact she didn't. The only people in on this whole thing were James, Mel, Triss and myself," said Sirius, blocking Snape's path.

"Out of my way Black," Snape growled. Sirius didn't move, and Snape pulled his arm back to swing and Sirius.

James had none of it and grabbed Snape's arm mid swing, no one had seen him move. "Stop this now," James growled. He sounded so much like his father it was scary. "You are being foolish. You will not threaten anyone under my protection, no matter what claims you have over them. I suggest you leave now, before I do something I will regret," James hissed.

Snape glared at his son, but said nothing as he exited the hall. 'I don't know how good of an idea that was,' said Triss, her voice echoing in James's head.

'O'well. I don't feel like putting up with any bullshit at current second. It's not like he actually cares about me anymore anyway,' James answered. Triss didn't respond. She knew it was true that Snape no longer cared for his only blood child, but she didn't want to voice the proof of the fact.

"Now that that has been settled, I believe we can all go to bed. It's late after all," said Dray, taking charge. Slowly the group left the hospital wing, most still in shock about how James had treated the Minister, then a professor. Soon, only James, Triss, Kat, and the Twins remained.

"I really don't think that whole display was the best idea Jimmy," said Kat sitting down on the bed next to James.

"They won't remember it come morning, trust me," said James.

"What story are you going to feed to them?" Triss asked.

"What ever my very sleepy brain comes up with. I can't wait for term to end. I have every intention to go relax in Jamaica or Hawaii for the summer," said James with a dreamy look in his eyes.

"You knew, you're scary when you get mad," said Fred.

"We thought you were going to kill the Minister," said George.

"The thought has crossed my mind more than once. I just can't wait for all of this to blow over, I just hope the rest of the year goes by fast," said James wistfully.

George mussed up James's hair and said, "Don't worry, it will. Speaking of, we are invited to Jamaica right?"

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"It's over, finally!" said Triss, practically dancing with joy as she made her way down to the train platform. James followed behind, helping Fred and George with their trunks. "Jamaica, here we come," said Triss, still skipping along.

Dray, Gin, Mel, and Kat had already gone ahead, and James and Triss had agreed to go sit with the 5th years with Fred and George. It would be the first time that the whole crew hadn't rid at least some of the ride in the same compartment.

The Minister had followed through and made a public announcement of Sirius's innocence. With the 100,000 Galleons the Ministry was giving Sirius as compensation for his time in prison Sirius was having a house built in Hogsmead, where both Mel and Remus planned to move.

Remus was ecstatic about not being a werewolf anymore, and was even more surprised when James told him he could still use the wolf as an Animagus if he wanted to. The Ministry of Magic had all but demanded the James show them how to create the cure so that it could be monitored and distributed. James response was that it was already covered. Dragon was currently running about the world giving it to Werewolves that wished to be cured.

With everything finally set right James fully intended to go relax in his parent's estate, right off of Jamaica. Somehow, Fred and George had managed to talk their way into coming on the trip, and James was almost glad they had. It would be kind of lonely with only Triss to keep him company, not to mention uneventful.

James helped Fred and George pile their trunks into the 5th year Gryffindor compartment. The other 5th year Gryffs didn't look too happy but kept their mouths shut. "James, Triss, this is Angelina, Katie, Alicia and Lee. Guys, they are James and Triss," said George.

The 6 shook hands and exchanged pleasantries. "Angelina, is Oliver planning to come? It's his last ride on the train after all," said Fred.

"Yeah, he wants to bid farewell to the rest of the team first though," said Angelina.

^Oliver Wood? Isn't he the Gryffindor Quidditch Captain?^ Triss asked.

^He was. He just graduated. I heard he got invited to go play keeper for England,^ said James.

“What are you two talking about?” asked Alicia eyeing them suspiciously.

“We heard that you’re Quidditch Captain got invited to go play for England. Is it true?” asked Triss.

“Who wants to know?” a voice asked from the door.

“Just a couple of our friends Oliver,” said Fred.

“Nice to meet you then. I am Olive Wood, and yes, I was invited to play for England next year,” said Oliver holding out his hand. James took it.

“You’re a great keeper. You’ll be a good addition to England’s line up,” said James.

“I can say the same for your seeking skills. At this rate Gryffindor won’t win the cup till after you graduate,” said Oliver.

The small group talked, laughed and played game through the whole trip. About half way through the trip Jewel made an appearance, surprising Angelina, Katie and Alicia, but soon they were cooing over the green serpent. Too soon for some of there liking the trip was over. The group went there separate ways Oliver, Angelina, Katie, and Alicia to find their families, and James, Triss, Fred, and George to find the rest of the crew and bit them a good summer.

The quartet looked around the station for a good 30 minutes but never did find the rest of the group. Slightly angry that their friends didn’t wait for them to catch up they departed to Jamaica by a port key James had made.

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“Did I ever tell you guys how much I love Jamaica?” asked Triss.

“Only about 50 times,” said Fred.

“Now, into the pool with you,” said George, shoving Triss into the cold pool.

“FRED! GEORGE! I’M GONNA KILL YOU!” yelled Triss jumping out of the pool, but the two of them had already taken off. James couldn’t stop himself from laughing. “And you!” Triss growled, rounding on James. “You probably had something to do with this!” Triss said, slowly advancing.

“Sorry love, not this time,” said James moving out of the way as Triss leapt at him. Sadly, James slipped on a puddle and he too ended up in the pool. Now it was Triss’ turn to laugh. “Care to give me a hand?” James asked, swimming to the edge.

Triss reached down to give James a hand but again, ended up in the pool. “This time, Triss love, I did have something to do with it,” said James grinning. Triss growled and jumped on James, effectively dunking him. James surfaced, Triss still on top of him. “You asked for it,” said James picking her up and tossing her into the deep end of the pool.

Triss went after James again and by the time Fred and George returned James and Triss were entangled in a huge water fight. “Well, it seems the kid is getting all the action. This sucks,” said George.

“I agree, but watching is just as entertaining,” said Fred. Sadly for the twins they didn’t notice James and Triss watching them. With a snap of James’s fingers the twins were dunked into the deep end of the pool.

Fred and George surfaced, sputtering in the cold water. “Of course you know, this means war,” they said in unison. James and Triss looked at each other. What had they gotten themselves into?

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By the end of the first week James, Triss, Fred and George were into a heavy prank war. James and Triss were in the lead 14 points to 13 points, and it was easy to see the twins were up to something.

Each prank was worth one point, successful or not. A successful prank was worth 2-3 more points depending on creativity.

At dinner on the 7 night of the prank war James and Triss started to feel a bit weird. It was almost like they were drunk, but both knew they hadn't had any alcohol. Eventually the whole world went black.

The next morning James woke with a slight headache but he was comfortable. Something warm was curled up in his arms and he pulled the object closer. As he came nearer to wakefulness he started to notice things. For starters, there shouldn't have been anything warm curled up next to him, and for the first time James noticed he wasn't wearing his boxers like he normally did to sleep. 'This could be very bad,' James thought, trying to remember what he'd done the night before, but he couldn't remember for the life of him.

Slowly James dared open his eyes, and they met with Triss's blue ones. Both James and Triss took a second to tally things in their minds. They were tangled up with each other, in a bed, completely naked, and they couldn't remember anything from the night before. Without warning both screamed.

James quickly waved his hand, clothing both he and Triss, and their eyes met again. Both started to talk when they heard knickers coming from James closet. James growled and yanked open the door, the twins fell out at James's feet.

The twins looked up at James with slight grins, but paled at the murderous look on James's face. James looked over at Triss and she nodded, both advanced on the terrified twins.

With a snap of James's fingers the twins were bound, hanging upside down in their underwear. "I don't know what you were thinking, but that wasn't funny. It's pay back time," James hissed. The twins looked truly frightened.

Seconds later the twins disappeared in a puff of smoke. "They'll be back by tonight," said James. "I'm going tanning. Call me in when they get back," said James turning and leaving the room.

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At almost midnight the twins came strolling in, looking anything but happy. James was waiting for them by staircase. "James, you are evil," said Fred.

"Transporting us bound by our ankles," George continued.

"In old underwear," Fred added.

"To a Gay bar," they both yelled at the same time.

James smirked. "Pay back is a bitch isn't it? And those underwear, are a pair of Snape's old underwear," said James, grinning evilly.

Fred and George looked at each other then ran up the stairs screaming. "Harsh," said Triss appearing behind James.

"Payback is such a bitch," said James, looking like the cat that got the cream.

"I thought that was fate?" Triss asked.

"Same person," said James.

"They are going to kill you," said Triss.

"Not after I show them my tickets," said James.

"So you did go ahead and get them?" Triss asked.

"Yep. Well, I'm off to bed. I suggest you ward your door. No telling what the twins will do after they've scrubbed themselves raw," said James.

"You are so dead," Triss said walking up the staircase.

"I'm immortal Trisstessa dear," said James.

“Keep telling yourself that elf-boy,” Triss yelled down the stairs.

“You’re an elf too woman,” James yelled up.

“Only a quarter!” Triss yelled down before James heard her bedroom door shut.

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CRACK! James sat straight up in bed. Just outside his window a storm was howling, a really bad one by the looks of it. Over the howling of the wind James heard a small knock on the door. “Come in!” he yelled disabling any wards he had placed.

Triss stuck her head in the door. “Hi,” she said meekly.

“Hey,” said James. Another bolt of lightning hit and Triss jumped several feet in the air. “Come on,” said James making room for Triss in the queen sized bed. Triss wasted no time in hopping in next to James. To James’s surprise Triss was shivering, from both fear and cold if what his senses said was true.

James pulled Triss closer to him and flinched at the coolness of her skin. “How long were you waiting outside my door?” James asked as Triss snuggled into him.

“A while,” said Triss, not being very specific.

“Get some sleep. Tomorrow is going to be a long day,” said James.

(A/N: Okay, I think I got a little carried away with this chapter, but all of the events happened for a reason. The next chapter will be much better, trust me.)

Review responses:

Athenakitty: Yes, yes, yes, and that’s a good idea.

Iced Flame: Yep, James is kick ass. Um, who said James wasn’t immortal? He is an Elf.

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Musicstarlover: Thanks. As you can see James isn't a werewolf. He's too pure, and he's an Elf.

Gaul1: Many thanks. Most of your questions should have been answered in the chapter above.

Howling wolf1: Thanks.

Cataclysmic: Thank you.

Drownin' in my Tears: I will update!

Wytil: Nope, no wild partying for me. My brother went to South Padre Island last year, he said it was the bomb. I plan on going when I become of age. For my 21 birthday we've already arranged a trip to Key West.

Romm: It's fine. I'm not normally very formal either, unless it's talking to adults. I get in trouble if I don't conduct myself properly in front of adults. My Dad is the new East Coast representative for Sea Doo, so I have to be very formal with some people.

Potterfreak2: Oops. O'well, it'll get fixed eventually.

Anon: I have no idea which 'your' you're asking about, but it's most likely 'your'. If you can clarify what sentence you're talking about I can tell you for sure.

Mr. Happy Java Man: Coffeeholic Yetis? That's creative. . . Scary, but creative. I still think my bunnies are scarier though. If need be I can always send out 'The Blair Witch'. *Personal joke, don't ask.*

Istalksiriusonweekends: No worries. I deal with sugar high crazy people all the time. *Cough*Anna*Cough* No, my dear friend James isn't a werewolf. It's an elf thing. Plus, even if he was he's got that little potion thing to get rid of the curse. I got the inspiration for this story from a lot of different stories I've read, but mostly from OOTP. The main reason I wrote this whole story was to blow up Umbridge, not going to happen for a while yet, but by damn it will! Yeah, but in

this story one Harry Potter doesn't exist. That was my other reason for writing this story. I got tired of reading about Harry getting kicked around by Dumbledore, ect, and decided it's about time he did some kicking of his own! Of course, the Harry we all know and love from the books wouldn't do such a thing, so I created a new personality!

Striker69: Thanks, I feel loved . . . *tears up*

Serpent of Light: Thank you. I don't like fics with Harry being invincible either. No one is invincible. You can thank my friend Shadow-Shamblin for some of the pairings, especially Dray and Gin.

Lunawolf: Yes Triss is fine. I never said Remus wasn't going to be Moony any more, he's just not going to be a werewolf. James is fine, I can't imagine him, of all people, becoming a werewolf.

Kimmerz: Thanks. Personally I think this chapter over did it a little, but all the events had to happen to lead to other events, and I didn't want to draw anything out.

FunkyWitchOnFire: Thank you. Triss is one of my favorites too. She is a mix of a few of my friends and some of my personality.

MiakaChan5: Yes, James and Triss will eventually get together. I don't know about Night and Mel yet. I may make Mel out to be Sirius's long lost daughter or something like that, haven't decided yet.

Chapter 31: The World Cup and Death Eaters

“So, you mean to tell us,”

“That you, James Cage,”

“Have tickets to,”

“The Quidditch World Cup and,”

“You are taking us to watch,”

“In your own top box,” said Fred and George, staring at James in awe.

“You can thank Dragon for that, this is my early 14th birthday present,” said James.

Triss rolled her eyes. “Are you planning to invite anyone but the people present?” she asked.

“I asked the rest of the crew, but they are either busy, or already have tickets,” said James.

“Who already has tickets?” asked George.

“Dray and Gin are in the top box with ol’ Fudge himself, thanks to Lucius. Same with Sirius, Mel, and Remus, it’s part of Sirius’s official pardon. Everyone else just said they were busy,” said James.

“Who in their right mind would turn down tickets to the Quidditch World Cup? It’s insane,” said Fred.

“Kat. You know as well as I do that she could care less about Quidditch,” said James.

“What about Bill and Charlie? Did you ask them?” George asked.

“They already have tickets. Didn’t say how they got them, so it’s just the four of us,” said James.

“When is the game Shadow?” Triss asked.

“On my birthday, in two days,” said James.

“Is Dragon coming? It’s been a long time since we saw him,” said Triss.

“He said he was, but you know him, he could drop out at any second,” said James.

“Me? Miss your 14th birthday? Never,” said a familiar voice from the doorway.

“Dragon?” asked James looking at the man standing in the doorway. Dragon didn’t look anything like he had the last time James and Triss had seen him. His long salt and pepper hair had been cut and was now solid black, short and neat. His face no longer resembled that of a fifty, plus, year old man either. He looked to be in his late thirties again.

“The one and only,” said Dragon.

“I think getting away from us for a while did you some good Dragon,” said Triss, giving the older man a hug.

“No, I just decided the old man look didn’t work for me,” said Dragon. “So, am I going to get a hug from birthday boy, or not?” asked Dragon turning to James.

James jumped into the older man’s waiting arms. “It’s good to have you back Dragon, we missed you,” said James.

“I missed you as well. It’s been what, two years since I last saw you two? You both grew up it seems,” said Dragon, just noticing that James stood more than eye level with Dragon’s 6’1” form.

“Yeah, we did. So you are going to the match with us?” asked Triss.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world. Who are they?" asked Dragon, pointing to the awe struck Fred and George.

"Fred and George Weasley. Some how they managed to talk their way into coming with us," said James.

"Sure, I'm sure you've been getting into lots of trouble with the infamous Weasley twins," said Dragon grinning.

"Of course. Having wild parties, lots of sex, drinking, you know, the stuff us horrible teenagers do," said Triss.

"And you wondered why I didn't like leaving you in the house alone. Party animals," said Dragon.

"You know it," said James.

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The next two days were very eventful. Dragon, much to his amusement, had his hair turned neon pink when the twins tried to pull a prank on James and Triss. After getting caught in the crossfire of two other pranks, Dragon started fighting back, turning James, Triss, Fred and George into raccoons. James and Triss had very little trouble returning to their human forms, but the twins had a little more trouble.

Not soon enough for the twins it was the day of the Quidditch Match. James had created a portkey to take everyone to a campground where they would wait till the time of the match. "James, do you have the muggle money and Galleons?" asked Dragon for what had to have been the thousandth time.

"Yes mother," said James sarcastically.

"Don't make me wash your mouth out with soap young man. Triss, do you have the tent?" Dragon asked.

"Yes, let's go already. We've been over that list a hundred times," said Triss.

"All right, but don't blame me when we end up missing something," said Dragon.

"We won't, but we're going to be late if we don't get a move on," said James.

"When ever you are ready then," said Dragon.

"Hold on to the portkey," said James producing an old teddy bear. Everyone grabbed a limb. "Go Ireland!" said James, and they were whisked away.

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"You know Ireland is going to loose, right?" asked Dragon.

"Sorry, can't say that I do. Ireland is the best," said James.

"Want to place a bet then?" asked Dragon.

"What's the wager?" asked James.

"The looser has to walk naked into that gay bar you are so fond of," said Dragon.

"Sounds fair. Anything else?" asked James.

"Nope," said Dragon shaking hands with James.

"This day just keeps getting better and better," said Triss.

The twins grinned wickedly at each other. "Hey Triss, how would you like to make a bet with us?" asked Fred.

Triss grinned back. "Sorry boys, I don't gamble," said Triss, running to catch up with James and Dragon.

Several minutes later the group of five was setting up their tent. There were several obvious wizards and witches running around

making fools of themselves. James, Triss and the twins were having a real laugh at the people's antics. "Since you seem to be having such a laugh at everyone else's expense, why don't you go for a walk? I'll set up the tent," said Dragon.

"You sure Dragon? It won't be any trouble to help," said James.

"I'm sure. Go visit your school friends or something. I'll be fine," said Dragon.

"If your sure," said James, dropping the unset tent on the ground.

"So, how much longer till the game starts?" asked Fred.

"A few hours yet. Want to go look for Bill and Charlie?" asked James.

"Sure," said George.

After fifteen minute of walking the quartet still hadn't found the people they were looking for. "Do you think they're even here yet? Maybe we should go wait up by the income center," said Triss.

"Why not, it's worth a try," said James.

James, Triss, Fred, and George reached the portkey center just in time to see not just Bill and Charlie, but Ron and Arthur Weasley as well. "Bill! Charlie!" yelled Fred and George, waving to their brothers.

Bill chuckled at the sight of them. "Why am I not surprised to see you guys here?" he asked, running his hand through is flaming red hair.

"What are you doing here Cage? Aren't you Death Eaters supposed to be afraid of the sun?" Ron sneered.

"You best hold your tongue Weasley, unless you would like to loose it," said James, giving Ron the infamous Snape glare.

"You will not speak to my son that way Mr. Cage," Arthur started, only to be cut off.

"James will speak in an manner he wishes, especially when a pompous brat speaks to him in that manner," said Dragon, placing his hand on James's shoulder.

"And you are?" Arthur asked, glaring at Dragon.

"Dragonus Cage, Mr. Weasley. I am James's Uncle, and guardian. I hope your son will not cause us any problems in the future. Come James, Triss," said Dragon, walking away from the shell shocked Arthur Weasley.

"Uncle Dragon, that has no ring what so ever," said Triss.

"It was the only thing I could think of on such short notice. Was that the kid that nearly got you expelled?" Dragon asked, turning on James.

"Yep," said James.

"He's not worth your time or effort James Alexander! Letting your self get pulled into a fight with a kid like that," said Dragon, sounding slightly disappointed.

"It wasn't James's fault Dragon. Weasley jumped on him, and he acted how you trained him to act. Did I mention James hadn't provoked him either?" Triss asked, her tone angry. She wasn't going to let James get badgered for something he couldn't help.

"I also taught you restraint! You should know better than to flip someone in a controlled area!" said Dragon.

"Enough. I know what I did was wrong, but I reacted the way I was trained to act when under threat. If you have a problem with that, take it up with yourself, you trained me after all," said James, turning and walking away from the shocked older man.

"I think you should leave," said Triss, following James.

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"Your middle name is Alexander?" Fred asked, pulling James into a shaded area of the campground.

"James Alexander Shadow Cage," said James.

"We always thought Shadow was your middle name," said George.

"It is, I just have two of them. It's not uncommon," said James.

"What happened with Dragon back there?" George asked, slightly concerned.

"He was angry because I fought with your younger brother. He thinks I should have more restraint, and shouldn't flip people into walls," said James.

"You can't be blames for that! It's the brat own fault that he jumped on you, and then you turned around and saved his life! Ungrateful brat that he is," said Fred.

"Try telling that to the great task master," said Triss, walking into the clearing.

"What's up?" asked James.

"I told Dragon to leave. I swear, everyone seems to have something against you today," said Triss.

"I'll live," said James.

"Well, let's go walk around till the game starts," said George.

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Two hours later the quartet relaxing in their own, privet, top-box. "This is the life," said Fred, putting his feet up on the table.

"Feet, off," said Triss, smacking Fred's feet off the table.

"Mean," said Fred.

"Quiet, game's starting," said James, watching the field intently.

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A/N: Because I royally suck at writing Quidditch matches, I'm not going to. Just insert the game from the book, without James reacting to the Veela, ect. And now I continue with just after the match.

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"That was absolutely brilliant!" said George as they exited the top-box. He and Fred continued their very elaborate dialog of the game as Triss and James looked on in laughter.

"Not to mention Krum pulled the Wronski Feint on Lynch, twice!" said Fred.

"I've never seen a more gullible seeker. The same move, twice in one game. That's sad," said George.

Suddenly, as the group re-entered the forest James stopped in his tracks. "Triss, do you feel that?" James asked.

Triss stopped and closed her eyes. "Fear, a lot of it. There is magic intermingled with it too, dark magic," said Triss, opening her eyes and looking at James in alarm.

"Fred, George, fall back, go look for your brother and sister. Triss, come with me," said James, shifting into Shadow. Triss nodded and shifted into Tigress, following James as he took off towards the campground.

'What do you think is going on?' Triss asked.

'I think my dear Death Eater friends came out of hiding. No doubt Dad and Lucius are among them. Watch out for who you are shooting at, and change your appearance,' said James.

After another minute of running James and Triss finally broke through the foliage. What they saw shocked them both. Several of the muggle families that were camping among the wizards were either being spun around in mid air or being held under the Cruciatus curse. James saw red.

In his fury he changed into his almost normal form. The only difference was that instead of his hair being black and his eyes being green, he had taken on the Elven blond hair and blue eyes. Like all Elves when angry, his skin glowed, and his ears were now pointed. Triss seemed to have had the same idea, as her hair had taken on Elven blond, but her eyes didn't change. Like James, her ears were pointed and her skin shown in the darkness.

James waved his hand and all magic stopped. The families held in the air slowly floated to the ground and the Death Eaters turned to look at James. James could practically smell the fear coming off of the Death Eaters, and the relief from the muggles. "Hi boys. Did you miss me?" asked James, a malevolent smile on his face.

Several Death Eaters tried to apperate away, but James stopped them. "Not so fast, the fun has just begun," said James. At that second, several other wizards arrived at the scene. Among them were James and Lily Potter, Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, and Nymphadora Tonks. All of them stared at James, half in shock and fear, and the other half in slight recognition.

Then all hell broke loose. Muggles ran around screaming, trying to get away from the Death Eaters that were firing spells as fast as they could think of them, and the Light Wizards tried to help the muggles. One group of Death Eaters caught James's attention. They were gathered around in a circle, all preparing to fire spells. James ported into the middle of the circle to see a little girl, no older than 8 rolled up in a ball crying. The Death Eaters hadn't even noticed James's

presents when the group of 10 or so wizards all fired the Cruciatus at the girl.

As the cruses made their way towards the girl James jumped in front of them, protecting the girl with his own body. While one Cruciatus curse was no big deal for James, 10 plus cruses was. James screamed in horrible pain as the curses connected with his body, but he refused to let them reach their intended target. His screaming, however, caught the attention of the Light Wizards that had just finished off the last Death Eaters. It drew Triss's attention as well.

The group of Light Wizards started firing spells at the last group of Death Eaters, and one by one they started disappearing. James nearly collapsed when he tried to stand up after the Death Eaters had left. The little girl was still crying, and whimpering for her mommy. Taking pity on the girl James picked her up from the ground and cradled her. "Shhh, it's alright. I won't let the bad men get you," James whispered in her ear.

"T-the bad m-m-men fired the green s-stuff at mommy, daddy and my brother. I-I-I c-couldn't make them wake u-up," the girl whimpered. James suppressed a sigh. Yet another child that had lost her family at the hands of Death Eaters.

"Shhh, what's your name, I'll help you find your family," said James.

"E-Elizabeth Dursley," said the girl, clutching James's slightly tattered shirt.

Evans, who had come to inspect and check on the strange man, froze at the name. "Lizzy?" Evans asked, nearly ripping the little girl out of James's grasp.

"Aunt Lily?" the little girl asked, wrapping her arms around Evan's neck.

"Can you guys handle it from here?" James asked, looking at Potter. Potter stared at him, trying to figure out where he had seen the boy before, but nodded. "Good," said James. James grabbed Triss, who was standing behind him, and they disappeared with a loud pop.

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“Where were you?” Fred and George asked, nearly tackling James and Triss as they entered the clearing. Also standing in the clearing was Gin, Ron, Dray, Mel, and surprisingly, Kat.

“We were looking for you two. Somehow you two managed to disappear on us. It’s a good thing we found you. It sounded like all hell broke loose on the campgrounds,” said James, giving the twins a subtle wink.

“You would know wouldn’t you, you and your whole gang of junior Death Eaters,” Ron sneered.

“Hey Weasley, member what James said about loosing your tongue? Consider it lost,” said Triss, moving to jump on Weasley.

James caught Triss before she could even reach Weasley. “Chill Tigress. He’s not worth our time or energy,” said James. Triss nodded and James let her go. Suddenly there was a loud popping noise, and the group turned around to see a bright green spark flying into the air. The spark exploded, leaving the infamous Dark Mark ablaze in the sky.

(A/N: I am going to kill my e-mail service. For some reason it’s not displaying all of my review e-mails. To all of you that have reviewed, but not gotten a response at the end of the chapter, forgive me, I am sorry about that. It seems most of the more prominent sites have some kind of virus problem, including Yahoo!, my e-mail host. As I said, if I did not respond to a review then I am truly sorry.)

MiakaChan5: As I said, I don’t know yet, I could make them a couple as far as I know. O’well, I didn’t want to drag out the chapters so I summarize.

Wytil: My cousin’s school wanted him to go to Greece for Spring Break, but he didn’t want to go. He, like me, wouldn’t get on a plane if his life depended on it. I will go anywhere in the world that a person would want me too, I just won’t get on a plane. I hate planes. I hated

planes before 9/11, now I hate them even more. I swear, if someone dared hijack a plane I was on, I would snap his or her neck, and feel no guilt over it. Then, I would put all those flight lessons to use and land the plane myself. Did I say I hate planes?

Mr. Happy Java Man: Very, very interesting. I still think I can do better, especially if I haven't slept in over 3 days. The Blair Witch a.k.a. The Ugly Ass Yeti That Couldn't Get Laid is the result of watching the Blair Witch project in the middle of winter with my friends after drinking a case of coke. That same night we watched The Ring, and thus formed The Bitch From The Well. Periwinkle? You know you just insulted the color blue, right? Oh! I also fell into Wonder Land with Alice. After she left I wandered around a bit, and watched all the mad people run around. 10 years later Alice fell back into Wonder Land after having her parents killed in a fire. By then the Ugly Queen of Hearts From The Hell of Rose Red had taken over. I assisted Alice as she ran around killing people, in the form of the Cheshire cat. (See 'American McGee's Alice' for details') I know, I'm very strange, but one tends to go a little insane when they've been alive for . . . hold on a second . . . 1423 years. Damn, when did I get to be that old? And that was just may age in this universe. I feel really, really old now . . .

Iced Flame: What are you talking about? All of my characters are kick ass, well, not all of them but you get the idea.

Athenakitty: Yes, no and no.

TheAlphieParadox: Oops. My bad. Yeah, I meant snickers. Another thing to add to my log list of stuff to revise in this story.

Kagome's arrow: Thanks. James is the way he is because I REALLY can't stand those 'all powerful' Harry stories. No one is invincible, though James will eventually become damn close. I can only say one thing about Snape. He's a bastard. He's one of my favorite characters, but he is still a bastard. I think I'll just leave it at that.

Gaul 1: Kat saw James like a brother before Snape adopted her, so it didn't really change anything. As is Kat has nothing to do with Sara and Holly, and I don't think that will change.

Insanechildfanfic: I don't know yet. I may do a couple of different thinks. With in the next 10 to 12 chapters, it think, the whole thing about James's parentage will break right open. Other than that I'm more or less writing as I go.

Sinner & saint: Yeah, it may be a little unrealistic, but you have to take into account that James saw both of his foster parents murdered and Triss was abused. I can say that this would give them a higher mind set than most. Plus, James and Triss aren't human either. They were also taught not to act like children, because of the power they had. If they acted like children they would end up trying to show off and eventually hurting themselves or others. But, you do have a point.

SilverHuntress: Thanks.

Chapter 32: Going back again

"This is not good," said James, looking up at the Dark Mark.

"You can say that again," said Triss. A few seconds later several ministry officials burst into the clearing.

"WHO WAS IT? Which one of you cast the Dark Mark?" an official James recognized as Bartimus Crouch asked.

"It wasn't any of us," said James. "There is no way any of us would know how to cast it."

"Go search the woods Crouch. I'll take it from here," said Tonks, walking into the clearing.

"What happened out there Dora? It sounded like all hell broke loose," said James.

"There was a Death Eater attack. They started targeting muggles and two elves showed up. One of them looked like he got a bout of curses, but he seemed to recover really fast," said Tonks.

"Death Eater attack my ass. He-who-must-not-be-named and his followers have been gone for almost 10 years. And those people were NOT Elves. The Elves died off decades ago," yelled Fudge's extremely annoying voice.

"What I want to know is why that blond guy looked like Evans," said Tonks, turning the conversation.

"You picked up on that too?" asked Sirius, walking into the clearing with Remus, Potter and Evans, Elizabeth and a teenager James didn't know.

"How could I have missed it?" asked Tonks.

"Care to offer an explanation Lily?" asked Remus.

"Why is everyone looking at me? I don't have a clue," said Evans, her skin slightly pale.

"I found something!" yelled Crouch, stumbling back into the clearing. In his hand was a very familiar wand.

"What the hell?" James asked, checking his pockets. His wand wasn't there.

"James, if I'm not mistaken, that's yours," said Triss.

"No shit," said James. "How the hell did it end up over there?" James asked.

"This is your wand Mr. Cage?" Crouch asked.

"Obviously," said James.

"Finite," said Crouch, pointing his own wand at James's. A shadowed form of the Dark Mark came out of the tip.

"No way," said James.

"Mr. Cage, you are under arrest for the illegal casting of the Dark Mark," said Crouch, pointing his wand at James, and firing a stunner. James step-sided it.

"Like hell I am. I am a minor for starters, and there is no way in two hells I would know how to cast the Dark Mark," said James.

Crouch went to fire another stunner at James, but Triss pulled his wand out of his hand. "That is enough of that," said Triss, pocketing the wand.

"I couldn't agree more," said Fudge, staring angrily at Crouch, who paled a few shades. "I, for one, seriously doubt Mr. Cage fired that spell, as he was with all of these other people at the time. Mr. Cage, you and your friends are free to go," said Fudge, still glaring at Crouch.

'Wow! I'm impressed. Fudge actually acted with intelligence,' said Triss. James suppressed a chuckle at her comment. Fred, George, Gin, Dray, Mel, Kat, and the boy James didn't know all followed he and Triss back to their tent.

Once inside and settled James broke the silence. "May I ask who you are?" James asked the new boy.

"Roman Lupin, but everyone calls me Rome. I'm Remus Lupin's son. I'm transferring to Hogwarts from Jersey Academy of Magical Arts, I'll be in 4th year with the rest of you," said Rome, shaking James's hand.

"Nice to meet you. I'm James Cage, as I'm sure you already guessed," said James.

"Yes, Mel and Kat talk about you all the time," said Rome.

"Kat?" James asked.

"Kat is staying with us for the time being. Snape is preparing for you know what," said Mel. James nodded, he should have guessed.

"What happened out there?" asked Fred.

"A bunch of Death Eaters attacked the campground. Most of them got away, but there was minimal casualties," said James.

"Anyone you know?" asked George.

"My Aunt's whole family, with the exception of Elizabeth, the little girl Evans was carrying. I'm guessing Evans is going to take her in. If not, I'll pull some strings," said James.

"How did the girl get away?" asked Rome.

"I helped her," said James.

"How? It seems everyone knows something that I don't," said Rome, looking slightly confused.

"Can you guys explain it to him please? I have some medical stuff I need to take care of," said James. It was then that everyone noticed how bad he was shaking.

"What happened to you?" asked Kat, looking really worried.

"Nothing to worry about, I'll be back," said James, walking into what everyone assumed was the bathroom.

"What happened to James?" Mel asked, turning to Triss.

"Ten plus Death Eaters held him under the Cruciatus curse for about a minute and a half. It took a while for everyone to get to him and start taking out Death Eaters," said Triss.

"He should be dead. No one could survive being held under the Cruciatus curse like that," said Rome.

"James isn't normal," said Triss shrugging.

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"I don't know about you, but I'm not ready to go back to school," said Triss, flopping down on a seat on the Hogwarts Express.

"Your not the only one. We're fearing the howler we're going to get from mom when we get to the school," said Fred.

"Why?" asked James.

"Our O.W.L. scores didn't beat Bill and Charlie's," said George.

"You guys got 10 O.W.L.s each," said Triss.

"Bill and Charlie both got 12 or higher," said Fred.

"O'well, you only really need your O.W.L. scores if you're going to work for the ministry," said George.

"I take it you don't plan on it," said James.

"Us? Yeah, sure. We'd end up blowing up Ministry Headquarters," said Fred.

"I can already hear mom yelling at us," said George, cringing as a very familiar voice echoed through the train station.

"Speak of the devil," said Triss.

"Guys, hide us," said George.

James rolled his eyes and pulled his trunk out from under the sink. "Hop in," said James, opening the trunk to the training compartment. Fred and George jumped right in, knowing anything was better than facing the wraith of their mother. Triss followed the Twins, and James followed Triss.

"Wow!" Fred and George said in unison upon seeing the training room.

"Oy Triss! Think we should give them a demonstration?" asked James.

"I see no harm to it, your choice in weapons Shadow," said Triss, walking over to the case where James stored a bunch of his potions. She grabbed her protection potion and downed it in one gulp. "Damn that stuff is nasty. Isn't there anyway to make it taste better Shadow?" Triss asked, making a face at the taste.

"Sorry, that's as good as that stuff gets. The only help I can offer is pinch your nose when your swallowing, it blocks out a lot of the taste," said James. "Catch." James tossed Triss a specially crafted double edged long-dagger.

"You would think that you would tire of these things," said Triss, plucking her green handled dagger out of the air.

"Want to go for two?" James asked, motioning to the dagger's twin.

"Why not, just increases my chance of beating you," said Triss, catching the other dagger thrown to her.

"Keep telling your self that Trisstessa dear," said James. Triss growled at him for the use of her full name but he only grinned. "Fred, George, you may want to step back. I'm placing up a barrier so you don't end up on the business end of a flying dagger," said James.

Fred and George nodded quickly and gave James and Triss about 30 feet of room. James snapped his fingers and a glowing white ring surrounded he and Triss. "Are we using magic?" Triss asked.

"If you want to," said James. "I think those daggers should conduct your magic better than your wand even."

"Good. Whenever you are ready to start," said Triss. James counted down from 3, and they were off. Triss, true to form, made the first move, a left side uppercut and a right side low-cut. James jumped back, missing both and launching his own attack.

Triss jumped as James dropped and tried to kick her feet out from under her. "Missed me, missed me, now you gotta kiss me," Triss taunted.

"As much as I'm sure you would love that Triss, no," said James, kicking on of Triss's daggers out of her hand.

"Reducto!" Triss yelled, pointing her other dagger at James. James took the curse in his right shoulder, and hissed as it burned the skin. Pulling a complex combination of different moves, James quickly disarmed Triss. Triss growled playfully and jumped on James in the form of Tigress.

James didn't shift. "Triss, something's wrong," James gasped out. Triss immediately shifted back. The burn on James's shoulder was bleeding badly, and not showing any signs of healing.

"Oh my god! What happened?" Triss asked, lightly prodding the burn. James hissed in pain.

"Something sucked down my power level. I'll be fine in a few hours," said James. Triss pulled him up and James lowered the shields, allowing Fred and George to walk up to them.

"What happened?" Fred asked, concerned.

"Just a minor energy malfunction, I'll be fine in a few hours," said James. "We should have left the station by now, you're free to go back up. I need to clean this," said James, pulling off what was left of his burned shirt.

"I'll help, you guys go back up," said Triss, pulling James over to the medical portion of the room. Fred and George shared a look before disappearing up the stairs.

Triss sat James down on a stool and look closely at the charred excuse for skin. Walking over to a small refrigerator that James had stored in the room she pulled a small bottle of smoky blue potion out of it. She pulled a few towels, some gauze pads, and an Ace bandage out of a cabinet and set them down on a table next to where James was sitting. "This is going to sting," said Triss, pouring the potion on James's charred skin.

He flinched, but didn't say anything. Triss wiped off any potion that ran away from the wound and placed the gauze over the burn and wrapped it with the bandage. "Good as new," said Triss kissing the bandage. James laughed.

"Thank you mommy," James said sweetly. Triss smacked him. "Oy! That was a compliment woman," James said, ducking another swat from Triss.

"As the only trained Medi-witch here, I demand you go up and lay down. That thing is gonna be a bitch," said Triss. James rolled his eyes, but complied. The two stepped out of the trunk to find the compartment empty, but neither really cared, it wasn't often they got any time to themselves.

James lay down across on of the seats on his left side, with Triss curled up in front of him. Slowly both of the teenagers drifted of to

sleep, on doctor's orders of course. This was how a surprised Lily Evans found them a few hours later, though their position had changed a little. James was still on his side, but now had his arms wrapped tightly around Triss's waist. Triss was now facing away from James, and her arms were wrapped loosely around his.

"Shhh! Don't bother them," came George Weasley's voice. Evans blushed at being caught spying and pulled the door back closed, leaving the two kids alone.

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"And now Dumbledore makes his speech," said James, looking up at the standing Dumbledore.

"Welcome and Welcome back students! As I'm sure some of you have heard, Hogwarts shall be hosting some guests this year. In one week's time, select students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang shall arrive at Hogwarts. I expect you all to be on your best behavior. Also, we have a transfer student. Mr. Roman Lupin will join the 4th years by request of his father Remus Lupin.

"Also, we have another guest. Young Ms. Elizabeth Dursley shall be staying at the school for the time being. She is Professor Evan's muggle niece and I expect you to show her courtesy. Now for Mr. Lupin's sorting," Dumbledore announced, sitting back down. Like the first years Rome sat down on the three-legged stool and had the sorting hat place on his head. After a minute or two the hat called out 'Gryffindor!'

"Well, there's another one of our group in with the Gryffs," said Dray. James nodded, watching Rome. He sat down next to Kat at the Gryff table, a little too close to her for James's liking. By law Kat was his sister, and he treated her like it, even if their father didn't acknowledge him.

James nearly blew a blood vessel when Rome gave Kat a peck on the lips. "I'm going to kill him," James growled, eyes trained on Rome.

"Why?" asked Mel, looking at James in confusion. Then it dawned on her. "Kat didn't tell you her and Rome were dating did she?" asked Mel.

"As a matter of fact she didn't," said James.

"Well, they've been going out for a while now. Please, don't go big brother on her, Dray did that already," said Mel pointing the unhappy looking Slytherin.

"She's right, he checked out, but that doesn't make me any happier," Dray ground out.

"He doesn't check out till he passes my test," said James. Dray smirked at him.

"Oh come on! Leave Kat and her boyfriend alone. This is Remus Lupin's son. The same Remus Lupin that you cured of being a Werewolf. I doubt he's going to try and make her do anything she doesn't want to," said Triss.

Dray and James stared at each other. "I'll kill him!" they said in unison. They hadn't even thought about Rome trying anything with their surrogate sister.

"I'm so glad I don't have any older brothers," said Mel. James and Dray looked at her like she was nuts. "Shit!" Mel exclaimed, smacking herself on the forehead. "I just jinxed myself," Mel said, banging her head on the table.

Triss nearly broke down laughing. "Oy! Don't think your not part of the little sister thing," said Dray.

"Please. The only one who has any sort of control over me is James, and he damn sure won't be playing big brother on me if he values his life and body parts," said Triss. Dray looked at her in horror.

"You wouldn't," he said.

"She would," said James, erasing all doubt.

Review responses:

Mistress of Hogwarts: Have you ever been around a person that is obviously stronger than you and felt threatened? That's kind of what everyone is thinking about James right now. They think he is showing off his power and are threatened by how much stronger James is, without even using his full power. Snape didn't disown James, they just aren't getting along, and no, James isn't jealous. As far as he cares Alex and Emma are still his rightful parents, because no one else wanted him.

MiakaChan5: Thanks. It's nice to know my story is worth the wait for the chapters. I hope to be able to pick up on the posts again soon. For some reason my teachers are piling on the work instead of cutting back. It's annoying.

RilieDeAnnPotter5569: Wow....cool....well, not much for me to reply to so I'll leave it at that.

Wytil: Well, as I said, I hate planes, and wouldn't set foot on one if my life depended on it. I haven't lost anyone to something like that, nor do I want to, but you never know.

Yume-kitsune: We haven't gotten our scores back yet. The teacher said the last week of May at the earliest. What middle school do you go to? I don't know of any school that goes on block. The high school I'm going to next year goes on block, but that really won't matter. The only good thing I can say about block is the fact that you only have to put up with 4 classes at once, as opposed to 7.

Gaul1: As you can see above, they tried. Elizabeth is the Dursley's second daughter, and the whole Dursley family is dead. I guess I didn't make that specific enough.

Mr. Happy Java Man: My birthday is May 14. I try to stick with normal colors, like blue, green, and purple. It was once said that only a woman could tell the difference between white, off-white, beige, and egg shell. Well, that person was wrong because as far as I'm concerned, white is white, not cream or mocha or pearl. What's with

the cane and rocking chair? I'm not old enough for a cane (14 on May 14th) and I'm not an expecting mother in need of a rocking chair. Whatever, I'm just gonna make myself more confused if I think on it.

Athenakitty: Yes. Elizabeth is Evan's niece. I don't think Ron's attitude is going to change much. Yes, Snape will remember James and finally, the Dursleys weren't there for the world cup. They were camping and got caught in the crossfire.

SnakeDynasty: This story must be getting long because you are the 3rd or 4th person to tell me that in a two-day period. I'm turning this story over to my beta as far as Triss/ James goes. I don't do fluff. Shivers There will be James/ Triss eventually, but not till after the 3rd task. It plays a key part in this whole thing.

Linky2: Okay.....

Lunawolf: I based the Elves on Legolas and Galadriel actually. Good observation. If you like LOTR a friend of my friend and I just started a joint fic. It's under Shadow Stalkers. It's kind of weird, but we were high on sugar when we wrote it, but it's still good.

Musicstarlover: Basically. I just tweaked his personality and family ties a bit. Sorry if it's confusing.

Iced Flame: Thanks.

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Itty bitty evil kitty of doom: That's new. Sorry, but I have no idea what that meant.

RunningInCircles: Oi! This story really must be getting long. You're the 5th, I think, person to say that since I posted chapter 31.

SiLvErFaTeD: Thanks.

LizaGirl: Thanks. I have no idea how long it'll be, but it will probably go through 7th year.

Howling wolf1: Thanks. In the book, Ireland won, but Bulgaria (Krum) got the snitch.

Jennifer: Thanks.

#French#

\$Bulgarian\$

Parseltongue

Elven

'Thoughts'

Dwarven

(A/N: Here is a refresher on the Language department.)

Lone Child

Chapter 33: Arrival & What You've All Been Waiting For!

"So, how do they expect us to talk with these people? I doubt all of them speak English," said Fred shrugging on his Gryffindor outer robe. Somehow the whole group managed to lose track of time, and the students from Durmstrang and Beauxbatons were due to arrive in 15 minutes.

James gave a Fred a look that clearly said 'You are so stupid.' "Both Trisstessa and I speak fluent French and almost fluent Bulgarian," said James.

"Is there anything you guys can't do?" asked George, sounding a bit jealous.

"I can't shift into more than one animal," Triss responded.

"I can't hold onto my family," James replied just as easily. Fred and George flinched. Both knew how tense of a subject family was becoming around James. Most of the group pitied him for his lack of a loving family. Triss was the exception, as she knew what it was like and considered James family, and vice versa.

"Come on, we need to get going," said Dray, catching up to them. "Everyone else is already on the grounds."

"Okay, okay, we're going," said Triss, pushing James along, with Fred and George following. They entered the hall a few minutes later and walked out on to the school grounds through the main doors, under the disapproving glares of all of the professors, including the new DADA professor, Alastor Mad-eye Moody.

"See you guys in a bit," said James as the group of 5 departed, the twins to go join the 6th year Gryffs and James, Triss and Dray to go join the Slytherin 4th years. The professors made one last round through the groups of students, making sure that they were all presentable. All of the professors, without exception, glared at James and Triss as they went by.

'WTF?' asked Triss.

'I don't know. It must have something to do with the World Cup,' James responded. 'As you said, it seems like everything has something against one of us these days.'

'It's still weird. I've never seen Dragon get mad at you for something you did, and I've never seen Fudge do anything remotely intelligent,' Triss said.

'Yeah, well. There isn't too much we can do about it, so let it lie,' James responded.

Triss didn't comment further and the two of them waited for the arrival of the students. Five minutes later James caught the sound of horse hooves in the distance. Four very large pure white horses appeared out of thin air. "What are those?" Dray asked, looking at the horses.

"Pegasi. They are a female version of Pegasus. Remember the movie we watched last summer, 'Reign of Fire'?" James asked. Dray nodded. "Their breeding habits are the same as the dragons in the movie. One male impregnates the females and when the male is ready to die he creates another male, who takes over."

"Cool," said Dray. Evans shot them a glare and they stopped talking. The first out of the large carriage the Pegasi carried was a woman that James quickly identified as a half giant. She was followed by several young woman and a few young men. One of the young women James identified as part Veela. This belief was only enforced as most of the Hogwarts males started drooling over her.

The half-giant James knew as Madam Maxime walked over to Dumbledore and shook his hand. They conversed for a few minutes when a whirlpool started in the lake. Out of the whirlpool came a fair sized wooden ship.

The ship docked and several young men and women pored out, and none other than Igor Karkaroff lead them. It took a lot of restraint on James' part not to go strangle the man. He was one of the group of Death Eaters that had attacked and killed his adoptive parents.

Like Madam Maxime Karkaroff shook Dumbledore's hand. After talking for a few minutes Dumbledore signaled for all of the students to go into the Great Hall. The Hogwarts students sat at their respective tables, and the foreign students picked where they wanted to sit.

The part Veela girl's group sat at the Slytherin table, across from James, Triss, Dray, Mel and Gin. At the Gryffindor table there was a group of athletic looking boys, all a little to close to Kat for his or Dray's liking, and Rome didn't seem to like it either. James was surprised to find that the boy sitting closest to Kat was none other than Victor Krum, a player from the World Cup.

"Shall we kill him now or later?" Dray whispered.

"Later, unless he tries anything," James responded. Dumbledore then stood and made a small speech, and the feast began. James and Dray quickly became uncomfortable when the girls from Beauxbatons started eyeing them like fresh meat. They started talking in rapped French, talking about some rather inappropriate things.

#You really shouldn't talk about people when they understand what you're saying,# said Triss in perfect French not even taking her eyes

off of her plate. The chatter stopped and the group of about 6 girls blushed crimson. James and Triss stifled chuckles.

And Dragon said speaking other human languages wouldn't come in handy, James said smirking. He immediately regretted saying anything because the girls started eyeing him dreamily. Oi vay.

You can say that again, Triss responded glaring at the blond French girls. They didn't seem to notice. About 15 minutes later everyone had finished eating and Dumbledore stood again.

"I would like to formally welcome students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang. I'm sure most of you know the reason for you all being here, but for those of you that don't know, Hogwarts is to be hosting the first Tri-wizard tournament in over 100 years," Dumbledore announced.

Some students clapped, others just looked shocked. "One week from tonight there will be a drawing from the Goblet of Fire. The bravest student to enter themselves from each school shall be chosen. After you enter your name it cannot be withdrawn, and if you are chosen as the participant from your school, you must participate. Now, before the younger students start to get their hopes up, only students 17 or older may enter their name," said Dumbledore. Some of the younger students booed, but James couldn't have been happier.

"Finally, a calm, relaxing year," he whispered to Triss. She agreed whole-heartedly.

"The Goblet of Fire shall be set up in the main entrance hall, inside an age line. I suggest that you do not try to enter your name if you are below the required age," Dumbledore finished. "Now, I suggest you all go to bed. Visiting students, you may choose the dormitory you wish to stay in. Good night."

I think Slytherin may have a few visitors tonight, said Triss, seeing how the group of French girls were eyeing James and Dray.

"Oh no," James sighed, smacking his head on the wooden table. Dray seemed to share that belief, thankfully Gin had seen it as well and was now glaring at the girls. Dray smirked and wrapped his arm around Gin's waist.

I think your situation just got worse, said Triss, as the girl's full attention fell on James.

Triss, I would normally never ask you this, but help, James pleaded as the girls eyed him hungrily.

Of course, come on, said Triss standing up. James followed her lead as she practically attached herself to him. Triss walked side by side with James towards the Slytherin Common room, with the French girls following not too far behind. James hardly had time to process what was going on before he found himself sitting on one of the chairs in the common room with Triss straddling him, and kissing him.

Now, one would think that these were only small little pecks here and there, but no. These kisses were full force, on the lips, tongue and all. James was just a little shocked, but quickly caught up. About 5 minutes later the clearing of someone's throat broke the warming couple apart.

None other than Draco Malfoy stood over them with a wide, knowing smirk on his face. "So, when were you planning on telling the rest of us?" Dray asked.

"What are you talking about?" James asked, his voice slightly husky. Both were still too shocked to disentangle themselves from each other.

"Well, from your current position, I would say you two are rather close," said Dray.

"We were trying to get the French blondes to leave James alone," Triss replied.

"The girls left right after the first minute. You two have been at it for a good 5 minutes, we timed it," said Dray, motioning to Gin, who held a

stopwatch. It was then that the two of them notice the common room was empty.

"Where is everyone?" James asked.

"No one else is back from dinner yet. Good thing for you guys too, other wise the whole school would know by breakfast. As it is now, you'll be lucky if they don't know by dinner tomorrow night."

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And Dray had been right. By dinner the next night the whole school was under the influence that James and Triss were a couple. Dumbledore was visibly sulking and sending glares and the two of them, which they either ignored, or returned. The other professors looked mildly interested, but none asked.

It only got worse the next morning at breakfast when the two of them got a letter from Sirius with a full sex ed. talk. "God help us," James groaned, smacking his head on the table.

"One would wonder why so many people care," said Triss, glaring at a few of the Bulgarian boys who were looking at her with interest.

"Please, this is like the scandal of the century. Dumbledore's unofficial granddaughter and a rich orphan boy. I wouldn't be surprised if this ended up in the papers," said Rome, sitting down at the Slytherin table.

"Yeah, that was quite a show you two put on last night," said Gin. James gave her the Byrd.

"Well, look at it this way, other girls aren't looking at you like fresh meat," Kat added. "I, on the other hand, am being eyed like a lamb chop no matter how clear I make it that I have a boyfriend."

"Too true. O'well, there wasn't much we could do anyway," said Triss. She seemed to be handling the whole thing a lot better than James was, then again, she was always cool under pressure.

"Right. Come on, we need to get to class. I don't like the look Poppy is giving me," said James, standing up. Triss followed, as did Dray. The three Slytherin's all had potions next, while the Gryffs had COMC and the 3 years had DADA.

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Potions went by with out any major accidents. However, Poppy had managed to corner James and Triss and give them a full blown 'birds and the bees' talk. James didn't know if his face would ever be the right color again, with all the blushing he did. Triss was in a similar state, though her eyes were glazed over, and James had to steer her to make sure she didn't fall down the stairs or something like that.

"Come on Triss, lets go train. It should keep people off of us for a while," said James, subtly sneaking Triss into his and Dray's room and into his trunk training room.

"I'm going for a swim," Triss declared. She disappeared into the bathroom to change into her bathing suit, and James did the same. A few minutes later James returned to find Triss already swimming laps. Silently he dropped into the pool and joined her. Nearly two hours later Triss called for James's attention.

"You don't think your dad will try to give us 'the talk' do you?" she asked.

"I seriously doubt it. He doesn't give a damn what goes on in my life. I would be surprised if he bothers to acknowledge me at graduation," said James.

"It sounds like he's turning into quite the bastard," Triss commented.

"Yep. What about Dumbledore? You think he's going to try to give us 'the talk'?" James asked, cringing.

"No. I swear, for an anti-pureblood person he sure is worried about me marrying a pureblooded wizard. He's probably trying to find me a husband as we speak. Ass hole," Triss growled.

"What about publicly? Think we should carry on the charade? It would keep the foreigners off of us, and no one would question where we disappear to all the time," said James.

"Sounds good. But why would it have to be a charade?" Triss asked innocently.

James was slightly confused. "What are you talki-" James was cut off by Triss covering his mouth with her own. Like a few nights before it took James a few seconds to process the fact that his best female friend had her legs wrapped tightly around his waist and was kissing him, tongue and all.

Normally James would have pushed her off, but her was, oddly enough, enjoying the contact. A few minutes later James was shocked to find that some how he had pinned Triss to the side of the pool, removed the top of her bikini and was working on the bottom, while Triss was working on it board shorts.

"Stop, stop, stop. We need to stop," James panted, backing off of Triss a little. She looked confused, and a little hurt. "No, this is wrong. I am NOT going to take a girl's virginity in a pool," James declared.

Triss seemed to snap back to reality, and quickly put the top of her suit back on. "Um, sorry got to go," she squeaked running off to the bathroom. James groaned.

"That did not just happen. I did not almost have sex with my best friend in a pool. Nope didn't happen," James said to himself, going into his bathroom to change, all the while trying to convince himself that that whole event didn't just happen.

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Sadly enough for the couple neither could convince themselves that that little event didn't happen. With that they ended locked in Triss's room for a nice long talk. "I take it you're just as confused as I am," said James. Triss nodded. "Personally, I have no problem with the two of us starting to date and what not, but I'm shutting up now," he said awkwardly.

Triss sat cross-legged on her bed in deep thought. "I think," she began, "That this was going to happen one way or another. Remember our bond? Dragon just told us it was a soul bond, her never elaborated. My guess is that it's more than that, and that we were going to end up together no matter what we did."

"So you're saying we never had a choice and that we've more or less been destined to fall in love with each other since we were 8 years old?" James asked.

"That's exactly what I'm saying. Not the most romantic ways to get together, but still, it's getting together," Triss sighed, laying back on her bed.

"So what do you purpose we do?" James asked, sitting down next to her.

"Well, I doubt people are really going to care about the fact that we're together anymore than they already do. I don't know about you, but this is kind of awkward, and weird," Triss commented, James agreed.

"So, what are we going to do to Dragon for not telling us?" James asked. Triss laughed.

"What do you have in mind?" Triss asked.

"I'm not sure yet. I think something that has to do with a pole this winter," James thought.

"Maybe we should call Fred and George in on this one," Triss suggested.

"Maybe, maybe not," James said with a grin. For the third time in less than a week James found himself kissing his best friend, and he was liking it. In the course of about 5 minutes James had removed Triss's shirt, bra, and skirt, and she had managed to get his shirt and jeans off.

With a snap of James's fingers several locking and silencing spells had been placed up. For the rest of the afternoon and night the two shared themselves with each other, not worrying about the outside world or what they would think should they ever find out.

(A/N: Okay, I know I said James and Triss wouldn't get together for a while, but I changed my mind. I hope all of you James/Triss lovers are happy. And you can also thank my BR, who more or less walked me through the whole romance thing. I've said it once, and I'll say it again, Romance is NOT my thing. Oh! I think I just broke 100,000 words with this chapter! Go me! And, much to my excitement, I just turned 14! May 14, 2004! Go me again! Oy, I think I over did it with the cake and soda... And finally! I'm sorry this is late. I've just had to deal with a week of final exams, and my brain is no longer functional...In the mean time I'm going to go hide under a rock so I can't be murdered for this chapter...)

SiLvErFaTeD: It's so nice to know people like my story. It gives me such a warm, fuzzy feeling.

Wytil: Sadly I get 'big brothered' all the time, even though, should the event call for it, I can toss my older brothers. I think I shocked my whole family when my brother Don started teasing me and I pinned him to a wall, regardless of that he's 6'5" and 300 pounds...

Athenakitty: I know, the part about Fudge is frightening, but it ties in with the rest of it, I think. James gets whacked several times, and almost every girl in the group James considers a sister, therefore he must approve of boy friends.

Gaul 1: Thanks.

Iced flame: Maybe he would, maybe he wouldn't. No way to tell.

Lunawolf: I'll try. Hopefully I'll have a lot of time on my hands, because the school year is ending. But then again, we have finals at the end of the week.

PrinceHarry: Thanks.

Jennifer: I'm working on my chapters as fast as humanly possible. If I type any faster I'll be classified as a non-human. Hold on...I thought I was a non-human already...Confused moment.

Insanechildfanfic: Many, many thanks.

Potter-man1: Thanks. Nice to know people like my story.

Cyre: I know, it was short, but I didn't want you guys to have to suffer another week so I could get it all finished. As I've said before, school is being a pain in the ass, and I have finals next week. I wait for the first day of summer!

Beea20: For a while, I had considered letting the goblet give out his name, but then I remembered, Lily Potter never named him so his magically binding name will always be James Alexander Shadow Cage. As for his shifting abilities dropping, well, you'll see. Lily will find out within the next 10 or so chapters. It depends on how long I take with the tournament.

Howling wolf1: No worries, I'm working on it, though I am starting to have trouble with this thing called Writer's block. O'well, this is what my chain saw is for!

Saetan: No worries, I try to update weekly, on Sundays or Wednesdays.

No name TTTT: James (Harry) is 11. I know, people seem to think he is too big, but you have to understand that he isn't human, he's Elven, Sidhe and a few other races.

Serpent of Light: Damn straight! Girl Power rules! But please! No descriptive words for laughing, my reading teacher just spent a whole semester on how many ways you can laugh, and I've been seriously disturbed.

RunningInCircles: Thanks.

Sweet-single: No, not yet. Lily will find out soon though.

GY: I kind of did that on purpose. I wanted to show the line between how James and Triss act in comparison to say, Dray, in first year. Both have been through somewhat dramatic experiences and act more mature because of it. Kat is the same way, and the twins are older. The whole height thing ties in with that fact that they are Elves.

I'm not the weakest link: Thanks. Oy, cool pen name...

Chapter 34: Life sucks!

The happy couple was woken the next morning by pounding on the door. "Triss! Have you seen James?" Dray's voice asked.

"No! Now go away! I need my beauty sleep!" Triss yelled. She and James were both suddenly glad it was Saturday.

"Okay love, you need to get up, I'll be back. I need let Dray find me before he blows a gasket," James whispered, kissing Triss on the forehead.

"Alright, see you in a while," Triss said, giving James one last kiss on the lips before he ported into the bathroom of his trunk. After a quick shower James spiked his still frosted hair and got dressed. He had no sooner stepped out of his trunk before he was jumped on by Dray.

"Where have you been?" Dray demanded.

"Well, I was training but I decided I need to shower and get ready for the day," James said in amusement. Dray didn't look amused.

"We must go play big brother. I just caught Mel in a broom closet with one of the Bulgarians," Dray growled. James was ready to start growling too.

"Where is she and what did you do to the Bulgarian?" he asked.

"They're both waiting in the common room and I haven't done anything to him, yet," Dray said, still seething.

James grinned one of his sly grins. "Come, we must go play brother."

Sure enough, sitting in one of the love seats in the common room, were Mel and one of the Bulgarians. Unlike most of the male Bulgarians James had seen so far, this one wasn't square shouldered and duck footed. Like one of the normal people from that country he had brown hair and eyes, but his build was much like James or Dray's.

"I think you have some explaining to do, starting with his name," James said, staring at the boy. Mel rolled her eyes.

"This is Vladimir Krum, he is Victor Krum's cousin. Unlike what you may be thinking, he and I have known each other for more than five years, and us dating is nothing new," Mel said, glaring at Dray.

"Well Vladimir, what are your intentions towards my little sister?" James asked, looking right into Vladimir's eyes. "I suggest you don't lie to me, I will know." James pulled on Vladimir's mind up a little, letting him know he could pry into the mind.

"No vad intentions, I assure you. She iz my girlfriend and haz veen for a long time. Before she came here she stayed with my family very often, as neither of my parents liked the thought of her being in an orphanage," Vladimir said. James couldn't sense any lies so he offered the boy a peaceful handshake.

Vladimir accepted and before Vladimir could pull his hand back James squeezed it, hard, as if letting him know what would happen if he hurt James's adopted sister. Vladimir nodded in understanding. Mel and Vladimir then joined hands and stood. "Are you two going to Hogsmead?" Dray asked. They nodded and left.

"What was that about?" Triss asked, walking down the stairs from her dorm.

"Nothing. Want to go to Hogsmead for a butterbeer?" James asked. Triss nodded eagerly. Both had a faint glow about them, but Dray didn't comment.

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A few hours later they returned to the school, laughing and talking with the rest of the crew. "So, tomorrow we all have our first DADA lesson. What do you guys think?" Triss asked, leaning into James, who had his arm around her shoulder.

"It should be cool. All the other students say that Moody is weird but a good teacher. Do you know him from any where James?" Mel asked.

"Only by reputation. He brought in a lot of Death Eaters after Voldemort's down fall," said James.

"What about the whole Tri-wizard tournament thing?" Dray asked.

"Well, for once in our busy lives we can sit back and watch others try to get themselves killed, and we full intend to take the chance," said Triss.

"Damn straight. I've had enough adventure to last me a life time as is," James agreed.

"I know the feeling," said Triss.

"Well, come on, we better get to dinner," said Dray shoving the group along.

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It was finally the night of the drawing of the Tournament winners. Triss hadn't really been feeling well that day and against James's wishes she insisted on going to the feast. James was more or less being left alone by other girls as they all thought he was taken. Dray had a bit more trouble, but having a redhead for a girlfriend had its pluses. The twins had tried to put their names in the cup, as they both would be 17 in April, but ended up getting thrown across the hall and given beards to rival Dumbledore's.

"You sure you're good to go?" James asked for the hundredth time in the last hour.

"For the last time James, yes! Unlike you some of us get sick sometimes, and you know how much I hate pepper-up potion," Triss growled, getting annoyed.

"Yes Trisstessa dear," James said sweetly making Triss roll her eyes. She had long since given up on getting James to stop calling her Trisstessa.

"Come on people, we don't want to be late," Dray announced shoving them out of the Slytherin Common room and into the corridors.

"No need to push Dray," James said, keeping a firm arm around Triss's waist.

"You didn't move," Dray said in his defense as he pulled Gin off towards the hall with Mel and Vladimir in toe. James rolled his eyes and followed with Triss at a more leisurely pace. About 5 minutes later they entered the crowded hall and sat in their normal seats. The Gryffs of their group were sitting at the Gryff table per Dumbledore's orders.

At the head table, aside from the normal teachers, were none other than Percy Weasley, Fudge, Crouch, and an ugly toad faced woman James didn't know. At precisely 6 p.m. Dumbledore stood from his chair at the Head table. "As you all know, tonight will be the drawing for the winners of the Tri-wizard Tournament. One of the bravest and most powerful students from each school to have entered their name shall be chosen. Minister Fudge, if you would do the honors," Dumbledore said, looking at the minister, seated to his left.

Fudge stood up and walked into a back room behind the teacher's table. He came back a minute later carrying the Goblet of Fire. He quickly handed it off to Dumbledore and returned to his seat. The fire in the Goblet flared when Dumbledore touched it. A piece of paper was spat from the opening of the cup and Dumbledore grabbed it before it could fall back in.

"The first student, Victor Krum!" Dumbledore announced placing the paper on the table. Victor stood from his seat next to Vladimir and Mel and ran up to the Head table, only to be lead into the room Fudge had gotten the Goblet. The Goblet flashed again and another piece of paper was spat out. "The second student, Fleur Delacour!" Like Victor she was lead into the privet room behind the Head table.

"And finally," Dumbledore said as the Goblet flashed again. "Cedric Diggory!" Cedric stood, with loads of cheers from the Hufflepuffs. Dumbledore started to turn to escort Cedric into the privet room when the Goblet flashed again. Dumbledore picked the paper that followed

out of the air and read it. With a deep scowl he read out the name. "James Cage."

James practically fell out of his seat. "He did not just say what I think he said," James groaned.

"You better get going, but we will be talking about this later," Dray said, giving him a look that could kill. James rubbed the bridge of his nose and stood. 'Trust me to get pulled into some screwed up death trap every year,' James thought.

James was pulled into the room by Snape, with Dumbledore following quickly. "What the hell is running in your head boy? Entering your name in something that you could very well get you killed!" Snape whispered threateningly.

"Not that you care Professor, I didn't enter my name in that cup. I don't know who did but it sure as hell wasn't me. If I wanted to go on some suicidal goose chase I would have joined gone to one of the Elven realms that are at war," James growled.

"Never the less, your name was entered into the cup and you are bound by magical contract to participate," Dumbledore said firmly.

"Dumbledore, from what I can tell the contract was for three people, one from each school, not for four, two from the same school," James said.

"Not so Mr. Cage, the contract was for whoever the Goblet chose as a champion, you were chosen, and therefore have to participate," said Fudge, appearing out of no where.

"Do noz tell me ve have to compete with thiz, boy!" Fleur yelled in out rage. James recognized her as one of the girls that had stalked him the first night.

"Well, I certainly seemed man enough for you to stalk me like fresh meat the first night," James shot back scathingly. Fleur paled.

"That is enough Mr. Cage," Snape snapped.

The next morning James woke in a better mood. "No, last night didn't happen. I was high on potions fumes and was hallucinating," James said to him self.

"Sorry to disappoint you Cage," came Dray's cold voice. The tone he used was normally one only taken with Ron Weasley.

"What's your problem?" James asked, pulling open the curtains of his bed.

"My problem is that you lied to us! You said you didn't want to be apart of the damn tournament!" Dray yelled from his position on his bed.

"I didn't lie to anyone! I didn't put my name in that damn cup! I don't know who did but it damn sure wasn't me!" James growled back, his blue eyes glowing with rage.

"Whatever Cage," Dray hissed turning and walking out of the dorm.

James took a deep breath and fought the urge to beat Dray until he believed he didn't enter his name in the cup. "First things first, I need to go check on Triss," James sighed, running a hand through his hair. With that he threw off the covers and got dressed.

Within a few minutes he was down at the hospital wing with a bundle of roses that changed from white to blue to purple and back again. Poppy was nowhere to be seen but James easily picked Triss's scent up and followed it to her bed.

He found Triss staring up at the ceiling with her eyes glazed over. James couldn't place what it was, but something wasn't right. "Triss love?" James asked carefully, placing a hand on hers. Triss's eyes met his own and cold fury enveloped her deep blue eyes. With out warning she pulled her hand from his and slapped him, hard.

Poppy seemed to have heard the sound and shoved James out of the hospital wing, but not before Triss got several good swings on him, giving him a bloody nose and a black eye. "WTF?" James growled,

heading back towards his rooms. It was Monday and classes didn't start for another two hours, so he had time for a little bit of practice.

James entered his trunk and walked over to a big red circle that was in the middle, next to the pool, shedding clothes as he went. By the time he reached the circle he was wearing only his jeans, and was holding his Elemental sword in his hand. A red barrier appeared around the edges of the circle and several Shadow Warriors appeared. "Do you're worst. Safety Word is Fury," James said.

The warriors nodded and gave James no preparation time before they attacked. The good thing about the Shadow warriors is that they couldn't be killed, as they were little more than tangible shadows made by James's elemental magic.

It was almost 30 minutes into the battle that something unexpected happened. One of the faster warriors took a swipe at James from behind and cut him from just under his right arm down to his waist. Normally that wouldn't bother James much, but the problem was he couldn't get it to heal. Using his distraction another one of the warriors struck him on the back, cutting him from his left shoulder blade to his right thigh.

"Fury!" James called, dropping to the ground in pain. It had been several years since he hadn't been able to heal himself, and he was sure he wasn't under the influence of any potions. Blood was flowing freely from the two wounds and James knew that he would probably bleed to death if he didn't stem the bleeding, something he couldn't do on his own.

In another twist of fate, Jewel, whom he hadn't seen for quite a while, decided to pay him a visit. James? What happened? the snake demanded.

I don't know. I can't heal myself, and I know I'm not under the influence of anything, James groaned. One of the things he had forgotten about the Shadow blades is that they hurt, a lot.

Damn it! I wanted to keep this a secret, the snake hissed. James looked at her in puzzlement before she disappeared in a flash of

green light. Standing in the snakes place was a woman. She had long blond hair and eyes green enough to rival James's in his normal form. If James didn't know better he would have said she was an elf as she had a build similar to Triss's and her ears were pointed.

"Jewel?" James asked. The woman nodded. "How?"

"It is a special ability of my kind, however few have the freedom to harness the ability. I was going to tell you at Halloween when I was sure I would be able to control it. I take the form of an Elf, much like Triss and yourself." Jewel's voice had a distinct lisp, but James wasn't too worried about it. "Come, let's get you cleaned up. You have classes in an hour," Jewel continued pulling James to his feet.

James winced, but didn't complain as Jewel lead him over to a bar stool and started cleaning and stitching his wounds. "You are lucky. This could have gone through the muscle, and then you would be really uncomfortable. As it is this is going to hurt like mad," Jewel commented as she finished stitching the wound on James's side.

"Don't remind me. The one day I need pain killers is the one day I don't have them available," James growled.

"Not that I would let you take pain killers, why do you not have any?" Jewel asked.

"Poppy invaded my stores as she was running low on everything, and you know how Snape is about making potions like that. Plus, mine are much better than anything Snape could come up with," James said, pulling on a clean shirt from one of the cabinets. He also grabbed a fresh pair of jeans and boxers from the cabinet and went into the bathroom to change.

He returned a few minutes later looking like nothing had happened, though Jewel could sense his pain. "So, would you like to explain to me what is going on with this tournament or what is wrong with Triss first?" Jewel asked, changing the topic.

"Once again someone is trying to kill me and has entered me into this tournament. Everyone is mad because they think I snuck my way in,

and something happened to Triss, and it's my fault, even if I don't know what," James groaned, pressing his forehead on the cool surface of one of the stone walls.

"I believe you about the tournament. I know that you would never enter yourself into something like that without at least Triss's consent. As for what happened to Triss, I know, but I think she needs to tell you. Are you still able to see other's auras?" Jewel asked.

"No, I can't. I don't know why, but my powers seem to be diminishing, like something is draining them, but I don't know what it is," James sighed, sitting back down on the barstool.

"Well, for the time being I'm going to see what I can find out about this whole tournament thing. Do you think you'll be okay going to your next class on your own?" Jewel asked.

"Yeah. It's Transfiguration with Potter. This is starting off to be a fun year," James said with a groan.

"It will only get worse," said Jewel before turning back into her serpent form and slithering away.

(A/N: Hello everyone! Summer is here! Finally! The next thing on my to do list is edit this story. It shouldn't take anymore than two weeks, as this story is getting really long and it will probably take me several days to get to cooperate long enough to get them all up. If I change anything important I'll let you know.)

Review Responses:

RunningInCircles: Thanks.

Krr84: Really? Well, I'm not coming out of my anti-flame box yet.

Sanity is Relative: Thanks. I really thought people wouldn't like this chapter, but I guess I should have more faith in my Beta reader. The 25th was the last day for us, thank god! I thought I was going to die in that school, and I Aced all my exams.

Jericholic-baby: Thanks.

Musicstarlover: It's okay. I take what reviews I can get, and don't beg for more. As is I'm getting about 17 reviews a chapter.

Gaul1: Thanks. Time will reveal all, my dear friend.

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Lunawolf: Thanks. I really, really should have more confidence in my Beta reader...

Lunarian: Thanks. You know, when I first started this fic I was going to kill off Triss, wouldn't that be a plot twist.

Cyre: Superb? That's new. My cousin's both turned 14 on April 23 and 24, no they're not related, different sides of the family. Almost all of the people I know were born in either April or May. My Mom and Grandmother are a day apart.

Rhysel Ash: I'm sorry about the wait. As I said, I had finals and I had to study. As it was I failed Spanish for the year, but it's summer now. Hopefully I can get the chapters rolling again. I'm having a small issue with what you would call 'writers block'.

SiLvErFaTeD: Oi! I have a copyright for the warm and fuzzy thing!

Athenakitty: James and Snape won't talk for a while yet, not until James gets back from the last task.

Iced Flame: As I said, I'm passing most of the credit on to my beta. She came up with this, I just figured out how to make it all fit in, then typed it up.

Jennifer: I shall try.

HarrySlytherinson: Thanks. I try to update at least once a week, but sometimes unavoidable things happen that I have to deal with.
coughschoolcough

Kayla: I think you've fallen a bit behind. They just walked into 4th year, and technically, James is 15, he just doesn't know that yet. Triss is almost 15 as well. That doesn't make sense at current second, but it will.

Roxoan: Umm...no comment. I kind of got bored with 'Not myself', I stopped reading it a while ago. Now, who said anything about the two of them staying together? They still won't be inseparably together until later.

Serpent of Light: Yeah well, school is out for the summer, though I have a summer reading list for English Honors. Good to know people liked this chapter, I was buried deep underground in my anti-flame box because I thought I was going to be bombarded with flames.

Write More!...: I will, no worries.

Howling wolf1: When did I say he was 11? He's actually 15 in 4th year, but that won't come up for a while yet. It must have been a typo.

Anna: James's aura is silver. It will make that known later.

(My sister) Anna: Hi Anna! Nice to hear from you. You'll see what I'm going to do, and it's not going to follow the book to the letter, trust me.

Bob the psycho ghost: Thanks. I think the kneecaps are cartilage, but I could be wrong. If they aren't, then I guess I did break a bone, or two.

Chapter 35: "I plead the 5th!"

Not even 5 minutes after classes were over James was cornered by Mel, Gin and the twins. "Look, if you're going to yell at me for the damn tournament thing, save it. I didn't enter my name," James said before the others had a chance to say anything.

"No James, that's not what we're here about. All four of us know you wouldn't do something like that then lie to us about it," Mel said, her face completely serious.

"It's about Triss. Something bad is going on," said Fred, his face much like Mel's.

"What are you talking about? What happened?" James asked, his eyes wide with concern.

"Whatever Dragon was doing to keep Triss out of her dad's hands isn't in effect anymore. Her father is withdrawing her from Hogwarts at the end of week, sending her to a school in America. That's what she was tripping about last night and this morning. Pomfrey said she's been hallucinating because of an allergic reaction to one of the ingredients in the Dreamless Sleep potion she was given after she fell down the stairs," Ginny said in a rush.

James couldn't believe what he'd just heard. "Excuse me, I have people to visit," James hissed, taking off in a run toward the hospital wing. He entered to find Triss curled up in a ball, sobs racking her body. "Tessa?" James asked. James had adopted the pet name when he and Triss first met, and only used it in extreme situations.

"James?" Triss asked, looking up. Her eyes were puffy and red from crying. "They're sending me back. Dumbledore is sending me back to him. I don't want to go back to him. Please don't let them take me back to him," Triss begged, throwing herself on James.

"Shhh... It's all right Tessa. I'm not going to let him take you back. You are my soul bond and I would die before I let anyone cause you harm," James whispered in her ear. Triss continued to sob into his

shirt, but did calm down some. Some half an hour later the two were interrupted by a very unwelcome guest.

"What, may I ask, are you doing with my daughter?" Triss stiffened. Standing to James's right was a man of about 40 years old with graying auburn hair and blue eyes, he was Brian Rockton, Triss's father.

"I really don't think that is any of your business," James hissed.

Brian glared at James. "As her father it is my business young man," he growled.

"As she is my soul bond, I'm telling you it's none of your god damn concern sir," James sneered. Brian gaped. "As I'm sure you are aware, once a child becomes bonded, no matter the age, their parents no longer have any claim over said child. If need be I will have it state be the Ministry of Magic state this as fact. Now, I suggest you get the fuck out of my school," James hissed. Brian looked stunned, but he did turn around and leave.

When he looked back down, Triss was staring at him in awe. "What?" asked James.

"You made him leave," Triss said, staring at him.

"I told you, I would die before I let someone cause you harm," James stated as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Triss continued to stare at him. James was about to ask why she was staring, but was silenced by her lips on his.

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"So what's got Dray's knickers in a knot?" James asked, sitting down next to Mel at the Slytherin table. Kat was over at the Gryff's table, being a little too friendly with Rome in James's opinion, and Dray was at the other end of the table talking with some other pure blooded snobs.

"I'll tell you later, it isn't safe to say anything here," Mel whispered in his ear.

"So how did you get Triss off the hook?" Fred asked from the other side of the table.

"Remember I told you we were bonded? They cannot remove Triss from my presence unless the bond is legally and willfully dissolved. If need be I can have it stated by the Ministry of Magic," James responded.

"So is Fudge being less of a moron than usual?" This came from George.

"Surprising isn't it? It seems he'll do just about anything to one up Dumbledore, even side with me." The group laughed at this comment.

"Hey, where's Gin?" Triss asked, noticing one of the youngest members of their group was missing.

"With Luna at the Ravenclaw table. Nice girl, but a bit insane," George commented.

This earned him a smack from Mel. "Luna isn't insane! She just has an active imagination."

"Insane, active imagination, it's all the same," Fred said, coming to his twin's defense.

James rolled his eyes. "While you battle it out, Triss and I have other things to talk about," James said, standing from the table again. Triss followed and the two exited the hall, not aware of the glaring eyes following them.

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"So what do you think the 1st task is going to be?" Triss asked, flopping down on James's bed.

"From what I hear, it's something that can't exactly be good for my health. Gin said Charley is coming in from Romania, so what can that mean?" James asked.

"Dragons? No way, they're going to let you guys fight dragons? You might as well slit the other's throats. They'll never make it out alive!" Triss shouted.

"Well, the only other thing it could be are vampires, and I don't see Charley being sent over for vampires," James said.

"But it's not impossible?" Triss asked.

"In the wizarding world, nothing is impossible," James said. Triss nodded and a mischievous look came into her eyes. Before she could act on it, Mel burst into the room.

"What the fuck?" Triss demanded.

Mel rolled her eyes. "I thought you guys wanted the details on what crawled up Dray's ass?"

"Yes, don't mind her, she was getting ready to torture me in some way, shape or form, so I thank you for the distraction," said James.

"He's working on his dad's orders. He told me to tell you guys. Rumor has it, Voldemort got his body back and is preparing to call in all of his Death Eaters. Dray is to be a spy like his father, there is no way around it," Mel explained.

"Hold on, Voldemort is back? No way, James would have known," Triss yelled.

James, however, hadn't heard this. 'How in two hells could he come back without my picking up on it? There is no way!' James thought furiously. His thoughts were interrupted by Mel.

"James, didn't you say your powers were acting up? Do you think Voldemort could be playing parasite again?" Mel asked.

James shook his head. "No, Dragon has a block on my power. It has been confirmed by a certain cat I know," said James, throwing a look at Triss. Triss suddenly found her feet very interesting.

"Well, it could just be a rumor, but we can't be too careful. Now, you two go back to whatever you were doing before I came in," Mel said, turning and leaving the two alone.

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"P-professor Potter? James Cage has been called down to the Great Hall," one of the third year Hufflepuffs stuttered. Potter, his face looking extra sour, dismissed James to follow the Hufflepuff boy.

James almost couldn't stop himself from groaning as the Hufflepuff started babbling to him. "Why me?" James growled under his breath. James was almost dancing for joy when the boy left him alone at the Great Hall. Inside James was met with a very welcome sight. Standing in the hall next to a not so happy looking Albus Dumbledore was Aberforth Dumbledore Ollivander.

"Hello James! It seems you are the first to arrive," Aberforth said when he spotted James. James pulled the old man into a hug, having missed the man's friendly face. "Oh no!" Aberforth said suddenly, looking up at James. "You've gotten taller than me!" Aberforth yelled jollily, patting James on the shoulder.

"Well, think of it this way Aberforth, I'm only going to get taller," James said, his eyes dancing with amusement.

"Well, I haven't laughed like that in ages. Tell me, how is young Trisstessa doing?" Aberforth asked. I heard my dear brother tried to send her back off to her father, but was once again shot down by you. Is it true you are now a couple? Aberforth asked, switching over to elven.

Triss is doing well. She nearly had a nervous breakdown when she found out she was to go back to her dad. I'm still pissed at Dragon over that. And finally, yes we are a couple, one of the other things I'm going to drown Dragon for not telling me, James responded.

What didn't Dragon tell you? Aberforth asked, concerned. He knew Dragon was being a bit of an ass at current time, but Aberforth had never known him to hold back information from James. If anything, he gave him too much information.

As you are well aware when I found Triss we formed a Soul Bond, but not in a friendly way. Apparently we've been destined to be with each other since the age of 8, longer if you count those time turner trips, James commented.

What time turner trips? Aberforth demanded.

'Shit!' James thought. No one was supposed to know about that little detail. A few years ago Triss and I got our hands on a time turner and used it to get in more ours of training. We haven't used it since before Hogwarts, but time turners to add to your age, James explained.

Exactly how old are you now? Aberforth asked, his voice calm and steady.

Just over 15. Triss is just under 15, says the Ministry documents anyway, James answered.

You better be glad I like you, other wise, I would have to toss you out the window for even thinking about using a time turner, Aberforth growled.

I plead the 5th! James yelled.

Aberforth shook his head sadly. "That's the last time I let you go hang out in Florida for the summer," Aberforth muttered, causing James to grin. It was then the two noticed that the rest of the Tournament Champions had arrived, along with several Ministry officials and a reporter. All were staring at them.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer," James growled, moving to stand next to the other champions.

"Now that we all have arrived and caught up with one another, I will tell you why you are all here. For your own safety, Mr. Ollivander will be checking all of your wands to make sure they are fully functional. Mr. Cage, please present your wand," Dumbledore ordered, holding out his hand.

Abet reluctantly James pulled the black piece of wood from his sleeve, gently placing it in Dumbledore's hands. James didn't even have time to react before there was a loud crack and Dumbledore fell backwards, dropping his wand in the process. The black wand rolled right to James's feet, leaving everyone in the room, with the exception of Aberforth and James, staring on in shock.

"It seems, James, that your wand doesn't like to be handled by others. Can you pass it to me please?" Aberforth asked. James picked the wand up and placed it in Aberforth's hands. Nothing happened. Aberforth inspected it for a few seconds before he gave his report.

"The wood and its core are in perfect condition. It looks the same it did as the day I made it. Black holly, with a Phoenix and Daricorn core. A special order, as his wands kept splitting down the middle," said Aberforth, absorbed in the qualities of the wand.

"Mr. Krum, your wand," said Dumbledore, having righted himself. This seemed to snap Aberforth out of whatever trance he was in and without another word, he handed James his wand back. James slipped it right back up his sleeve, ignoring the stares the other people in the room were giving him.

Soon enough Aberforth had inspected all of the wands and the reporter and Ministry officials made their rounds. The reporter, a woman named Rita Skitter, made a B-line for James. "Excuse me, Mr. Cage, can I have a word? Thank you. Now, I've come to understand that you are an orphan. How does it feel to not have the support of a loving parent?" Rita asked, not even letting James get a word in.

Smirking, James picked up his wand and wrote in big, smoky letters, I PLEAD THE FIFTH! NO COMMENT! Once James was sure Rita had seen what he'd written he cleared the letters and walked away, grinning like a cat that got the cream.

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The next morning, James was surprised to see by none other than Rita Skitter, an interview from him. Summing it up, the article basically made James sound like some crybaby on Jerry Springer. With out so much as a word, James stood up and headed for the Owlery, it seemed Ms. Skitter would wake up to a nice big Howler.

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"Welcome, everyone, to the first task of the Triwizard Tournament!" That was all James heard of the opening speech. The 1st task was only minutes away from starting and, as far as he knew, no one in the group of Champions had been told anything about what they were supposed to be doing. Triss had volunteered to keep James informed of the happenings outside while James went and completed the still unknown first task.

At current time James was standing in the middle of a small stone room. James recognized the room as one of the 5 closed off parts of the dungeons. Thanks to help from Jewel, James had discovered that, in the closed parts of the dungeons, there was only one way in, and one way out. According to Jewel, you couldn't go out the door you came in, and in the door you came out.

Because of the current surroundings, James guessed Triss was right, and it was vampires. There was no way anyone at the Ministry was stupid enough to let dragons loose in the Hogwarts dungeons. 'Well,' James thought, 'I could be wrong.'

This earned a laugh from Triss, who had been listening in on his train of thought. 'No worries love, this will be a piece of cake for you,' Triss thought to him.

'I know love, but I still don't like the fact that the point of this hasn't been explained,' James growled.

'Well, love, if you'd listened to the opening speech, you would know what you were doing, and that the first task starts in 3-2-1, NOW!' Triss yelled in his mind, her voice in unison with the announcer's.

With that, Triss cut their connection, and James cautiously walked out of the first room and into the next, watching for any sign of something that may want to eat him. James was going on the 6th room when something flashed out of the corner of his eye. James quickly found the source of the flash, a silver medallion seemingly floating in mid air.

'Okay, I now know what it is I'm looking for, but not what it is that's guarding it,' James thought. As if in answer to his question the medallion moved, and with it came a body.

Now attached to the medallion was a bad, Hollywood excuse for a vampire. It had pasty green skin, slimy black hair and pointed ears. It hissed at James, showing its fangs. 'Great, I now get to play with ugly, animated vampire dummies. Bloody hard task this is turning out to be. They probably don't even bite,' James thought, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

The 'vampire', not sensing any fear from James, attacked. James, having had Triss pull the same move countless times, flipped the vampire over his head, taking its medallion in the process. The vampire didn't seem at all happy about that arrangement, and its once pure black eyes turned a wolfish yellow.

James slipped the medallion in his pocket and waited for the vampire to attack. It did. Moving almost as fast as James in his top form, the vampire jumped at him, fangs first. James pulled back his fist and punched the thing in the teeth. Under any normal circumstances, the vampire's teeth would have fallen out, but this one's teeth just inflexed with James's fist, almost like...

"Plastic!" James yelled, dropping to the ground as the vampire swung at him. 'You would think they would be just a little more creative! Plastic fangs! Ugh!' James thought furiously. With that, James kicked it up a notch, always enjoying a good fight. Several hits, and a few scratches later, James became bored. Pulling his wand, James yelled, "Decollo!"

The vampire stopped mid step and fell to the floor, it's head rolling away from it's body. 'Jewel, tell me how the hell I'm supposed to get out of here!' James yelled.

'Go down the corridor, to the left and straight down. You will come to a door, go inside, got down and take the first right door. You should came back to the main hallway where some Ministry officials will be waiting for you,' Jewel answered.

'Thanks,' said James before setting off to follow her directions. Sure enough he was met with a several people. It seemed none of the other champions had come out yet. Upon exiting the room, James was pounced on by Poppy and her apprentice, the same woman that had been covering for her in his first year. James couldn't seem to recall the woman's name.

As soon as Poppy had deemed him healthy, Minister Fudge came over. "Life size, reanimated, Hollywood vampires with plastic fangs. What the hell were you smoking when you came up with this?" James demanded. A few people stopped and stared at seem the Minister of Magic being spoke to like that, but others had seen it happen before and weren't the impressed.

"It wasn't my idea. If your going to say something, go talk to the Bulgarian Minister," Fudge growled.

James glared at him and sat down to wait for the rest of the champions, after giving Fudge the medallion. Diggory was the next person to come out, a good 10 minutes after James had, also holding the medallion. He was shortly followed by a flustered looking Fleur and Victor. While the Ministry left to go sort out scores, the four champions sat and talked.

"Who vas the virst one out?" Fleur asked.

"I was," James responded. "Did you guys have to fight badly reanimated vampire dolls, or was it just me?"

"No, it vasn't just you," said Victor, whipping sweat off of his brow.

James was about to say something else, but was cut off by a familiar figure jumping on him. "Nice to see you to Triss," James wheezed and Triss hugged him so tight he could breath.

"You were the first one out! You won! Even going in blind, you won!" Triss yelled, obviously having had too much sugar.

"Tessa, love, where did you get all of the sugar?" James asked. Triss pointed to the sheepish looking figures of Mel, Gin and a blond girl James assumed to be Luna. "What were the final scores?" James asked, making Triss sit still next to him on the floor.

"You came out 1st, with 4 points, Cedric came 2nd with 3 points, Fleur came 3rd with 2 points, and Victor came 4th, with 1 point," said Gin.

"Well, at least it isn't a confusing scoring system..."

(A/N: I'm really, really, really sorry this took so long to get out. A lot of stuff is going on down here in lil' ole Florida. I can actually set my watch to the thunderstorms now! Anyway, I haven't been able to even turn on my computer, much less try and type with all of the lightening. I'm working nights! It's a quarter to 5 a.m. right now. Oh! A shark almost ate me today! Then I was nearly struck by lightening, twice! That's the last time I leave my house... Anyway, I'll try and get the next chapter out before July 5th, if I don't, well, I'm going on a vacation, so I'll work on it then. Oh! Last, but not least, I fixed what I could of chapters 1-27, if there are still an unbearable amount of mistakes, let me know. I'm going to bed now, night!)

Review responses:

RunningInCircles: Thanks.

SiLvErFaTeD: Thank you. I feel so warm a fuzzy!

Iced Flame: No, I write it. My beta just keeps me from running into walls, fondly known as writers block, and often times pushes the story in different directions.

Musicstarlover: I know, I'm so predictable sometimes, but I don't think any of you see the next plot twist...

Sauron the Great: Yeah, I did say 4th year, but not till the end, right after the 3rd task. It should be quite a show.

Lunarian: Oi! Give me some credit here. Triss does understand what James is going through, she's pissed at him for totally different reasons, nothing to do with the tournament or secrets. Actually, the reason Triss is mad isn't even James's fault. Jewel is James's familiar, not his pet, she's aloud to keep secrets from him. Plus, it wasn't really a bad secret, it was meant to be a surprise. I'm a fan of plot twists, so I seriously doubt this will turn out like you think it will.

Shadow Beast1: Thanks.

Serpent of Light: Thanks. Mid-July? Sucks to be you. When does school start up for you again?

Wytil: Triss isn't mad about the tournament. She knows that James would tell her if he was going to do something like that. The only person feeling really betrayed is Dray, as he and James are really good friends.

Gaul1: You'll see.

Athenakitty: No, but I may pull something along those lines.

Lunawolf: Nope, no morning sickness. I'll give you a hint, it has something to do with Dumbledore and his meddling. Don't worry, not everyone is mad at him.

I'm not the weakest link: Thanks.

Nathalia Potter: Thanks.

Insanechildfanfic: No, he doesn't loose it till 5th year, when he splatters all over Umbridge.

Jennifer: I will, no worries.

TopQuark: Hmm. What does hmm mean?

Shadowface: Thanks, all we be revealed in time.

Anna: You're so cool, thanks for the awesome review. You're like a sister to me...

Michaelrccurtis: Thanks.

Spectra2: Thanks. Yes, Lily will find out about Harry soon. My updates are really slow at the moment, I'm sorry!

Chapter 36: A Halloween Ball?

No one in Slytherin seemed surprised that James won. That night in the Common room, some of the older Slytherins snuck down to the kitchens and got a large supply of Butterbeer and other snack foods. In one of the remote parts of the room, some of the older Slytherins, Gin, Mel, Vladimir, Kat, Roman, Triss and James were playing a very heated game of strip poker.

So far Triss was winning, with Kat and Vladimir close behind. James, not the best at poker, was losing. "Okay, that's it, I fold out of the game," said James, dropping his cards on the table.

"Why? Just one more round, your luck is bound to make a visit," Triss said, giving him puppy dog eyes.

"One more round? One more round and I'll be streaking," James pointed out, motioning to his last piece of clothing, his boxers.

"Please Jamesy-poo?" Triss asked, still giving him puppy dog eyes.

James seemed to consider it for a second before giving his answer. "Not only no, but hell no," James answered. Rolling her eyes Triss took another sip of her butterbeer and continued playing. A while later, the game ended with Triss as the winner. "Did you enjoy yourself?" James asked from an armchair near the fire.

"Very much so Mr. Cage," Triss answered, her voice slightly slurred from the countless bottles of butterbeer she had consumed. "Anyway, I'm going to bed. It's Hogsmead weekend and I want to get an early start," said Triss, yawning.

"Good night love," said James kissing her on the forehead and steering her towards the direction of the girl's stairs.

"Night Jamsey-poo," Triss giggled, walking up the stairs of the girl's dormitory. James sighed and let Triss go up the stairs, wondering where she had come up with that name.

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'Bounce! Bounce! Bounce! Crash!'

"What the fuck?" James yelled, jumping up from where he had fallen on the floor. Triss was sitting cross-legged on his bed grinning madly. "What do you want?" James asked, sitting back on the bed.

"We are going to Hogsmead. An announcement was just made about a Halloween ball. Everyone has to dress up," Triss explained.

"You're kidding?" James asked.

"No, it was Karkaroff's idea. What do you think your going to go as?" Triss asked.

"I don't know, Slytherin maybe," James answered. "What about you?"

"I don't know, I was hoping we could dress to match," said Triss, her eyes hopeful.

James thought about it for a second. "I'll go as whatever you want me to, so long as there are no tights involved," James said finally.

"Great! I was thinking we could go as Lord Celeborn and Lady Galadriel, from Lord of the Rings. It wouldn't be that hard to pull off, all we need are the robes," said Triss.

"As I said, so long as you don't stick me in tights I'll go along with anything you cook up. Do you want to go look around for robes while we're in Hogsmead?" James asked.

"Yes. If we don't find anything there, I'll mail Marie Malkin. I still say she is the best designer around," Triss said.

"Well, now that that has been settled, you will tell me where you got all of the sugar," James commanded. Triss put up a rather convincing angel act, but James saw through it. "You better tell me Trisstessa, or I will cut your supply of chocolate," James threatened.

Triss looked at him like he had just told her he was cutting their bond and moving to Egypt. "Ginny and Mel have a stock of sweets in their rooms. They said I'm much more pleasant when I've had a lot of sugar, and I don't look so depressed," Triss spilled.

James rolled his eyes. He would have to explain to Gin and Mel about Triss's trouble with sugar, and the way she reacted to it. "Well go take a shower and get ready to go to Hogsmead. I'm going to do the same," said James.

"Would you like me to join you?" Triss whispered in his ear.

"As tempting as the offer is love, I can't. We would never get to Hogsmead," James responded, standing. Triss pouted but stood and walked back to her dorm to get dressed.

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"What do you think about this?" Triss asked, holding up an earthly brown and green gown. It must have been the 50th dress she'd looked at today.

"First things first, it's the wrong color," James said, finally getting frustrated. "I think we need to shoot for white, silver or some kind of light blue. How about this one?" James asked, picking a dress off of the rack. The dress was as soft as cotton, textured like satin, but as heavy as velvet. Even at Triss's height of 5'9, the dress would still touch the floor. The material was pure white at first sight, but in the right light it turned light shades of blue and purple. The neck was a little lower than James would have liked for being in the presents of others, but the long belled sleeves made up for it. At the waist of the dress was a Celtic knot silver chain that, if hung right, would give the dress an even more mysterious and elaborate look.

Triss stared at the dress in wonder. "It's perfect!" Triss shouted, grinning. James rolled his eyes at his still hyper girlfriend's antics.

"Go try it on. I'm going to see if I can find a matching tunic and pair of leggings," said James, searching through a rack of men's formal clothing. 15 minutes later Triss returned, confirming that the dress fit

and wouldn't need to be altered. James had also found an outfit that would go fairly well with Triss's.

The leggings were plain white, while the tunic matched Triss's dress perfectly, right down to the strange fabric. To go under the tunic James had a plain tight, white, nylon undershirt. "I think we're set as far as our clothes go. Now we just need shoes, and possibly jewelry," said Triss, her sugar high almost gone.

With that said Triss bought a pair of lace-up-the-ankle white stilettos, not that anyone would be able to see them. James, to match the rest of his outfit, bought a pair of plain white boots. The lady at the register looked stunned at the sight of the dress, but rung it all up none the less. Thanks to a little of James's Will magic, the outfits were both safely tucked away in James's pocket.

With nothing else to do James and Triss walked back up to the deserted form of Hogwarts. As the two walked James heard a distinct whimpering and voices. Triss, however, had heard it before he had and was well on her way to finding out what it was.

Several twisted corridors later Triss and James came upon a several Slytherin first and second years standing in a circle. Most of them had their wands out and were shouting lewd comments at whatever they were circled around.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Triss demanded. James actually had to stop himself from taking a few steps back. He knew better than to get in Triss's way when she was angry. He had said on more than one occasion that he would rather face down a basilisk unarmed and with out any powers than face Triss when she was angry.

The group of younger Slytherins jumped, but calmed down when they saw Triss. It was quite obvious that they though house loyalty was going to get them out of whatever they had done. "We were just finishing the job the Death Eaters started," one of the second years said.

"Stand aside," James commanded. As expected, his eyes fell on the crumpled, and crying form of Elizabeth Dursley. "Tessa, go get

someone, I don't care if it's Dumbledore himself. You guys better sit down and make yourselves comfortable," said James, glaring down at the young Slytherins.

The boys gulped and Triss ran off to get a teacher while James tried to patch up the little girl. Just James' touch seemed to be enough to calm her so that she was no longer curled up. "Elizabeth?" James asked, his voice soft and comforting.

The little girl looked up at James through her puffy blue eyes and recognition shown in them. "Who are you?" the girl asked.

"James Cage. I'm a student here, I'm in my fourth year. My friend Triss went to go get one of the teachers to punish the boys that hurt you," James explained. Elizabeth's blue eyes lit up with fear, remembering why James was standing over her in the first place. "No worries, if any of them so much as look at you wrong, they have to deal with me," James said, glaring at the young Slytherin boys.

Elizabeth seemed to calm at that, though. "I'm Lizzy. I live in the castle with my Aunt Lily, Uncle Jim, and cousins Holly and Sara," said Elizabeth with innocence only kids could have.

"Really? How do you like life in the castle?" James asked.

"It's fun. Aunt Lily and Uncle Jim let me have free run of the castle so long as I don't bother anyone," Elizabeth said with a grin.

Before James could comment on how dangerous it was for Elizabeth to run around the castle unattended Potter made an appearance. "What is going on here?" he demanded, looking down at Lizzy's tear streaked face and the Slytherins sitting against the wall.

"Several students I'm ashamed to call my house mates attacked your niece. I sent Tessa off to get a teacher," James explained. Potter looked ready to start taking points when Snape came down the hallway, Triss a few steps behind him.

"Detention, all of you. Meet Filch in the dungeons tonight at 8, and every night this week," Snape growled, looking at the group of boys.

Potter gaped as the boys took off towards the Slytherin dorms, Snape close behind.

That's one way to handle things, Triss commented. James nodded.

"James!" a voice called. James looked up from his dinner to see Lizzy Dursley walking towards him.

"Hey Lizzy. What's up?" James asked. Over the last couple of weeks the little girl had been hanging out with he and Triss, as there wasn't anyone else to really hang out with around her age. After the hallway incident none of the first years, which were only a year older than she was, would hang out with her anymore.

"Do you think you could help me with my costume for the party tonight? Aunt Lily said she was too busy," Lizzy said solemnly.

"I don't think I could help you, but I'm sure Triss, Kat or Mel would be willing," James answered.

"Of course," said Kat, who was dinning with the Slytherins for the first time in a while.

"I think this is one of the many events I shall leave to Kat," said Triss. Lizzy looked a bit disappointed that Triss wouldn't be helping her dress, but got over it fairly quickly.

"Well ladies, I think it's about time we head off to start getting ready. Kat, are you going to change in the Slytherin dorms with Triss, Mel and Gin?" James asked.

"Yeah. Are you going to the Gryffindor dorms with Rome and Vlad?" Kat asked.

"Sad as I am to admit it, yes. Anyway, I'll meet you outside of the Great Hall," James said, giving Triss a lingering kiss on the lips.

"Alright, is everyone ready to roll?" Rome asked. He was dressed up as Peter Pan, as to match Kat, who was going as Wendy.

"I am veady," Vlad said, he was dressed up as Prince Charming, while Mel was going as Cinderella.

"What about you James?" Rome asked.

"Almost!" James yelled from the bathroom. A few minutes later he immersed, making both boy's jaws drop. He hadn't changed at all as far as height and build, he was still 6'3" with lots of muscle, but his normally tanned skin was a glowing lily white, making his fiery blue eyes stand out. His once short brown hair was now blond, hanging just below his shoulders. Two braids hung in the front of his hair, showing he was a bonded warrior.

"Damn. Just, damn!" said Rome, examining James' outfit.

"I look forward to see what Triss iz drezzed like," Vlad commented. James shot him a look, but otherwise didn't say anything.

"Well, the dance starts in an 30 minutes, so shall we go pick up our dates?" Rome asked. The other two boys nodded, both eager to see how their dates would look.

35 minutes later, 15 of which were spent sitting in the chamber outside of the hall, the group of girls arrived. Lizzy, lead by Kat, was dressed in a soft pink gown with Fae wings sticking out of the back. Her blond hair was curled and pulled into a ponytail, making her look like she could pass for at least a 2nd year. Over her eyes she wore a pink eye mask, making her light blue eyes stand out.

Kat, who stood a few feet behind Lizzy, wore a long sleeve periwinkle gown that accented the many curves of her body. Her normally frizzy brown hair was now straight and silky. Around her neck she wore a sapphire pendant held by a Celtic knot chain that Rome had gotten her for her birthday. Around her eyes she wore a soft blue eye shadow that made her honey brown eyes stand out.

To Kat's right was Mel. Like Kat, she wore a gown, but her gown was a much darker blue. Unlike Kat's it didn't show off her body, but it did accent her strong figure. Also unlike Kat's gown, the sleeve only came to just off of her shoulder. From her elbow down she wore a

pair of white gloves. Most likely by Triss's hand Mel's hair was wrapped around a diamond and platinum tiara. In the very back of the group stood Triss. James was sure that if his jaw wasn't firmly attached it would have fallen off, as it was his jaw was dangerously close to the ground.

As promised, Triss wore the gown she had bought several weeks before. It fit her almost as a second skin. Triss's normally slightly tanned skin was now milky white, almost matching the dress, with a moon lit glow surrounding her. Her normally auburn locks were now a very pale, almost silver, blond, and her blue eyes were deeper than ever. She looked every bit the Elven Lady she was dressed as.

James just stood, gaping at the image before him. He was so shocked by "his" Triss's beauty that he didn't even glare at Rome and Vlad, who both were shooting Triss's low neck line a glance, or two. "You look beautiful Tessa," James finally managed to say, his eye still wondering over his bonded's outfit.

"I think she looks like one of the Elves that helped me when my parents died. You look a lot like the boy who took that curse for me James," Lizzy said, studying the pair.

"Well, I think it's time to get to the dance," Kat said, taking Rome's hand. James nodded, finally having gained control, and wrapped his arm possessively around Triss's waist. Mel and Vlad also joined hands, while Lizzy was on James's other side, his free hand resting protectively on her shoulder.

Upon entering the hall the group was met by a frazzled looking Lily Evans-Potter. Running around her legs were two pumpkins James could only guess were Holly and Sara. "I need your name, and the name of your character," said Evans, not even looking up.

"Kat Snape, Wendy from Peter Pan."

"Rome Lupin, Peter Pan."

"Mel Crew, Cinderella."

"Vlad Krum, Prince Charming."

"Lizzy Dursley, Thumbilina." Evans looked up at Lizzy's name, and down right stared when she saw her costume.

"Who helped you dress up Lizzy?" Evans asked, it was quite obvious she hadn't expected to see Lizzy there, in costume anyway.

"Kat and Mel helped. They did my make-up and my hair," Lizzy answered. Evans nodded, not pushing the subject.

"James Cage, Lord Celeborn."

"Triss Summers, Lady Galadriel." Upon seeing their costumes, Evans nearly fainted. The two of them bore a startling resemblance to the two Elves from the World Cup.

Maybe this wasn't the best of ideas, said Triss as they walked more fully into the hall. The two of them were getting several looks of recognition, especially from the teachers, and Gryffindors.

Well, it's too late to change anything now. I really don't think we'll be bothered though, unless it's by that Grandfather of yours, James said, throwing a look up at Dumbledore, who was rubbing his eyes at the sight of them.

Much to James's surprise, it was Fudge that came after them. What do you think you are doing? Showing off your forms like that! Do you have any idea how much trouble I'm having keeping the press off of you both? Now you go and do this? Why do I even try? he ranted, ignoring the looks he was getting from others around him.

Hold on, you think this is how we really look? Nowhere near! This is just a guise we cooked up to go to the Ball with, Triss said, snickering.

Fudge turned about ten shades of red, but didn't burst. You both better feel very lucky that I am indebted to you because of the events of the World Cup, Fudge grumbled before walking away.

'Well someone pulled the stick out of his ass,' Jewels voice said in James's mind.

'Hey, where are you?' James asked, looking around.

'Coming up on your right.' James looked to his right and saw Jewel walking towards him, in human form. Her dress was very loosely cut, but still made a point to show off the would-be-snake's human body. The dress its self was dark purple with gold clips at the top of each shoulder, and one on the belt tat was slung on her waist. Her blond hair was swept back into a high ponytail, keeping it out of her face and making her green eyes stand out.

"Jewel, what the hell are you doing here?" James asked, turning to the woman.

"I thought I should join in the festivities," Jewel said, the parseltongue accent present in her voice.

Triss blinked once or twice at the figure. "Jewel? Looking good, I see you finally figure the transformation out," Triss said, examining Jewel's human body.

Jewel grinned, showing off her pearly white teeth. "That I did. I think I pulled it off nicely," Jewel said. Triss nodded in agreement. James just shook his head, somehow he wasn't surprised Triss knew about Jewel's new form.

"Are you going to be dinning with us?" James asked.

"If I'm invited," said Jewel.

"Of course," Triss answered.

Triss and Jewel walked away chatting and James started to head off to visit with Rome and Vlad when he felt a hand pull at his sleeve. Still standing at his side was Lizzy. "Do you think I could sit with you guys during dinner? I don't want to go sit at the teachers table, it makes people stare," Lizzy said.

"Of course you can, if it's okay with your Aunt Lily," James said. Lizzy grinned and ran off to go make sure her new seating arrangement was okay with her aunt.

"You know, that kid."

"Sure hangs out with."

"You and Triss."

"A lot," said two familiar voices.

James turned to greet the twins, and nearly fell over. The twins didn't look at all like the twins. Instead there were two Egyptian women, decked out in full. Both were wearing long slit-up-the-side gold skirts and sequined strapless shirts, showing off their newly added, and fake, breasts. Also, their trademark Weasley red hair, and freckled skin had been replaced with smooth, darkly tanned skin, and long, straight, black hair. Covering their faces was a sheet of beads that covered everything from the eyes down.

"You two didn't go cross on me, did you?" James asked, staring.

"Shhh! No one can know it's us. We want to see how many guys we can get to dance with us," one of them, James could tell which, said.

"Well, you two need to change your voices then," James commented.

"That's why we came to you. Do you think you could charm them for us?" the other twin asked.

James rolled his eyes, and waved his hand slightly. "Well, have fun ladies," James said, trying not to laugh as he left the twins to their mischief.

"Who were they James?" Triss asked when he caught up with the ever-growing group of girls.

Fred and George, they want to see how many guys they could trick. They needed me to charm their voices, James responded. Triss

nearly choked on her glass of pumpkin juice. Triss was about to comment when Lizzy appeared.

"James, my Aunt said I could eat with you guys," Lizzy said, buzzing with excitement.

"Great. You can sit there," said James pointing to the only empty seat, between Jewel and Rome. Lizzy grinned and nodded. A few minutes later Madam Maxime called for attention. The hall grew silent and all eyes turned to Dumbledore.

"Greeting students!" he yelled. He proceeded to make a rather annoying speech, and then explained how you were to order your food and drinks. When he finally sat down the groups of students dug in. Dinner was a very quick affair, and within the hour students were dancing in the now cleared hall.

"May I have this dance?" James asked, turning to Triss. Triss nodded and accepted his offered hand. Over the next few hours, James proceeded to dance with almost every girl that asked him, however he still dance with Triss more than anyone else. At the very end James figured he'd danced with almost every girl currently in the school, including Evans, the only current female professor.

At a quarter to mid-night Madam Maxime called for attention. "Over the past several hours we, the professors and heads of our schools have been casting votes for the best students as far as costume and dancing have gone. The results are thus. For the most creative costumes, Fred and George Veasley!" Madam Maxime called out. James laughed at the green tinge in several of the male student's faces and Fred and George walked up to the Stage. Karkaroff gave them a small trophy with a mask on it.

"For best male dancer, James Cage!" she yelled. James quickly collected a small trophy from Karkaroff with a male wizard in Dress robes on it. "For best female dancer, Susan Bones," like those before her, the red head quickly collected her prize. "For best looking costume, Trisstessa Summers!" Triss, like James and Susan, was quick about getting her trophy.

"And finally, for best looking couple, James Cage and Trisstessa Summers!" Maxime called.

"That is the second time that woman has said my full name," Triss growled under her breath. James snickered, earning a discreet pinch from Triss. All too soon the couple was walking back to the Common room, by themselves, as they had had to take Lizzy back to her room.

"Did you have fun?" James asked.

"Yes, but I can think of better things to do with the night," Triss whispered in his ear, grinning wickedly.

(A/N: Sorry for the delay, but this is now the longest chapter I have currently posted. Well, over the past month in a half I have been dragged all over the state, kicking and screaming. The latest, and hopefully last venture for the summer was to the Keys for a 10-day dive trip. It was fun, but I was ready to strangle my family by the end. I hope you guys like the chapter, the next will be up as soon as possible. Oh, and before I forget, Happy Birthday Harry Potter! Oh, to all of you who voted, thank you. In the end, adding more tasks won. Also, to anyone that doesn't have a response below that wasn't voting or just saying they liked my story, then my e-mail lost it. I've been having trouble with hackers, and a lot of my mail stuff is messed up. I checked the review thing on the net, but you know how that can be. I've gotten reviews before that didn't even list on the net. Well, I have to get going on the next chapter, bye!)

Review responses:

Beea20: Thanks. Lily will find out soon, I promise. It will go something along the lines of James not being able to hold his form anymore. As far as the Triss cheating on James thing, it wouldn't work. James and Triss are soul bonds and basically inseparable. Plus, the professors don't like James much anyway...

Athenakitty: For reasons unknown to me, my characters run a lot, but there is only one James Cage. If you want to count James Potter, go ahead, but everyone calls him Jim if not just Potter or Professor. Between Aberforth and Albus, Albus is older. I think if Albus touched

anything magical of James's, there would be some kind of repercussion. Thanks for telling me about Sauron the Great...or the Deceiver.

Shadowface: I'm working on it, I swear!

ERMonkey, Burner of Cookies: Cool tag name... Yeah, these storms are scary. A few days ago, while I was driving back from the beach, lightening struck the pole in front of me. That was a very interesting sight. No worries about being crazy...insanity lives at my house. I'll try to update before I go on vacation, but if not, I'll do it when I get back.

Sauron the Deciever: Thank you! I am unworthy of your forgiveness, but I accept anyway. Just between you and me, your not supposed to understand what's happening yet. It will be explained in time.

Wytil: You are starting to sound like my dad. Normally, when I log off I unplug my computer from the phone line, unless I'm only going to go do something like take my dog for a walk. Also, my phone line is plugged into a surge protector that goes into another surge protector and then into my master board that goes into my computer modem. My dad is thinking about DSL, but in Florida, it's not very reliable because the cables get flooded out.

SiLvErFaTeD: Thanks. Of course it's all about the warm and fuzzy!
Michaelrccurtis: Your welcome. I'm trying to keep this whole thing as original as possible. You can thank my Sis, Anna, for giving me ideas about changing the tasks around.

Lunarian: They haven't dealt with the whole mistrust issue yet. Please, just keep some faith in the author, I promise you won't be disappointed. I leave things like that open for a reason.

XCleopatrax: Thanks. I'm trying to pick up on my updates again, but I'm being pulled in about 50 different directions at current second. You would think, that with school being out, I would have more time on my hands...

Musicstarlover: Thanks. Yes, I live in Florida, the land of rain and thunderstorms. I swear, if your not running from lightning, then your

cold. Sunshine State my ass. Anyway, yes, James and Lily will find out about 'Harry'. If I keep time jumping like this, it'll be within the next 4 or 5 chapters, maybe : Thanks. I, personally, don't think I would ever be a good author. I try, but as you can probably tell, I throw too many ideas into one story. You watch, next I'll be adding in Lord of the Ring characters to fight against Voldemort. --'Snape-is-my-slave: Thanks. Only a few people know about Snape and James having ever been close. At current second, both James and Snape are mad at each other because Snape is being an ass, don't worry though, I make him good later. No, James doesn't know Lily's first born lived. Everyone that hasn't been told otherwise thinks Lily's child died at birth.

Lady Liza Lupin: I thought I went back and fixed all of that. If it's still that bad I'll go over it again, but it's really hard to go through your own story and fix mistakes, especially for a person like me. I don't actually read the words when I read. I look at the first letter, the last letter, and maybe a letter or two in between and I know what the word is. I've had that problem for years, but it can't be helped. As I said, if it's still that bad I'll have a friend help me go over it again.

Anna (Sissy): Anna, dear, next time you mess with any of my out going review responses, it is very likely that I will shove my laptop so far up your ass, I could open your mouth and see the screen. Feel warned...

Snape-Is-My-Slave: Thanks. Only the people James really trusts know about his and Snape's relationship. No, James Potter doesn't know anything about Lily's firstborn being alive.

Rose estraz: Thanks. James's head didn't really inflate, he's just an ass.

Leeanne-Marie-Malfoy: Well, I don't think I'll be making Evens and Potter split up. As far as everything else goes, you shall see.

Shadow: James has a lot of names for what he is, and he is the heir of all four founders and Merlin. Most of it should be explained in the first chapter.

Lady Night4: Me, put my story on hiatus? Never! I hate it when authors do that too. No worries, I'm not stopping or anything, I've just been a bit busy. I'm hoping that things will calm down with the beginning of the school year. Things always seem calmer then. As far as Lily finding out and all, you will see, and yes, you do find out what is wrong with James's powers.

(A/N: As request from one of my wonderful reviewers, here is a basic summary form what has happened in the story so far.

Prelude: Voldemort kills James's parents Alexander and Emma Keller. James throws a temper tantrum and takes ol'Voldy out of the picture. Using his new powers, James teleports himself to Dragon's home, where his powers are explained.

1st year: Trisstessa Summers is introduced as well as her origin and her powers. Moves into James's reunion with Aberforth Ollivander, Dumbledore's older brother, James also comes to own Jewel, a Chinese Vipertooth. James meets Draco (Dray, but soon to again be Draco) and Kat (Hermione, does anyone prefer Hermione to Kat?). James's 1st year rivals are introduced, Randle Black (How many different way have I spelled it now?) and Ronald Weasley. The year goes on with most of the events from the book until finally James once again kicks Moldywart's proverbial ass. Snape discovers his relation to James, and all is well.

2nd year: James brings Kat to his home (Excuse: Sabetha crystals), and teaches her how to become animagi. He has a fistfight with Randle Black in Diagon Alley, only to have it broken up by Lockhart. James gives Lockhart 'the finger' (GO JAMES!). James's group brings in Ginny, Fred and George (Gred and Forge) Weasley and Melanie (Mel) Crew. After the Basilisk petrifies Kat, Mel, and Triss, James goes on a homicidal rampage and kills the Basilisk, saving Gin's life.

3rd year: James and Triss find Sirius on James' island, not far from Azkaban. In order to help Sirius, James brings in Mel, who helps Sirius recover from his rape and time in Azkaban. Not long after this, James rescues Kat from her home after she is brutally beaten and raped (not totally by her dad and brother) and takes her to Snape, whom adopts her. Mel brings Sirius with her to Hogwarts disguised as a wolf (Night). All goes well and Sirius is freed after the capture and escape of Pettigrew and Remus is cured of lycanthropy.

4th year: James and Triss, disguised as Elves, save many lives during the events of the World Cup. James saves Elizabeth Dursley, who is sent to live with Evans. Everything goes off without a hitch

until someone (???) enters James into the Tournament. James and Triss get together (Finally...) and James completes the first task, the Halloween ball and the 2nd task, but not without repercussions.)

(A/N: New language! #Mermish#)

Lone Child

Chapter 37: The Second Task

"So what do you think the medallion could mean?" Triss asked, looking at the strangely marked medallion. Fudge had returned the vampire medallions to the champions earlier that week.

James looked up from where he was reading on the floor. "It a mermaid's medallion. The inscription talks about finding something lost before it is lost forever," James responded. "Whatever it is, it has to do with the lake. It's also, at times like these, I'm glad to be a Shapeshifter. I'm probably going to have to go down and bicker with the mermaids."

"Okay. Hey, what's this?" Triss asked, looking at a notch in the back of the medallion. James help up his hand and Triss tossed it to him.

"I don't know. It wasn't there before. O'well, I don't feel like pondering it right now. The second task is tomorrow, so I'm going to get to bed," said James, yawning and setting the medallion on his bedside table.

Triss pouted. "Does that mean I'm being kicked out?" she asked.

"No, you're welcome to join me, but only for sleep," said James stripping down to his boxers. Triss pouted again, but did end up join James for the night, if only for sleep.

"Hey, has anyone seen Triss?" James asked, sitting down at the breakfast table the next morning.

"Um, she was here about 10 minutes ago, but Evans had to talk to her, something about not being in her dorm last night," said Kat, giving James a pointed look.

"What? It's not like you don't run off with Rome, and we didn't do anything anyway," said James, pouring himself a glass of orange juice. Kat blushed and didn't comment further.

"So, I take it you're not nervous about the next task," said Mel watching James scoop food onto his plate.

"Should I be?" James asked, taking a bite of sausage.

Mel shrugged. "I don't know. Do you know what the task is?" she asked.

"It has something to do with the lake. The medallion they gave me was engraved with mermaid symbols, so I assume I need to go talk to them," James answered.

"Vell, if you plan on getting their in time for prepping, you vest go now, ve vill be down zoon," said Vlad, munching on a piece of toast. James nodded, took a few bites of his eggs and headed out towards the lake. Sure enough, stands were set up around the sides, and a lot of the stands were full.

"Somehow I'm not surprised," James said to himself, walking towards the stands. Within an hour, the rest off the champions arrived, and they were getting ready to go. James was still a little concerned with the fact that Triss hadn't yet shown up, but he wasn't too worried. She had been acting weird all week, so James figured she either was still with Evans, who also hadn't arrived, or James just hadn't seen her when she did show up.

"Welcome to the second task of the Triwizard tournament! The object of the task is to get to the bottom of the lake and retrieve what is waiting for them! On your mark, get set, go!" Ludo Bagmen yelled.

'Well, at least it wasn't drawn out,' James thought, diving into the water wearing only his boxers. As soon as he was out of the view of anyone on the surface, he subtly changed his hands to be webbed, and let a pair of gills open behind his ears. 'I feel like something out of Water world,' James thought with a laugh.

Fifteen minutes later James was getting annoyed, as he still had yet to even see the bottom. The closest champion to himself was Victor, who was transfigured into a rather deformed shark, about 500 feet behind him. After another 5 minutes of swimming, James came to his first obstacle. Floating in the middle of the water was a pissy looking merman. It started to charge him with its spear, but a flash of James's claws stopped it in its tracks.

#I am a friend. I've been told that something of mine is down here,#
James said calmly.

The merman looked at him queerly for second before lowering his weapon and backing away with a nod. James nodded his thanks. After another 5 minutes, James finally did reach the bottom and nearly choked. Tied to a large mermish totem poll were 4 people, all wearing dark green medallions. The first was a young blond girl that bore a resemblance to Fleur. The second was a 5th year Ravenclaw James knew to be Cedric's girlfriend, Cho Chang. The third was a woman of about James's age that he'd never seen before. The last person was the one that nearly sent James off into a fit of rage. Tied to the poll between Cho and the little girl was Triss.

Wasting no time, James quickly sliced the rope on Triss and started to swim up with her. Her eyes were closed, and as far as he could tell, she wasn't breathing. On the way up he met Victor, and James being James, handed the young man a small dagger that he kept strapped to his leg. About 50 feet from the surface, James stopped, when he felt Triss start to struggle. Her once closed eye were panicked and she was gasping for air. James quickly covered her mouth with his and started pumping air into her lungs from his gills. (A/N: Water world anyone?)

After swimming about 10 more feet, James noticed a growing cloud of red, and that Triss was clutching her stomach in pain. Fearing what could be wrong with his bonded, James shot up to the surface as fast as he could. A few second after breaking the surface Triss cried out in pain. "James, it hurts!" Triss cried, clutching James's arm.

"It's alright love," James whispered, using what powers he could to send Triss a pain reliever. She stopped crying out, but she was still in obvious discomfort. Upon reaching the shore, James was pounced on by Poppy and the other nurse.

"What happened?" Poppy demanded, casting spells like a mad woman.

"About 50 feet from the surface she woke up, so I gave her an air source. A few seconds later the water was full of blood. What happened?" James asked, his hand tightly wrapped in Triss's.

"I'm not sure yet. Tami, keep an eye on the other students, check them when they come up!" Pomfrey ordered, the other nurse nodded. By that time, the group had gained an audience, including Dumbledore, Evans, Karkaroff, Potter, Snape, Maxime, and Jewel, who was once again watching in human form. "James, float her to the hospital wing."

James did as he was told, quickly casting a stretcher charm, and following the frantic Poppy to the hospital wing. Upon entering the wing and setting Triss on the bed, James was shoved out of the wing by Poppy. Not bothering to cast any type of charm on his sopping body, James sat down on the floor, leaning against the wall across from the infirmary door. 20 minutes later Poppy still hadn't come out of the hospital and James was getting agitated and jumpy.

Nearly ten minutes before Evans had arrived, along with the rest of the teachers. The students had been told to stay away from the hospital wing until told otherwise. Seeing one of her most stable students sitting on the ground, his head in his hands, and sopping wet, she set off to comfort one of her most prized students. A drying spell and blanket later, James was still very tense.

James nearly lost his cool however, when Dumbledore approached him. "Mister Cage, I think it would be best if you returned to your dormitory. All other students have been told to stay out of this corridor, and I don't think you should be an exception," he said.

James was about a breath away from hexing the headmaster, but instead chose to release a bit of stress. "Look you manipulative old bastard, I have more right to be here than anyone else in the world! And if you even mutter one word about being her grandfather, I won't hesitate to break your oversized beak. If you actually cared about her at all you WOULD NOT have stood by and let her be abused by her father for over 7 years! If you cared about her at all, you wouldn't have tried to override everything in the Ministry to send her back to that MONSTER! I am her Soul Bond, and if you have a problem with that, SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!" James yelled, his eyes becoming darker with every word.

In the time he'd been speaking he'd managed to back Dumbledore into a corner, so the old man was quite trapped by the much bigger boy. "You-you have no right-" Dumbledore started, his face turning red. James cut him off.

"I have no right to speak to you like that? No, I think I have every right. You have been meddling in my life since the day I was born, and are one of the main reasons my parents are dead! If you had just left me the fuck alone, they would still be alive. From this day on you have NO right to meddle in neither Triss's nor my life! If I ever so much as smell one of your lemon drops anywhere near myself or Tessa, I will strip you of your title as Headmaster, as is my right as the heir of Rowena Ravenclaw! Do I make myself clear?" James growled. His body was almost pulsing with magic and static electricity was snapping and crackling around him.

Dumbledore just stared, completely dumbstruck by the teenager's use of power, as well as his newly discovered status as Ravenclaw's heir. Almost everyone else in the room also looked stunned at James's power, with the exception of Snape, who looked highly amused. "DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?!" James yelled again when the older man didn't answer. Dumbledore nodded slightly, and for effect, James hit the stone right next to the Headmaster's head hard enough to shatter it into a million pieces, and crack several other pieces of stone.

With his temper tantrum over, and his power reverting to normal, James sat back down at his spot on the floor, ignoring the fearful

looks he was getting. Hearing the racket, Poppy poked her head out of the door. Seeing the damage on the stonewalls, the fearful looks being cast in James's direction, and James's adrenaline shaken form, she called for James.

"What happened?" Poppy asked.

"Dumbledore was being a bastard, so I told him what I thought of him, and said a few things that I maybe should have kept to myself," James sighed, rubbing his now pounding head.

"What did he say to you?" Poppy asked.

"He told me I needed to leave, as no other students were being permitted in the hallway. I let loose a lot of my power, and told most of the teacher about my connections with Rowena," said James. Poppy glared at him disapprovingly, but didn't say anything. "Can you tell me what's wrong with Tessa?"

"No, you're too stressed right now. Get some sleep, and I will explain it to both of you when you wake up," said Poppy, placing a comforting hand on James's shoulder. Looking at his watch, James was surprised to find it was only 1 in the afternoon. Nodding to his older confidant, James walked back to the privet room Poppy had put Triss into and quietly laid down next to his bonded, gently gathering the sleeping young woman into his arms.

"So, are you going to tell me what the fuck happened now?" James asked, following Poppy out of Triss's room.

Poppy glared at him for his use of language. "Do you promise not to do anything rash?" James nodded. "Can I reserve the right to stun you should you break that promise?"

"I don't know how much good that would do if it were something for me to be really pissed about, but okay," said James.

"Tessa was with child," Poppy said after a brief pause.

James looked at the older woman, completely dumbstruck. "Hold on, what do you mean was?" James asked, his hands starting to shake.

Poppy took a deep breath and started to explain. "I mean just that, was. The spell that was cast on her, mixed with the pressure that was being held on her body at that depth, caused her to miscarry."

James just stared at the older woman, as if waiting for her to tell him it was all a joke. When she didn't he asked one of the questions that was bugging him. "Did she know?"

"She was 6 weeks along, so she could have, but she might not have figured it out yet," Poppy responded.

"Who cast the spell?"

"I'm not sure, but even if I did know, I wouldn't tell you," said Poppy, giving James a meaningful look.

James ran his hand through his hair nervously. 'Shit, I'm just not having it today,' he thought to himself. His hands were shaking with fury, yet he was scared. He was scared for Triss, and what her reaction to the news would be, yet he was furious for Triss having allowed someone to cast that spell on her in the first place. He was afraid of what his professors would think, but seething that one of his professors would cast a spell like that on someone so close to him. Hell, he was scared of Jewel, because he knew she would kill him, and he didn't just mean figuratively. 'Great, the proverbial shit has just hit the fan.'

"James, are you alright?" Poppy asked.

"No, I'm not. Ugh! You know, that would be the 6th person that has been taken away from me, because I am me. First my real parents and would-be adopted father, my foster parents, and now my own child. This is such bullshit!" James yelled, his voice slightly hysterical.

Poppy looked down at the young man, feeling sorry for the young man she had known for so many years. "James, it's not your fault. It wasn't anyone's fault, just a big accident. For all you know, the child

wouldn't have lived anyway, or Triss would have chosen not to keep it. Plus, if the child had been born, and all was well, what would you have done with it? You're still in school, and I know you wouldn't have dropped out," said Poppy.

James nodded. "You're right, but it still doesn't make me feel any better," he growled.

"Look, I need to go talk to Dumbledore, and file a few reports. Go back to Triss's room, she's going to need someone there when she wakes up. You have to explain what happened to her, and keep her as calm as possible. That spell did some internal damage, nothing permanent, but nothing I want to have to fix again," said Poppy.

"I take it you're going to tell Dumbledore about this whole affair?" James asked.

Poppy nodded. "Even if he doesn't have custody of Triss, he needs to be informed as Headmaster. I'll try and keep him away from here, but if he does show up, please refrain from killing him. I don't think it would help matters very much," said Poppy.

"Yeah, but it would sure as hell make me feel better," James growled as he walked back to Triss's room milling over the day's events.

"Did you know Mr. Cage was the only known heir of Rowena Ravenclaw?" Lily Evans-Potter demanded upon entering Dumbledore's office.

"No," replied Dumbledore.

"Why the hell not? You were supposed to keep tabs on all of the heirs, and what is he talking about when he says his parent's death is partly your fault?" Potter asked.

"I don't know how I didn't know about him. As for his parents, I don't know. The only muggle family I know, besides my son's family, is that of Alexander and Emma Keller, and they and their son were murdered by Voldemort near 10 years ago," said Dumbledore. Lily paled slightly at the name, but didn't say anything.

"Wasn't that the same attack that Voldemort disappeared after?" Potter asked.

"It was," said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

"What, are you trying to say that Mr. Cage was their son and somehow escaped, and/or destroyed Voldemort?" Evans asked.

"It's plausible. It would explain a lot as far as his powers and why he's always in the middle of everything. If any of this is in anyway true, then that could also explain how his name was entered in the Goblet," Dumbledore said, thinking aloud.

"Okay, let me sum this up. It is possible that our student, James Cage, the heir of Rowena Ravenclaw, is really James Keller, and that somehow, at the age of 5, was able to either kill and/or escape from Voldemort himself," Potter said, ticking things off on his fingers as he went.

"No. It couldn't be, because it said in the Ministry report that they had found the bodies of all members of the family. None of the remains could be visually identified because they were charred beyond recognition," said Dumbledore, leaning back in his chair.

Sitting on top of one of Dumbledore's bookcases, sat the Sorting Hat, who was taking in all that was said, waiting to send a message to one, Mr. James Cage.

(Dumbledore's office, 15 minutes later)

"She's WHAT?" Dumbledore yelled, standing up from his chair.

"Was, key word Albus. Because of that spell someone so irresponsibly cast on her, she miscarried the child. As it is, Mr. Cage was about a hair's breath away from coming to kill the one who'd cast the spell," Poppy said, giving the Headmaster a livid glare. "If you don't mind telling me, who cast the spell in the first place?"

"It was me," a meek voice said. Evans, still sitting in the same chair she had been earlier, said, tears welled up in her eyes. "She had tried to tell me something before I cast it, but she never got it out. Oh God," Evans said, her head in her hands.

"Poppy, was there any reason to say that the child wouldn't have lived anyway?" Potter asked, trying to console his wife.

Poppy shook her head. "Besides lack of oxygen, no. The child would have been born perfectly healthy," Poppy said, feeling no pity for the younger professor.

"Very well Poppy. Please send Mr. Cage and Ms. Summers my condolences. Also, I'm sure the two of them would prefer if the student body wasn't notified. Jim, please go inform Severus of what has happened, he is their Head of House, and will need to be informed," said Dumbledore, nodding to Poppy and Potter in turn. The two of them nodded, leaving the distraught professor for Dumbledore to deal with.

"James?" Triss asked groggily, feeling the air wrapped around her waist. For reasons she couldn't figure out, she hurt all over, but most of it was centered in her abdomen. She felt a shift behind her, and a hand lightly brushing a few stray hairs out of her eyes.

"Hello love," James said, kissing the young woman's forehead.

"I feel like I got hit by a truck. What happened?" Triss asked.

"I'll tell you Tessa, but first I have to ask you a question. Did you know you were pregnant?" James asked. He felt Triss's body grow tense, and he had his answer. "I'm not mad that you didn't tell me Tessa, I'm sure you had your reasons, but the reason you hurt so bad has a lot to do with the baby," James explained softly.

Triss looked up at him in confusion, before a look of horror crossed her face. "No, please tell me that there isn't something wrong with our baby," she whispered, tears forming in her eyes.

"I'm sorry Tessa. Someone cast a spell on you, they were using students in the tournament, and you were one of them. The spell deprived the baby of oxygen, and the depth that put you at caused you to miscarry. There is no baby anymore," James whispered.

"It was Evans. She made me come to her office from breakfast, and asked me if I was willing to partake somewhat in the tournament. I told her no, and tried to tell her why, but she cast the spell before I could say anything," Triss sobbed. Not really know what else he could do, James pulled Triss into his arms, letting her latch onto him as she cried until she fell sleep.

"How is she?" Poppy asked upon returning to the hospital wing. James now had Triss fully in his lap, sound sleep, as he slowly rocked her back and forth.

"She didn't take it very well. Apparently Evans cast the spell on her, without her consent. I fear what she's going to do to her when she wakes up," said James quietly, trying not to wake Triss.

"Yes, well, Dumbledore sent Potter down to inform Snape of what was going on, so you can expect a visit from him very soon," said Poppy.

"Thanks for the warning. God knows he's going to be pissed when he gets here," James said, groaning at the fact that he would have to deal with his father. "I can also probably expect a visit from Jewel soon as well."

Poppy shook her head. "Come on, lets get her settled in the bed, goodness knows that Severus will not be quiet upon his entrance." James nodded and very reluctantly placed Triss back on the bed, pushing a little of his energy out as to keep her sleep.

Sure enough, almost as soon as Poppy had shut and warded, the doors of the main part of the infirmary were slammed open. "James Shadow Alexander Cage!" a very loud and very irritated masculine voice yelled.

"And so the show begins," James growled under his breath. "What can I do to help you professor?"

Snape's face turned from pale and irritated, or red and murderous. "What can you do to help me? You can help me by telling me why you impregnated some whore you picked up on the-"

Crack!

Instead of upright and yelling, Snape was laying on the floor, his face once again pale and a shocked expression on his face. Forming around his left eye and down his jawbone was a livid black bruise. "Dad, I swear to God that if you ever talk about her like that again I will do more that blacken your eye," James growled, pulling the older man up by his collar. At that moment Jewel came running into the room, closely followed by Potter, and surprisingly, Sirius and Remus.

"Put him down James!" Jewel yelled, her eye boring into James's own. James didn't hesitate to drop him, knowing full well, he'd let his anger get the best of him. "Poppy, do what you can for Severus, James and I need a moment to talk," Jewel said, looking over that the dumbstruck Poppy. Poppy nodded, and Jewel pulled James off to an empty room, warding to room as well.

"Jewel, You really don't need to lecture me. I know I screwed up," James sighed, running a hand through his hair.

Jewel shook her head. "That's not what I'm here about. As far as Snape goes, congratulations, he had it coming. We heard what he said on the way here. Be thankful what you said wasn't loud enough for the rest of them to hear, otherwise we'd be in deeper shit," Jewel said.

"What do you mean, deeper shit?" James asked.

"To start things off, Dragon is missing. No one has seen him in a while, so your Aunt Libby put out a missing person's notice. Next on the list, the hat you have spying for you in Dumbledore's office has come through. Dumbledore and his crew have come very close to figuring out who you really are, but Fawkes, Dumbledore's bird,

saved your ass. He manipulated Dumbledore, Potter and Evan's minds. And last, but not least, the media is in frenzy. It's not every day you see Dumbledore backed into a wall by a student," Jewel explained.

"Bloody brilliant," James growled.

"Be grateful. Fudge is covering your ass rather well. When did he come to his senses anyway?"

James grinned. "I think it was when I yelled at him for being a prick. Here is a good question though, how is it that you have access to the school in human form?"

"Do you have any idea how much those French girls look alike? I can just blend into them. I've even been mistaken for the champion, Fleur, once or twice," Jewel laughed.

James rolled his eyes. "Snakes..."

"Ouch, remind me never to get on that kids bad side," Sirius said, eyeing the darkening bruise on Snape's face.

Remus shook his head sadly. "Can't say he didn't have it coming though," Remus said. Sirius nodded in agreement.

A few minutes later James and Jewel returned. "And who might this lovely lady be?" Sirius asked, kissing Jewel's hand. James had to fight the urge to laugh.

"Jewel Keller, you two must be Sirius and Remus," Jewel said, playing along.

Sirius nodded. "How, might I ask, do you know our names?"

"I told her about the both of you. She was here to see me in the tournament," James said, ending the line of questioning.

"And how, may I ask, do you know Mr. Cage, Ms. Keller?" Potter asked.

James nearly rolled his eyes at the question, trust Potter to be nosy. Thankfully Jewel had already thought up an answer. "I used to baby sit James and Triss when Derek, their guardian, was away on business."

'Derek?' James asked.

'Don't tell me you never knew Dragon's real name,' Jewel asked in outrage.

James mentally shook his head, but didn't answer further. "Okay, so what are you two doing here?" James asked, his question directed to Sirius and Remus. Snape seemed to have slipped out of the room already.

"We came to see the tournament, and we saw the thing with Triss. Is she okay?" Remus asked.

"I'm fine," a groggy voice said from the doorway. Standing slightly crouched over was Triss.

Within seconds James was next to her. If not for him, she probably wouldn't have been standing at all. "Fine my ass," James growled. Triss laughed a little, but decided that hurt too much.

"Hey Triss. We're sorry about the baby," Sirius said, following James as he led Triss back to her room.

"Don't tell me the news of that is out already," Triss groaned.

"Not really, we heard Snape yelling about it before James hit him," said Sirius.

"You what?" Triss yelled, rounding on James.

"Don't bother yelling at him Triss. Ze bat deserved it," Jewel said, the French like accent come forward.

Triss shook her head. "I'll take your word for it Jewel. If you guys don't mind, I'm not feeling too well, and am going back to sleep," Triss said, rolling back into the blankets of the bed.

"You do that then. Sirius and I will be on our way. Take care you two, and James, do us a favor and hit Snape again..."

(A/N: Okay people, I now ask for an opinion. I'm really not sure what to do with the next chapter. Any ideas? I fear I've run into a wall, and the only thing I can think of is temporarily breaking James and Triss up, or making the whole chapter some kind of prophetic dream, but no one seems to like those ideas. If anyone can think of anything better let me know.)

Review responses:

Shadowface: I'm working on it, I promise.

Sauron the Deceiver: Athenakitty was just letting me know that you'd changed your name. As far as the Fred and George woman thing, I think I got that from something one of my friends said and modified it. I could be wrong though...

LizaGirl: It's up at the top, but be warned, I'm not very good at summaries and it may not be 100% accurate, I may have skipped an event or two.

Callie Marie Black: I'm trying to send out the chapters as fast as I can write them. Currently, I'm being pulled in 50 different directions, thank Merlin for MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder).

Athenakitty: No, no one marked the cards. James is like me, we have wonderful luck as far as Uno goes (if there is no 'Spanish class conspiracy') but can't play poker worth a damn. A streaking baby Harry story? I think I will look into that, I need a laugh...

Wytil: I wouldn't know what my Grandfather on that side would sound like, both of my Dad's parents died when he was little. My Grandfather on my Mom's side either has someone come out to install things to his computer, or has me do it. One of my Dad's

friends does computer designing, so I've learned a little bit from him, but I'm a trial and error person. I mess with stuff till I figure it out, that's how I learned to read, write and type. I'm left handed, and the teachers I had were from the middle ages, and thought that if you were left handed you need to be burned. Therefore, I had to learn how to write with my right hand, and I finally figured out that if I turned my paper sideways, I could use my right hand. Trial and error, got to love it, but I think I really did start to piss those teachers off, they just couldn't get me on anything...

Shadow Beast1: Thanks.

Leeanna-Marie-Malfoy: Thanks. If you come up with an idea on how to continue from here, please do share. I'm at a total loss right now, and I like to hear other people's ideas, even if it went along the lines of Voldemort turning into Barney and had nothing to do with the story. Hmmm... Voldemort turning into Barney, now I know I have issues...

Musicstarlover: Personal thought, all teenagers are insane. I'm so past insane, I'm normal. (Confusing, isn't it?) I know what you mean about the blond James thing, I had to picture him as a Legolas type. Don't feel bad about losing track, my sister Anna and I were talking about the story a few weeks ago, and she started mentioning characters I didn't even remember I had put in, like Madam Winter, the 1st year nurse. Sirius and Remus are still around, as you can see above, but I'm still turning over what I'm going to do with the next chapter. I've actually thought about making this a dream/vision that Triss has just after the Halloween ball. James is a Shape Shifter, that's how he can change from form to form to form. I'll try and get the next chapter out as soon as possible, but with my life, you never know. If I go for more than 3 months without posting, just consider me dead, or close to. The Mediterranean? Compared to my having to return to school in a few days, that sounds like heaven.

Twilight's Mercy: In this story, Harry Potter doesn't really exist. Lily never named James before she gave him up, but no, Sirius and Remus don't know that James is Lily's son. I think, but I may have to double check, that they know Snape is his dad. As far as Dumbledore finding out, everyone will know when it's revealed.

Lady Phoenix Slytherin: Thanks. Snape does recognize James as his son, but he and James don't really get along in this point in the story. Snape doesn't know James well enough to know how he acts, and what is a threat to him and what isn't. There isn't any hatred between them, just distance. I promise Lily will know about James within the next 6-7 chapters, depending on how long I want to drag out the tournament.

KapOfDaPipers: It's coming soon, I promise!

RunningInCircles: Thanks.

HaliJade Snape: Thanks. James and Sev will start to get along in the father/son way again. No, James isn't, nor ever will be jealous of Kat. As I said, I'm trying to get them out as fast as I can write them, and that gets slow sometimes.

Hobbs: Just say story, it's less complicated.

Gaul1: Thanks. I'm not sure how much more of an active roll I'm going to give Lizzy yet.

Phoenix catcher: Thanks.

Chapter 38: Of Accepting Loss and Gaining Guilt, a Confession and the End

"Lily, what are you doing up?" James Potter asked with a yawn. Sitting on the couch in the middle of the common room was Lily Evans, bent over an album of photos. The one she was currently looking at was of Sara and Holly on the first day they were born. Both were pink and fussy, but beautiful in their own right. Now both little girls were almost 4, and still identical in every way.

"I couldn't sleep," Lily replied, drying her now tear filled eyes.

"Sweetheart, why are you crying?" Jim asked, sitting down next to his wife.

A choked sob escaped Lily's throat. "I feel so guilty. She told me she didn't want to be part of it, and tried to tell me why but I ignored her, and cast the spell anyway. It's because of me that their baby is dead," she cried, leaning into her husband.

"No Lils, it's not your fault. You just did what you were told by Dumbledore. It was all just one big accident," James cooed, rocking his wife back and forth.

"James, can I tell you something? Will you promise not to get mad?" Lily asked, looking into her husband's eyes. James nodded. "Do you remember when I went missing for several days after we got married?" Another nod. "Well, I wasn't at my sister's baby shower. I-I'd been kidnapped, by Death Eaters," Lily whispered. James looked at her in shock.

"They did horrible things to me Jim. They beat me, and cursed me, but on the night before I was rescued, one of them raped me. Severus Snape found me, and got me out soon after. A few weeks later I found out I was pregnant. I wasn't sure if you were the father, or if it was the Death Eater. When he was born, we ran a test, and he wasn't yours," Lily whispered, latching on to the front of Jim's nightshirt. Jim just kept rocking his wife, petting her hair and offering her comfort.

"Du-Dumbledore said it would be in the best interest of myself and the baby if I put him up for adoption. I was scared, and I didn't know how you would respond, so I agreed. He placed him with his friends, Alex and Emma Keller. When he was 5 they were targeted and killed by Voldemort. It'd happened so fast they hadn't even been able to scream. They just swept through and killed all of them," Lily sobbed.

James just stared ahead of him in shock. Of all the things he'd thought she'd say, this wasn't it. Come to think of it, Jim realized how pale she had been at the topic of the Kellers. Vowing to 'speak' with Dumbledore in the morning Jim rocked his wife until she cried herself into a deep sleep.

"Tessa, it's time to wake up," James whispered, tickling his girlfriend with a newly conjured feather.

"It's too early James, leave me be," Triss groaned, pulling her pillow over her head.

"Come on Triss, it's a new day and you need to go face the world," James whispered, giving Triss a lingering kiss on the neck. She turned to face him, and with no warning, shoved him off the bed. Blowing him a raspberry Triss pulled the blankets up to her chin and pulled the pillow back over her head.

Glaring at the lump in the bed, James snapped his fingers, and the blankets and pillows disappeared. "Grrr, James! I really don't like you," Triss groaned, easing herself up.

"Madam Pomfrey ordered that you get up and move around, she said it'll make your stomach feel better, and you need to take this. It'll remove any lingering pain, and heal anything else that's still damaged," said James, producing a pale pink potion. Triss nodded, and downed the potion in one gulp.

With James's help, Triss stood, and dressed in a loose dress Madam Pomfrey provided. After a while of walking the two of them reached the dorms, where Triss took a long shower, and dressed in clean

clothes. "That feels so much better," said Triss, pulling her long hair into a ponytail.

"I'm sure. But Triss, I have a question, and I want you to answer truthfully. Are you okay?" James asked, sitting her down on his bed.

"In all honesty, I don't know. I'm really confused. At first, I really didn't want a baby, but the more I thought on it, the more I warmed up to the idea. Now that there is no baby, I'm just confused," Triss admitted.

"How so?" James asked.

"Well, it's like hearing about a murder on the muggle news. You feel bad about it, but there's nothing you can do so you kind of just let it go. Our baby was a life, sure enough, but it was barley formed, little for then nerves and things like that, so it's just kind of unreal," Triss explained. James nodded, he understood, sort of.

"I can sort of see what you mean. I'll tell you what, it's Hogsmead weekend, so lets go down and we'll go shopping and get some lunch," James suggested.

"Sounds like a good idea," said Triss nodding. At that moment Draco burst through the door, holding something. A few nights after the ball the gang had gotten together and discussed what was going on with Draco, and all came to the decision that it was safer for him if they kept a distance, and also revert back to formal first names.

"I don't think you guys want to go up stairs," Draco gasped, shoving a paper into James's hand. The headline was in dark bold letters, reading "CHAMPION # 4 THREATENS HEADMASTER AND ASSAULTS POTIONS MASTER!" Under the title of the story was the name Rita Skeeter.

"Oh no," James groaned. In the center of the page was a blown up picture of Snape's black eye. "How bad is it up stairs?" James asked.

"Well, most of the Gryffs are hailing you for hitting Sev, but a lot are freaked because you threatened the Headmaster. It's not everyday

you see Albus Dumbledore backed into a corner by a student," Draco commented.

"Yeah, but no one else was in that hallway," Triss commented.

"Unless Skeeter is an unregistered Animagus," said James.

"I say you need to go speak to the Minister that is held so tightly under your thumb," Draco suggested.

James nodded. "Come on. No better time than the present," said James, pulling Triss out of the dorm and into the common room. Even with all of the students in the room, no one commented on Triss being in the boy's dorm, as it was no secret that she and James were involved in every aspect of the word.

Upon entering the Great Hall, all talking stopped. Spotting the Minister, James yelled, Cornelius, we need to speak to you, before turning and exiting the hall as fast as he'd come in.

Less than a minute later Fudge appeared, "What the devil have you gotten yourself into this time Cage?"

"It seems we have an unregistered animagus in our hands. One Rita Skeeter is spying on people in her form. I'm guessing it to have been very small. An insect maybe. It's my suggestion that we do something about her. There is no other way she could have seen or heard any of what went on in the hall yesterday," said James.

"Really? I'll look into it, however, do us all a favor and hit Snape again, snarky bastard that he is..."

"Rita Skeeter, Under Arrest For Being An Unregistered Animagus!" Was the headline the next morning.

"That was fast," James muttered, showing Triss the paper.

"Look here, they caught her in a set up classified conference late last night. Well, it seems Fudge is our new best friend," said Triss, speed reading the paper.

"Yeah. It's kind of weird, all the people who didn't like me, are starting to be my best buddies, and people who did, are becoming a pain in the ass?" James asked.

"I don't know. Has there been any word on Dragon?" Triss asked, folding the newspaper.

James shook his head in the negative. "No, if there had been Jewel would have contacted me. It seems there have been several disappearances in the past few weeks, no bodies though," said James.

"Do you think this could have something to do with the Voldemort rumors?" Triss asked.

James shrugged. "It's possible, but unlikely, I would have picked up on at least a flicker of something if he had any power, regardless of the fact that my powers are being wacky. You would have picked up on it too," James pointed out. Triss nodded.

"So, are you guys ready to go for the Yule ball?" Rome asked, sitting down across from the two.

"Yes. We got dress robes before we came to school," said Triss.

"They were on the list," James added. "Gin, are you still going with Draco?" he asked.

Ginny nodded, tossing a look to Draco who was stuck sitting between two gorilla like boys looking utterly bored. Across from him was a pug face girl smiling coyly at him. Draco looked at her with nothing less than complete disgust.

Turning back to James, Triss saw his image flicker out of the corner of her eye. Looking at him fully, she saw a look of intense concentration on his face. "Are you alright?" she asked, switching over to elven as easily as he switched to parseltongue.

"It's getting harder to hold everyday. I don't know how much long it's going to be before everything shuts down," James growled. His eyes flickered to their natural emerald green for a moment, before righting themselves. Placing a hand on his temple he cemented to image into place as well as he could.

Triss didn't miss the look of pain that crossed his face, nor did Severus and Potter. It has to be a glitch, or something in the air. "You'll be fine," said Triss, more to reassure herself than him.

"Damn straight. Can't very well keep the twins out of trouble if I'm incapacitated," James said with a grin. Again, Triss didn't fail to notice how he didn't have his arm wrapped around her waist or shoulders as he normally did. It had become apparent to her very quickly that he was more affectionate, but not as intimate as he had been before. Triss didn't like that, but didn't say anything, at least for the time being.

"I can see your point, but sometimes I think it's the twins keeping you out of trouble," Triss commented, taking a large sip of fruit smoothie.

James mock glared at her. "No, that's your job," he said, somehow managing to keep a straight face.

"Well, now that you have admitted I have full power over you, I must tell you that if we are not to be late for Evan's class, we have to leave now," said Triss, pulling James from his seat.

"Yes Master," he said following Triss at the heels like a lost puppy dog.

"He is sooo whipped," Rome said, wrapping an arm around his girlfriend as they left the hall to go to their morning classes.

"Like you aren't," Mel said under her breath as she and Vlad followed them.

In charms, Evans couldn't even look Triss in the eyes, and hardly managed it with James. While James was down right furious, Triss was only angry. She could feel the guilt radiating off of Evans, and

couldn't help but feel a bit bad. The woman had enough baggage to carry having lost several of her own children, and didn't need that of another, even if it was partly her fault.

It was all Triss could do to stop James from releasing a bit of stress on the teacher. After explaining her point of view over the teacher, he agreed, and redirected his fury to the one at the top of the chain, Albus Dumbledore.

Triss couldn't bring herself to feel anything but pure fury towards her grandfather. If she had her way he would be rotting in the dungeons by now. She had yet to be told the great story of James's threat to Dumbledore, in James's words anyway.

Time went by quickly. The Yule Ball went by with relative ease, if you don't count Rome getting into a fistfight, and winning, against Victor Krum, for grabbing Kat inappropriately. Fred and George went with Alicia Spinnet and Katie Bell, their long time girl friends. James ended up dancing with just about every girl at the dance, but danced with Triss the most. For reasons unknown to even James, Dumbledore went around sporting a black eye for almost two weeks. Triss swore it hadn't been her, so James could only imagine what had happened. (A/N: A small talk with James Potter anyone?)

The third task came and went with ease as well. James walked away with little more than a dislocated shoulder from being tossed into the wall by a Irish Lightning Bolt, the second most dangerous dragon in the world, second only to the Hungarian Horntail, deemed to dangerous to be used in the tournament. As of the third task, James had collected three of the weird medallions. It was only by fluke that Triss figured out that the three fit together, and were missing only one more piece. This was in late March.

In late April, it was announced that Evan's was once again expecting. It was too early to tell whether it was to be a boy or a girl, but James had the feeling it was to be a boy. Snape, while still his bastard self, had toned down a little, his way of giving James an apology.

By May, James and Triss's relationship was back to normal, though she wasn't staying in his room as often as before. Kat had had a

minor pregnancy scare, but was assured by both James and Triss that she had nothing to worry about. This, however, gained her and Rome a very long lecture from Draco, James, Severus, Remus and Sirius, both of whom had been visiting the school very often.

Dragon was still missing, along with several more wizards and witches. James and Triss were both very worried about their mentor, but weren't aloud to leave the school because of the tournament, otherwise both would have been out searching for him, regardless of the turnout of their last meeting.

All to soon, it was time for the fourth and final part of the tournament. James had been informed by Fudge to be out at the Quidditch Pitch by no later than 8p.m., only minutes before the sent was to set.

"Are you sure you feel up to this?" Triss asked, one final time as James pulled on a plain white shirt. As he thought it would be easier to move around without his robes, James had opted to dress only in a pair of old carpenter jeans, steel toes work boots, and a t-shirt.

"Tessa, I already told you, I'm fine. I know I'm having a few problems holding my images, but it's nothing to be worried about. It's been going on since November, and I'm still doing fine. In fact, I think I'm starting to get better, it's not as hard as it was say, in April," James responded, giving his Soul Bond a light kiss on the temple.

"Alright, but if you have any trouble in the tournament, don't hesitate to get out of their. Jewel isn't around to keep you out of trouble at the moment," Triss warned. James grinned at her. "You have your wand, right?"

"No Triss, I left it sitting under my bed," James responded sarcastically.

"Ass. Well, lets go then," said Triss, heading up to the main hall for dinner before the tournament. In the middle of the meal Potter came over to the table.

"Mr. Cage, have you seen Lizzy? She's supposed to sit with her Aunt during the tournament, and I can't find her," Potter said, mild concern crossing his features.

"I haven't seen her since noon. I think she's playing with some of the first year Ravensclaws. I wouldn't worry about it, the girl can hold her own," said James. He left out the fact that he had provided her with a temporary wand via Ollivander and had been teaching her spells.

"Thanks," said Potter, a bit of relief crossing his features. He quickly returned to the head table, ready escorting his slightly showing wife to the Pitch no doubt.

"I'm going to go ahead and get out there. I'll see you in the aftermath of all of this," said James, giving Triss a small peck before heading out the door. As it was very near 8, James was the last of the champions to leave.

Triss was quick to join the rest of the spectators in the stands. The usher, for some reason unknown to Triss, sat her right down next to Evans and the twin Potters. The elder Potter was patrolling the pitch should any of the champions need assistance.

Evans made a point not to look at the younger woman, but Triss would have none of it. "Did you ever find Lizzy, professor?" Triss asked.

"No, Jim and I figured she just decided to go sit with her friends. I can only imagine how boring it must be to only be able to hang out with people much older or much younger than herself. I should think it'll be easier for her next year," Evans said, her voice a little stiff.

"What house do you think she'll be in?" Triss asked.

Evans looked at her strangely. "Lizzy isn't a witch," Evans said, her voice now holding a confused tone.

"I don't think so. James has been teaching her, and I've seen her pull a spell or two," Triss said, thinking back on the powerful unlocking charms she'd seen from the younger girl.

"I'll have to look into that," Evans said, turning her attention to the starting tournament.

"Alright, do all of you have the pendants you collected over the past few months?" Fudge asked. The four champions held up the pendants. Only James' and Cedric Diggory's were connected. Fudge went through a quick lesson on how to connect them, taking a point off of Krum and Fleur for not having figured it out.

"Now that everyone is on the same page, you have to find the last piece of the puzzle. Mr. Cage, your piece will be white, Mr. Diggory, your piece will be yellow, Mr. Krum, your piece will be red, and Ms. Delacour, your piece is to be pink. Each of you will start out in a different part of a maze. Once you find your piece, connect it to the others, and you will be transported to the next stage, the same set up as the first, a maze. Your goal in the next stage is to get the cup before anyone else. Good luck to you all," said Fudge.

Seconds later James was standing in his own separate box at the start of the maze. He took a big breath and ran a scan on his power level. It was just as low as it had been before. A small amount of dizziness swept over him. 'Maybe I should have listened to Triss and backed out,' James thought, catching himself on the side of the box.

Shaking it off, James was ready to go just in time for the starting bell. Pulling his wand, James cautiously walked out of the box. Walking as fast as his feet would permit, James followed the twists and turns until he came to a cross section. "Point me!" said James, holding out his wand. It pointed to the path to his right. Turning onto the path, he hadn't gotten more than ten feet before he ran smack dab into Cedric.

"Having any luck?" Ced asked.

"None, I haven't even run into a bloody obstacle yet," James responded.

"I think this is the obstacle course until we get to the next round," Cedric said before turning and running down the path, away from where James was going. 15 minutes and no monsters later, James

finally found what he'd been looking for. Inter locking the white piece with the others James felt a slight tug before he was dropped into the beginning of another maze.

"Fantastic," James groaned. It wasn't very long before he reached the first obstacle, a rather pissed off Black Mamba. Let me pass! James commanded. The snake looked at him in defiance, before finally backing down at the determined look in James's eyes.

After that he can to a three way interchange. "Point me!" he said for the second time that night. His wand spun to point to the path to his left.

After 5 minutes of running he narrowly missed a spell from a jumpy Fleur Delacour. James glared at her, looking at his singed pant leg before continuing on. Not too long later James came to his next obstacle. A giant Lioness stood in his way.

"Dear Lady, I beg you to grant me access to the rest of my journey," James said, bowing.

"I will let you move on, as I did the others, if you can answer me this.

'Alive without breath,

As cold as death;

Never thirsty, ever drinking,

All in mail, never clinking."(A/N: ã J.R.R Tolkien)

James knew the answer immeadiatly. Since his first year he had made an oath to himself to read the 'Lord of the Rings' series at least once every year, the Hobbit was his favorite.

"A fish," he said easily.

"Very well, I bid you good luck, you will need it," the Lioness said, moving enough that James could pass.

James continued on his way. After several more minutes of running, James nearly jumped out of his skin when two loud screams echoed through the air. Picking up speed, he whipped around a corner to see Fleur and Cedric writhing on the ground under the wand of Victor Krum.

"Reducto!" James shouted, pointed at Victor's feet. The ground exploded, sending Victor hurtling through the air and through one of the bush that made one wall of the maze. "Are you two alright?" James asked, puling the two off of the ground.

"Fine," Cedric answered, shakily pulling himself to his feet. Fleur tried to stand as well, but found herself unable.

"Just lie down Fleur. Cedric, are you still up to continuing?" James asked.

"Yeah. Should I hail someone?" Cedric asked. James nodded and checked Fleur over for any nerve damage. The curse hadn't been held very long, but he wanted to check any way. While James did this, Cedric pointed his wand straight up and muttered an incantation, shooting red sparks into the air.

"Come on, they're both still alive. Krum isn't in the best of states, but he's alive," said James.

"What about Fleur?" Cedric asked.

"Fine. No nerve damage, and no small cuts or anything. Aside from that small cut on your forehead, you're fine too," said James, motioning to the before unseen cut.

"How do you know that?" Cedric asked.

"My secret," James responded before taking off down one of the paths, leaving Cedric to take his own way. Less than 15 minutes later, James came to what only could have been the last obstacle. Sitting in the center of the path was a spider. A very large spider. James had his claws out within seconds. He knew this type of spider, the ones from the forest. They weren't the friendliest bunch.

The spider hissed and jumped at him, but James was no longer anywhere near that point. "Back down now, or I will have to kill you," James said. He knew very well that these spiders understood English. Unsurprisingly, the spider just jumped at him again, catching his leg and tossing him further down the path. "Fuck this," James said, pulling his wand. "Decollo!" (A/N: ã Serry Snape.) The spider's head rolled to the ground, leaving the body dead.

Easing himself up, James surveyed the damage on his leg. "Medicor," he muttered, point his wand at his leg. It closed up enough from him to be able to walk, but not enough to stop it from bleeding. "Stupid fucking spiders," James muttered, continuing on.

Finally, he reached a large, open area. In the center was a large, golden cup. The thing James noticed, however, was Cedric, and the Lioness chasing him. "Stop!" James yelled. The lioness turned to him.

"Badger child was unable to answer my riddle, I must kill him," the lioness growled.

"What was the riddle?" James asked, as Cedric stood behind him.

"What has roots as nobody sees,

Is taller than the trees

Up, up it goes,

And yet it never grows?" the lioness asked.

"A mountain," James responded. The lioness nodded.

"You have solved the riddle for the badger child, you are both free to proceed," she said, return from the path she started.

"I owe you for that one," Cedric breathed, relieved that he wasn't to become cat food.

"No big. I ran into her too, both of her riddles were from a muggle book I read in first year," said James, turning back. "Go ahead and take the cup, you got here first," said James, leaning against the hedge wall.

"No way. If it weren't for you I'd be getting picked out of a lion's teeth at the moment," said Cedric.

"I'm not taking the damn thing. I don't want it, I don't need the fame, or money. I have more money than I know what to do with right now anyway," said James.

"Fine, we'll take it together. It'll still be a win for Hogwarts, and we'll be totally even," said Cedric.

James thought on it. Cedric was a Hufflepuff, there was no doubt that he would sit there and wait until either James took it by himself, or with Cedric. "Fine," said James moving towards the cup. "On the count of three. One- two- three!" James shouted. Both boys grabbed the cup, to be hit with a tugging sensation.

Seconds later they were dropped on the ground. The ground was soft and wet, and the air smelled stale and wet. "What the fuck?" James asked, helping Cedric to his feet.

"Think this is another part of the tournament they didn't tell us about?" Cedric asked, slipping his wand away, unseen by James.

"I don't know. I doubt it, someone rigged the cup," said James, looking down at the gold cup sitting on the ground.

James was about to reach down for the cup, when a hair-raising voice yelled, "Kill the spare!" "Avada Kedavra!"

"No!" James yelled. The curse was heading towards Cedric, so James did the best he could on such short notice, he jumped in front of the older boy. The curse struck James in the side, more or less blowing a small hole at the impact point, making walking almost impossible, and blowing his shift, sending him back to his normal appearance.

Cedric stared at him in horror. "Oh my go-" He never finished the sentence, as James levitated the cup into the older boy's hands.

"Tell Triss I love her," James whispered before Cedric disappeared, leaving James alone and wounded. Unable to do much else, James dropped to the ground, ready to face his fate, whatever that might be.

(A/N: I'm still alive! I lived through Hurricane Charley, only to deal with another one --'. Sorry this took so long to get out. I've been dealing with the horror that is high school. Actually, I'm still trying to get my schedule fixed, a week past 'No Credit Day'. For some giant reason unknown to me they dropped me in a computer typing course, (They keep telling me that it's state required, and the state keeps saying that's bullshit, and I know several people who aren't having to take it. Who thinks they're just giving me a hard time?) And I type faster than the teacher! The teacher, in turn, is the biggest ass I've ever met. He apparently remembers my brother, who fell on him and broke his leg, or was it the other guy? Right now I'm balancing AP Biology, English 1 Honors and Spanish. The computer thing doesn't count, as I'm either going to get out and take Algebra 1 Honors again as a refresher (already have a credit for it), or beat up the teacher (my daddy said that if he keeps insulting me, or my family, I can make use of my vocabulary), whichever ever happens to come first. Well, there is an update on my sad, sad life, and why I got this chapter out so late. And if I don't get the next chapter out before September 19th, HAPPY 1 YEAR ANNIVERSARY TO LC! I feel so special... Also, keep in mind that I responded to most of the reviews before I wrote this chapter, so they may be a bit inaccurate.)

Review response:

Shadowface: Thanks.

ShadowWolf255: As of right now, I have more or less written out how Lily and the rest of the teachers find out about James's parentage. However, the first idea about Lily thinking about something she forgot might work. A flash back of James's birth could be something to toss in...

Gaul1: I'm not sure what, if anything, Triss is going to do to Evans. Maybe a catfight? I don't know yet, but whatever I decide should be in the chapter above. No there won't be a funeral, and who said the kid was a boy?

Athenakitty: Right now, James is annoyed with almost everyone. As far as the argument goes, two words. Rita Skeeter. I'm not sure about how guilty Lily will be, I haven't written the chapters yet, so. Much later in the future, Triss will have another baby, I'm not sure if it will be a boy or girl. Yes, Randal Black is Sirius's nephew.

Malach: I'm not too fond of those ideas either, but going through revelations and what not sounds good. I'm just trying to stay on a certain track so I can set off certain events like I want to, but I think I have an idea now.

Michaelrccurtis: Thank you.

Beea20: You're right, kind of. The way the soul bond is set up, a person can dissolve it temporarily, temporarily being the key word. However, if one of the party in the bond is unwilling to break it, but does anyway, they become very ill. What I was thinking is that Triss would ask to have the bond dissolved, so she can have some time to think and get her emotions straight, but she doesn't know how the bond works. James knows, and even though he doesn't want to, breaks the bond for Triss's well being, and between the end of the tournament and an encounter with Voldemort is very ill, to the point that he will die if Triss doesn't reset the bond. I still may pull something like that, and if I do, that's how Evans will find out. Regardless, however, Lily will find out at the end of the tournament.

RunningInCircles: Thanks.

LizaGirl: Thanks. The summary was no problem, I just hope I got all the main events. Because it is summer, my memory fails me.

Jenaleyn: Do you have a pop-up blocker? If you do, hit 'ctrl' in the bottom left corner of your keyboard. It allows the screen to by pass the blocker with most programs. The baby won't be born, no matter what I do. If it had been a dream, then it would have happened before she conceived, giving her a chance to avoid it, but I don't think I'll be

doing that. If I do break them up, it won't really even be a break up, more like a hiatus on their relationship. I won't do something everyone will hate, I promise.

Websurffer: That idea, I like. However, because of Fawkes neither Lily, Potter, nor Dumbledore's minds will revert back to the thought of James being the son of the Kellers. Both Dumbledore and Lily know that James went to the Kellers, so it would be a dead give away. I don't know about James hitting Snape again, but he may hit Dumbledore or Potter.

Serry2: Evans is going to have a guilt trip, but she will not find out about James until after the tournament is over.

Callie Marie Black: Well, so far everyone is against the prophetic dream, but you never know. I guess we'll find out when I write the chapter.

Tower: I could, see Beea20's response, that explains the background of it. I think I have a solid idea now so...

Iced Flame: I thought you guys would have liked that.

Dannigurl9488: Yeah, I have clarified that a few times, but oh well. I'm not going to skip ahead, I promised more tasks, and I'm going to give my extra tasks if it kills me!

Imill123: Wow, you're close. Dumbledore will get a clue though, via James. Notice, Fudge isn't being as much of a troublemaker anymore.

Pheonixrising: Thanks. I was thinking the same thing, except for the soul bond. If you want to see the background of it see Beea20's response.

Jennifer: Thanks, and I will update if it kills me!

Leeanna-Marie-Malfoy: As I've told everyone, Lily will find out, regardless of how I run the chapters. Also, I don't want to drag it out, because I'm going to have other things that are more important to the

story going on at the same time. I may have one large portion of a chapter dedicated to that, but I'll have to see how I can set it up.

Kagome's Arrow: Thank you. Draco, as you can see above, is still friends with them and all, but not publicly. By this time, rumors are already going around about Voldemort rising, and in order to protect himself and his friends, Draco is playing spy, along with his father, and maybe Snape, I'm not sure about that yet. Potter and Lily's reaction will be up soon, I promise.

Burzrog Gurthiel: It's only that long because I have to do the other tasks. I'm probably going to do two more tasks, not including the very last task, and each task is going to have some kind of an event, so more like around Chapter 42, give or take.

Wytil: I'm forecasting that Lily'll find out somewhere around Chapter 42, depending on how I set this up, and cast it and what not. That reminds me, I still have to think something up for the next task...

Bookgoddess15: I always thought Snape needed a good ass kicking. I don't think I will be breaking James and Triss up, but we shall see.

Ookami Kage: It will all come together, you have my word.

Anna Banana: I love you and all, but I still say you need a good anal probe via alien abduction.

Agge: I've been trying to stay away from doing that, but I might in one of the next chapters. It's kind of confusing when an author is constantly changing POVs.

Sweet Sakura Curls: Lily will find out about her relation to James some time around the 42nd chapter, give or take. Snape just is a bastard, enough said. James's power issues will be explained around the same time Lily's discovery of James will. I'm still working on what is going to happen between James and Triss, if anything at all.

Andine: Thanks, I guess...Sorry, I don't like peanuts...too nutty. I only like the big kind of nuts... hee hee. No just kidding, that's Anna.

Starlight Dreams: Thanks. No worries, there be lots of angst ahead! (Pirates... --)

Musicstarlover: I know the feeling, trust me. Next summer the "People to people: Student Ambassador Program" wants me and a handful of other kids to go with them to Australia and New Zealand for 20 days next summer. I have a shit load of 2nd cousins, plus Aunts and Uncles living in both places. The only thing I think would be fun is that I could go scuba diving on the 'Great Barrier Reef', which is something I've always wanted to do. The other good thing is, I get 20 days off from school and a credit if I do this in 05. My friends don't think it's a good idea though...and I really don't like flying. One of my friends was nearly killed flying back from Seattle when his plane stalled out when it was lifting off.

SiLvErFaTeD: Thanks.

The Wizened Wizard: That's going to tie in later, after the tournament.

The wise Sir Ivan the Shadow Lord: I think I could do something like that. I don't know if I can pull fireworks show, but I can definitely let some sparks fly between them.

Chapter 39: "This is Bullshit!"

"Wormtail, collect the boy!" A voice James recognized as Voldemort yelled. James felt himself being levitated, but didn't have the will power to open his eyes.

"Is he dead Master?" Wormtail asked, setting the boy down at Voldemort's feet.

"Dead? Of course not. I left the boy enough power to block a little curse like that," Voldemort sneered. Forcing one eye open, James looked at the man above him, and was surprised to find that Voldemort had a body. Everything clicked in James's mind all at once.

Voldemort had been draining his power so he could have his body back! That's why James hadn't quite been himself for a while. It was brilliant, but James was sure Voldemort had forgotten one thing, he never blocked James from locking up his powers. Working as quickly as his draining powers would permit, James dropped into a state of limbo, and started pulling triggers in his magic, stopping Voldemort from absorbing his power, and reversing the process. If all sent well, Voldemort would be powerless in minutes.

"Give me your arm Wormtail," Voldemort commanded. Wormtail held out his arm to have it roughly grabbed by Voldemort, his finger pressed into the Dark Mark on his arm. James drifted off after that, floating in nothingness for several minutes until he felt a strong kick on his side, rolling him onto his back.

"Well Cage, how does it feel to be on the receiving end?" Voldemort asked. Standing all around were figures dressed in black robes. One of them held something that made his heart nearly stop. Tied to a tombstone was Elizabeth, pale with fear and trembling. James wasn't sure she recognized him, but he was going to protect her if needed regardless of what he looked like at the moment.

"Go fuck yourself Tom. You no longer have control over my powers, link or none," James growled turning back to Voldemort.

Right on time, Voldemort let out a defining scream. "What did you do?" Voldemort yelled, holding his head.

"I took back something that wasn't yours to start with," James said, shakily pushing himself to his feet. As his powers were currently locked up, he had no advantage over the 20 or so Death Eaters that stood around him. Two of them he knew to be Lucius and Severus, both of which were standing rather stiffly.

James turned to face Voldemort. No longer was there a normal looking man. What now stood could only be called a monster. His face was pale and hallow, and his eyes were bright red. Pulling out his wand, he commanded every Death Eater to do the same. All at once they yelled "Crucio!" James could do nothing but scream as fire erupted from his blood, baking his bones and turning his flesh into ashes.

"Cedric! What happened?" Potter asked, pulling the young man from where he'd fallen on the ground.

"He k-killed him," Cedric stuttered, the cup still held tightly in his hand.

"Who killed who Cedric?" Potter demanded.

Cedric shook his head. "I-I don't know. He fired the killing curse at me, and James jumped in front of me, and shoved me onto the cup. It was a portkey," Cedric said, holding up the cup, careful not to let Potter touch it.

Potter swore quite colorfully, shooting sparks into the air to call for back up. Within minutes the maze was gone, leaving Cedric and Potter in the open of the pitch. "What happened?" Dumbledore asked, jogging up to the two.

"The man, he killed him! He jumped in front of the curse to save me. He changed though, after the curse hit, his eyes changed colors, and his hair too!" Cedric said. "He-he told me to tell Triss that he loved her," Cedric whispered.

"Professor, he said the cup was a portkey," Potter said, motioning to the cup in Cedric's hand. Dumbledore easily removed it from the boy's hand, casting a spell to render it inactive.

"Jim, take Mister Diggory to the Infirmary, he seems to be suffering from the after affects of the Cruciatus curse, much like Ms. Delacour. Professor Moody, please get me Trisstessa Summers," Dumbledore ordered, pointing to both teachers respectively. A few minutes later Triss nearly ran into Dumbledore, Moody several feet behind.

"What happened Albus? Where's James?" Triss demanded.

"I was hoping you could tell me. The both of you always seem to be at least one step ahead of everyone else," Dumbledore said, rubbing his temples.

"Albus, if I know where he was I wouldn't be asking you! I can't even get a Bond trace on him, it's like his presence is totally fizzled out, but he's still live," Triss shouted, drawing a lot of attention to herself.

Dumbledore nodded solemnly. Fudge made his way over. "Dumbledore, what's going on?" he asked.

"Mr. Cage is missing. The cup was a portkey, I'm going to have it traced as soon as possible. Mr. Diggory said Mr. Cage took a killing curse in his place, but didn't die immediately, and Ms. Summers says she believes him to still be in the land of the living," Dumbledore explained, looking older with every word.

"Killing curse? Why the fuck didn't you tell me?" Triss demanded.

"I didn't want to upset you by letting you know that Mr. Cage is most likely dead," Dumbledore said solemnly.

Triss shook her head in the negative. "Remember when he showed you he was immune to the Cruciatus curse?" Triss asked. Dumbledore nodded. "It wasn't just that curse. Any curse with intent to deeply harm or kill him, he can block to an extent. One or two killing curses are nothing more than a mild stunner to him, if that. However, his energy will only hold out for so long," said Triss.

"What about his eyes and hair? Mister Diggory said they changed color after he was hit by the curse," Dumbledore pointed out.

Triss shook her head. "I can't tell you. Let's just say it has a lot to do with Voldemort looking for him. Although, James's change in appearance didn't seem to help much," Triss muttered the last part mostly to herself.

It was quite a while later that James finally felt the curses and beatings stop. He was trying to store enough usable energy that he could get himself and Lizzy out, and that was if his powers cooperated. As it was, he was going to have to temporarily take down the block to do that, something Voldemort would defiantly feel.

To all of the wizards gathered around him, James seemed to have passed out or died, not that many could see his eyes because of his blood caked hair being in the way. Voldemort seemed to be fooled as well. Lizzy was still tied to the stone, her eyes wide with fear and horror, trained completely on James's unmoving form. With a twitch, James kept his ears open, listening to Voldemort lecture the group on how they all betrayed him, and listen to them all take their turns screaming as Voldemort cast the Cruciatus curse on each of them.

Along with the screams, James heard rustling just to the right of him, where Lizzy was. Since the Death Eaters were temporarily finished with James, they relocated to several feet to his left, leaving he, Lizzy and a certain rat alone. Turning his head enough to get a full view of his younger cousin, James was nearly sick all over himself from what he saw. Wormtail had unbound the little girl from the stone, laying her out on the ground, still bound. As she struggled, Wormtail straddled the little girl, groping her in places that she shouldn't be touched by anyone less than her husband. As James couldn't hear Lizzy's cries, he figured Wormtail had cast some sort of silencing charm.

Pulling whatever energy he had gathered together, James silently pushed himself to his feet. In his fury he nearly jumped when his claws popped out. After not having used them in nearly a year, James had forgotten about them. Anyone who had been watching would have seen James blur as he rammed into Wormtail, knocking

him off of the crying Lizzy, and pushing his titanium claws through the rat's chest. Whatever charm Wormtail had cast over the area was broken, and Lizzy's crying became audible, as well as the rattling of Wormtail's last few breaths. "Rot in hell you mother fucker," James hissed, spitting on the body, as he used what was left of his strength to make his way to his cousin.

The group of Death Eaters watched in nothing less than amazement as the teenager killed one of their rank, even the lower rank, in his condition. Most people would have been dead or severely injured after being held under the Cruciatus curse for so long, plus being beaten and tortured with several other curses, but there James was, crawling towards the crying little girl.

James had hardly reached the girl when he felt himself tossed recklessly into an angle headstone, breaking it in half. Several seconds later he found himself staring up at Voldemort, whom was pointing his wand down at the teenager. "Impressive Cage. If you're this much fun every time we torture you, you may just live for a while," Voldemort said, grinning malevolently at James. "Avery, take them both down to the Dungeons. Do not touch either of them," Voldemort hissed, pointing to James and Lizzy.

Avery cast a stretcher charm on James, and grabbed Lizzy roughly by the arm after undoing the bonds holding her feet, and took them both to a large, spooky looking house not far from the graveyard.

"Jim! Albus!" Lily yelled, bursting into Dumbledore's office. Sitting around the room was Triss, Dumbledore, Potter, Fudge, McGonagall, Sirius, Remus, Libby (A/N: James's aunt, Dragon's sister.), Tonks, and a few other aurors. It had been a little over two and a half hours since James disappeared, and they were waiting on feedback from some of the contacts they had, mainly Snape and Lucius.

"Lily! You shouldn't be running around the castle in your-" Potter started, only to be cut off.

"Lizzy is gone!" she stated simply, hysteria in her voice.

"What do you mean Lily?" Dumbledore asked, standing from the seat behind his desk.

Lily looked ready to start screaming at him. "I mean she is gone! All of her friends said the last time they saw her was when she left to find me, and she never did! No one has seen her since before dinner!" Lily cried.

"Are you sure she isn't just hanging out-" Potter started, only to be cut off again.

"Yes, I'm sure! I asked everyone! I even tried a minor tracking charm, she isn't here!"

"Shit," was all Triss had to say. She had a growing bad feeling growing in her stomach, and she knew with unexplainable certainty that James and Voldemort were right in the middle of it all.

"I'll go inform the rest of the team and have them search the grounds," said an auror named Shackbolt, who was looking rather uncomfortable. He left the room, Remus and Sirius glaring holes into his back the whole way.

"I need to go inform a few people about what's going on, I'll be back in a little while," said Triss, excusing herself from the room. Whatever protection James had put up in her mind to tone down her empathic abilities was long gone, and all of the feeling in the room was giving her a huge migraine.

"Damn it James, you better be okay," Triss said to herself, jogging up the stairs to Gryff tower.

James was only half conscious when he felt himself dropped on a cold, stone floor. Lizzy was dropped next to him, with the rest of her bonds cut. With much effort, James managed to push himself into a sitting position against one of the stonewalls. Looking around, he was surprised to see he wasn't the only one, besides Lizzy, in the cell.

Sitting near the opening of the cell was a very familiar face. "Dragon," James breathed, hardly able to talk. His throat was raw from

screaming, and James knew it was only a matter of time before he couldn't talk at all.

Dragon didn't seem to be in the best of shape either. He had a dark purple rim around his right eye, contrasting greatly with his pale skin and hollow cheeks. He also seemed to have lost a lot of weight, James was sure that he could see every bone through his skin. The older man's hair was now more gray than black, and one of his legs seemed to be resting at an odd angle. If James hadn't been able to see the rising and falling of the man's chest, he would have thought he was dead. He didn't react at all when James called his name again.

"Are you alright?" Lizzy asked, drawing his attention away from the older man.

"I'm fine. Do you know who I am?" James asked, still wondering if the girl recognized him.

"Yes. You're James Cage, and you saved my life again. Are you absolutely sure you're okay?" Lizzy asked again.

James nodded, Lizzy looked skeptical. "Seriously, I'm fine. It looks worse than it is," James lied. If anything it was worse than it looked, and it looked really bad. "Liz, do you still have that wand I gave you?" James asked.

"Yeah. They never thought to check for it, everyone still thinks I'm a muggle," Lizzy growled sourly. She really didn't like being thought of being what she wasn't.

"Excellent. Give it to me, we're getting out of here," said James, pushing himself to his feet. Lizzy handed the wand to him, and helped him the best she could as he tossed Dragon over his shoulder. "Do you think there is anyone else in here?" James asked, looking around the dungeon to the best of his ability.

"No, this is the only cell here. I saw on my way down," said Lizzy. James nodded, hoping she was right, though he doubted anyone who had been brought here was still among the living.

"Liz, hold onto the wand, tightly. Ready?" James asked, Lizzy nodded. "There's no place like home." With that, the three people disappeared.

And reappeared in none other than Dumbledore's office. Upon landing, James stumbled under Dragon's weight. He dropped Lizzy's wand, stabling himself. The only people that were still in the room after meeting with Dumbledore were Lily, Potter, Triss and Dumbledore himself. "A little help would be nice," James growled, stumbling under Dragon's weight again. Lizzy and Triss both acted, helping James lower the older man to the floor.

Everyone else seemed to be frozen. Lily, Potter and Dumbledore were all looking at him in slight horror, whether it was because of his appearance or the blood and bruises that now graced his body. "God James, what happened?" Triss demanded, checking Dragon's weak vitals.

"I'm not sure. We found him in the dungeons of the old Riddle house, he didn't respond to me," said James, swaying a little on his feet. Lizzy was doing her best to stable him, but gladly allowed Potter to take over after he'd snapped out of his shock.

"Sit down Mr. Cage," said Potter said, sitting James down in a chair.

Lily also snapped out of her stupor. "It's him," she half said, half giggled before dropping in a dead faint.

"Fuck," said James, resting his head in his hands, blowing a stray strand of his now shoulder length hair out of his eyes.

During all of this, Dumbledore had whispered several spells, sending messages to several different people. It was only minutes before Poppy made an appearance, whisking Dragon and Lily away, James Potter in toe.

Lizzy had opted to stay, saying she was fine with the exception of a small cut above her left eye. James still had his head resting on his hands, his hair hiding his face. Triss took a seat next to James,

fighting the urge to drag him off to the hospital wing. Just by resting her hand on his back she could feel the spasms of his muscles, an after affect of the Cruciatus curse, something he shouldn't have been affected by.

A few minutes after that, Sirius and Remus made their way into the office, carrying a rather beat up Snape between them. Sirius and Remus set their old classmate down in one of the chairs before sitting down themselves. "Now that everyone is here, do you mind explaining what happened?" Dumbledore asked James.

James sighed, and sat up pushing his hair out of his face. Everyone who wasn't used to this form of him was shocked. Gone were the soft, rounded features of the James Cage they were used to. James's features were now much sharper, and more defined, a costmary trait of the Snape family. His nose was, like his face, very sharp, and defined, but lacked the customary hook. His eyes had changed from their normal blue, to stunning emerald green, accenting his long, dark hair.

"Very well," said James. For some reason, he'd known he was going to have to tell all of them the truth since he'd met them. "When I was born I was adopted by Alex and Emma Keller. At the age of 5, our house was attacked. They killed my dad right off the bat, and they started torturing my mother. I wasn't going to have that, and I jumped on them. Sometime in the middle of all of that, they killed my mom, and I took out Peter Pettigrew's eye," James explained.

"So that's what you meant when you asked Peter if he was still sore about his eye in the shack," said Sirius. He had been wondering about that comment for years.

"Yeah. After I took out Peter, Voldemort came after me, fired a killing curse at me, but it bounced off my shields, killed him or as close to killed him as possible. The impact of everything set my house on fire, and I somehow managed to get myself to Dragon's house, the man that came here with me. He explained to me about the power that I have," James continued.

"What powers would those be?" Dumbledore asked.

"Shapeshifting, Will wizardry, Elementalism, Healing, Porting, Telepathy and Parseltongue, I can also see magic as well as trace it. The problem is, I only have enough energy to use one of these powers to it's full potential." Triss made a mental note to talk to Dragon about that in the future. "After meeting Triss, and over my years here, I kept Voldemort at bay, and righted some of the wrongs that went along with his down fall," said James, tossing a look at Sirius. "By the way, your rat is dead."

Sirius looked at him in awe. "When, how?" he asked.

"I'm getting to that part. Anyway, I wasn't kidding when I said I didn't enter my name into the cup, I'm guessing it was a set up. In the middle of the fourth task I came across Krum holding Cedric and Fleur under the Cruciatus curse. He was under the Imperius curse, but I didn't have time to trace it, so I did the next best thing, I blasted him into the side of the maze. Fleur was too hurt to go on, so Cedric sent up sparks.

"Both of us went on our way, and met each other at the end of the maze. Cedric was being chased by the Lioness, and after dealing with that, we decided to take the cup together. It was a portkey. When we landed, a spell was shot at Cedric, and I blocked it, and pushed him back onto the cup with a message for Triss if I didn't get back. After that, Voldemort told me that he was tapping my powers, and had used them to get his body back. I put a stop to that, and while he still has a body, he isn't as powerful as he could have been. Almost everything after that is a blur, up until I killed Peter," James continued, running a hand through his hair. He wasn't sure if he should tell them the real reason for going after Peter, as it would be embarrassing to Lizzy.

"Why did you killed Mr. Pettigrew, and how?" Dumbledore asked.

Sensing James's hesitation, Lizzy continued on with the story. "Peter went after me while the others were busy. James used those claw things in his hands, and put them through Pettigrew's chest," Lizzy explained, motioning to the three knife like mark coming from the

knuckles of each hand. Through all of the blood, you could almost see the titanium ducts that the claws came out of.

"All I remember after that is finding Dragon, and using Lizzy's wand as a portkey to get us out," James finished. All through the story, James voice had been scratchy and he'd had to clear his throat more than once. All Severus could do was stare at him in disbelief.

"Severus, have you something to add?" Albus asked.

"Every Death Eater that arrived at the meeting tonight, held him under the Cruciatus curse with Voldemort for bouts of at least 6 minutes each. The Dark Lord also let some of the lesser-brained Death Eaters at him, they beat him shitless. Lucius and I both thought he was dead after that display," Severus said, flinching at James's ruffled condition.

"Well, I'm not dead, but now I know why my muscles aren't working," said James, trying to make a shaky fist, he wasn't able to.

Triss had had enough. She could feel how far and above her Soul Bond had pushed himself, and knew that when the adrenaline of what had happened had worn off, he was going to crash and burn, and she really didn't want that to happen in Dumbledore's office. "Guys, I'm sorry to spoil your conversation, but James is in need of serious medical attention, if no one could tell," Triss growled, daring anyone to contradict her.

Dumbledore nodded, vowing to investigate further. "Very well. I take it you won't be taking him to the hospital wing?" Dumbledore asked.

Triss nodded. "I can work better without Poppy hovering over me. Plus, his body is going to be very sensitive to spells, something I would rather not risk. Have a good night," said Triss dismissively. "Oh, don't tell anyone James is back, I have a feeling he has a card he wants to play, that he won't be able to if you reveal him." James nodded, but didn't say anything, his voice having failed him.

Using Triss as a crutch, James was lead out of the office, Triss casting invisibility charms the whole way. "I guess it's too much to hope that this night is over," Remus stated tiredly.

"Right, so let me get this straight. James not only killed Voldemort 10 years ago, but he has held him off since then. Tell me, how is it that Voldemort was draining James's powers?" Sirius asked, trying to connect everything he'd been told.

"You saw the cut on his forehead, that was bleeding?" Severus asked. They all nodded. "It's the mark left by the killing curse Voldemort hit him with. They are linked through it, though James told me he had sealed it off."

"And how exactly would you know any of this Severus?" Remus asked.

"Well, incase all of you morons hadn't figured it out yet, James Cage is my son."

"WHAT!?"

"Lily? Lily, you need to wake up now," Potter whispered into his wife's ear. Lily stirred a bit, before opening her eyes.

"I just had the strangest dream Jim. I dreamed the 4th task came around and Lizzy and James Cage disappeared, only to reappear in Dumbledore's office," Lily whispered, a bit flustered.

"It wasn't a dream Lils, though I'm not sure that kid was James Cage. He looked like Severus," Potter commented, trying to cheer his wife up a bit.

"My eyes though," Lily said with a slightly dreamy smile. A dark look crossed her eyes. "I am going to kill them," she said allowed, dropping back into a dead faint, leaving Potter totally confused in the land of the waking.

Review responses:

Miss random: I know, I'm so evil... MUHAHAHAHA!

LizaGirl: Cedric will be fine, he's not in trouble or anything. He will, or did (Don't know, haven't written the chapter yet) tell everyone what he saw. No crying please, James and Cedric tied, they both won equally.

The Wizened Wizard: Sorry, I didn't get back to ya in the last chapter, I didn't get the review before I posted. As far as Dragon goes, I won't say anything, because it should come up above.

Sauron the Deciever: Kill Cedric? Nope, sorry, can't do that one. I didn't kill him because he's one of my favorite characters in the books, regardless that he's dead. You can ask anyone, I ranted for days when JK killed him. Thank you, I'm trying to stay away from the book plot, while still keeping it recognizable. I'll still have the deal with Umbridge, but after this it's more or less my plot. I don't even think I'm going to be using Grimmauld Place as HQ.

Billdude21: I'm trying, with all this stuff going on around me, I'm going to try to post every two weeks. I really can't promise more than that at the moment.

Kensa: Thanks.

Homicidal Virgin: Thanks. Hmmm...

Michaelrccurtis: Working on it, I promise!

SiLvErFaTeD: Thanks.

Camarts: Thanks. I still think my grammar needs some work, but it's good to know my way of wording is working.

Wytil: Ugh, I really don't like school at the moment. You're right, you would think they'd be more flexible. I don't think I'd ever live in Miami, too much crap like drugs going on down there. On the way back from the keys, we watched a kid my brother knew in high school get busted for doing a drug run from Miami. Plus, to live there you almost have to speak Spanish, something I don't feel like doing.

Sweet Sakura Curls: Thanks. I'm not going to kill James if that's what you're asking. Afraid I can't say anything else without spoiling the thickening plot...

Gaul1: One would hope all of your questions had been answered above.

Raffy: Thank you!

The wise Sir Ivan the Shadow Lord: I try to respond to everyone if it can be done in time. I've had times when I get reviews from a month before right after I post a chapter. It's rather annoying. I don't have a problem with typing, but the class is kind of useless, as I've already taken it anyway, and I type faster than the teacher does when he isn't breathing down my neck. Stupid teachers...and I don't mean that generally, my dad is a teacher, but this one is a pain in my ass.

Shikatanai: I can see your point there, most 5 year olds don't have that kind of presence of mind, but you have to admit, James is special. If it helps any, just think of James as one of those genius kids who can do math most adults can't do at the age of 4. I'm working on another story at the moment that starts with Harry at a young age, so reviews like this help me tone down the intelligence bit. Constructive criticism got to love it.

Musicstarlover: Kill Cedric? No, I don't think so. He is so cute and loveable in the book, I just didn't have the heart to kill him... As far as the trip goes, I decided to go ahead and skip it. A few friends and my self are going to save up and do an exchange program to France in our senior year. That should be fun, one of my friends speaks French fluently, so he (all of my friends are guys, don't ask why, cause I don't know) is going to help me learn it through the school, and much tutoring. I have family in Australia, so I can probably go stay with them and go diving off of the reef if I asked. My aunt Andy also just moved to New Zealand with her husband and baby, so I also have family there, Andy's father-in-law owns one of the major sheep ranches or something of the like. Andy said it's not really worth it, and the only food they have there is lamb, yuck! The other thing this means is, no plane, though my friends keep saying that if the plane were to start to crash, hell would open up and stop it, just because if I

died, the apocalypse would start and the devil would be out of a job. So nice to know I'm loved.

Mick: Thanks. I tried to drag everything out a little more, but I couldn't. I went through this chapter no less than ten times trying to extend it more, and bring in more detail, but I couldn't so sorry if it's a bit disappointing. The next chapter will be better, if I have to re-write it 100 times, it will be better. Plus, the next chapter is when the real fun starts... MUHAHAHAHAHA!

Leeanna-Marie-Malfoy: Don't say that, because I could very easily kill James, and continue that story. Triss's mad go with revenge or something. Maybe I should do an alternate from that point on. Hmmm...

Japanese-jew: I know, I have a bad habit of writing the wrong form of a word. My sister and I are going to sit down and go over this story for mistakes again, she's better at picking them out than I am. I might, but I'm not sure, extend the first part of the last chapter a little. I felt as if I rushed this chapter a bit too much too, but I really can't do much more without changing the whole idea I had, as it was I went through at least ten times trying to adjust things, and this was the best I can do at the moment. It will get better though, I think I'm just having an off moment.

Aki no Yume1: Thanks. I'm tossing out chapters as fast as I can type them, I'm not even doing back up chapters anymore. Expect an update every two weeks, give or take.

Eternamente: Thanks.

Orlin: Thanks.

Chompekitas: Thanks. I try to keep to variety, because if you have the some type of style for too long, people begin to get bored and are able to guess what is going to happen. I don't like to be predictable.

Chapter 40: And it all comes out into the open.

After being set onto a healing table by Triss, James was lost to the world of the living. He woke up early the next morning feeling the worst he'd ever felt in his life. Trying to sit up, James was stopped by a familiar warm weight on his right side, and a weight lying across his legs and stomach.

Open his eyes so he could see fully he found Triss curled up next to him, with Glacier, Triss's cat, and Jewel lying on his legs and abdomen. He was also no longer lying on the healing table, but in a bed in one of the extra compartments of his trunk. "Tessa?" James asked. His voice seemed to be working again, although it did hurt a little to talk.

"Go back to sleep James, you're going to need it," said Triss softly. It seemed that she hadn't been asleep has his side, just lying with him.

"What time is it?" James asked. If he felt that he could go back to sleep with no consequences, he would have, but he knew he had several things to be dealt with before he could relax.

"Barely 7:00, go back to sleep," Triss said again.

"I can't, too much to do," James said, forcing himself to sit up. Just about every part of his body hurt, but that wasn't about to stop him.

"James," Triss growled, sitting up. "Whether you want to admit it or not, you just got your ass royally kicked and you have been seriously injured, so you need to rest!"

"Triss, if I can't relax, I can't rest, and right now, I have some things that need to be taken care of before I can relax," said James, standing from the bed. Reaching under the bed, he pulled out a small bin with a spare set of his clothes, jeans, boxers, a t-shirt, shoes and socks. "I'll be right back," said James, walking towards the small bathroom attached to the bedroom.

Triss was nearly spitting in anger and worry, but she knew as well as he did that he couldn't sleep when things had to be done. A few

minutes later James returned, pulling his long raven hair into a ponytail, letting his green eyes show. "You're not going to try and alter your appearance at all?" Triss asked.

"No need. All of this is going to come out no matter what I do, so I might as well get used to this appearance, and this hair," said James. Triss had to admit, he looked nothing like the James she'd become so attached to, but she didn't think any differently of him.

"Where are we going first?" Triss asked. If she couldn't make him rest, than she was damn sure going to follow him and make sure he didn't over exert himself.

"The hospital wing. You need to talk to Derek," said a new voice. Turning, Triss saw Jewel standing there in her human form.

"That's what I was thinking. Poppy might need a hand with him," said James. Between Jewel and Triss, they managed to get James to the hospital wing without him hurting himself. Entering the hospital wing, was another thing altogether. They seemed to have walked in on an argument between Dumbledore, Potter, Snape, Evans, Sirius, Remus and a very sore looking Dragon. He could feel the silencing charm, but just walked right through it.

"You should have told me, Albus!" Lily yelled, her face red with anger.

"Told you what, Lily? I didn't even know about James Cage's parentage until he appeared last night with your father and your niece! You know more than I do!" Dumbledore shouted back.

"What about you Severus?" Potter asked, rounding on Snape.

"Don't look at me, Potter. I've known he was my son for years but I've been under strict instruction not say anything about his mother, or other family," Severus responded. He seemed to be sporting yet another black eye, for what, the trio didn't know.

"So Severus, you say you've known who his mother is?" Dumbledore asked.

James decided to step in at that point, before it got out of hand. "Yes, he's known since the end of first year, and he was under my direction not to say anything. So now that we are all on the same page, how much have you all figured out?" James asked

Dragon was the one to answer. "They know who you're parents are, and that you are very gifted and brought about Voldemort's first downfall," he said.

"Okay, well, that's just about all you need to know. If you don't mind, I am in need of a talk with my grandfather," James said, a minor amount of anger in his voice.

"No, I think we all need to have a talk and figure out what is going on," Lily said, stepping forward. Blazing green eyes met blazing green, but James decided to back down first, as he didn't want his mother being too stressed with the baby on the way.

"Fine, we'll have a talk, but calm down before you lose another son," said James, giving Lily's belly a look. After everyone sat down, and calmed down, James asked, "So?"

"Why didn't you inform anyone of your heritage upon arriving at the school?" Potter demanded.

"Because I knew how you'd react, either with disbelief or rejection, and I wasn't going to deal with that," James said with a shrug.

"How did you know you wouldn't be welcomed into the family?" Lily asked, her eyes still glaring daggers at him.

Now James was starting to get angry. They were trying to play the blame game, and so far, everything was pointing to him. "Well, mom, you gave me away only minutes out of the womb to people you didn't even know, then erased my existence. What was I supposed to think?" James demanded, his tone a little colder than he had intended it to be.

"You should have at least said something! I don't know about you, but I really didn't appreciate having a student around me for so many

years, and then on day find out that he is my son!" Lily yelled. James now knew where his temper came from.

"Well whose fault is that?" James asked, perfectly calm.

James hadn't even had time to react before he felt a strong stinging sensation on his cheek. "You will not speak to me like that, Harry James!" Lily growled, after she had slapped him.

James looked strangely at her for a second, then he realized that's what his name would have been had he been a Potter. "I'm sorry, but you have absolutely NO claim over me whatsoever, so I can talk to you any way I like," James growled back, his anger finally starting to show.

Potter now decided to step in. "You will not talk to anyone in this room like that! We are all your elders, and deserve your respect!" he yelled, standing over James as if trying to intimidate him.

James stood from his chair to his full height, a good 6 inches over Potter. His eyes glinted with anger. "Look, Potter, I didn't come here to fight with any of you. At this moment, I am still recovering from my little party with Voldemort. If anything, you should be kissing my shoes for returning Lizzy unharmed. However, I am not interested in that either. What I am interested in, is how you plan on dealing with Voldemort and my appearance," James hissed. He was whispering, but his voice echoed around the room as if he had yelled. Potter sat back down, looking rather intimidated.

"What do you mean your appearance?" Derek asked. For the time being, James pushed back his anger at the older man, for he knew that he was one of the few in the room he could trust unconditionally, but James vowed to have a talk with the man later.

"Voldemort was draining my power through our link. I had to put up a block to keep him out, but it is blocking me out as well. It will be at least 6 months before I have the power to take down the block and keep him out at the same time. James Cage can disappear for a while, but that still leaves what I'm going to do about my education and coming back once I get my powers back in working order. I can't

leave Triss here either, she and I are bonded, I can't stay far from her for very long, or it will drive us both insane. I need to know what you want me to do," James explained.

Dumbledore looked intrigued. "Tell me, does your normal wizard magic still work?" he asked.

James nodded. "Yes, with a wand. It doesn't come from the same pool of magic as everything else. Why?"

"I was thinking, how about you becoming a teaching assistant for a while? You could pose as Jim and Lily's long-lost son. We can say you are here for the final part of an apprenticeship. Then, when your powers come back no one will question it," Dumbledore suggested.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Evan stood from her seat. "No. I won't allow it. He is no son of mine, nor will he ever be," she growled with more venom than Jewel's fangs. With that, she stalked out of the infirmary, Potter in toe.

"Ow, that stung," James growled sarcastically. In truth, it did hurt him, and quite a bit at that, but he was more than used to rejection. After all, he'd known his mother would reject him once the truth came out since he'd been told her name. James could see Dragon's reason for not telling James that he was Lily's father.

Triss squeezed his hand reassuringly. She'd felt his sting of pain at Evans's words through their ever-strengthening bond. "Does anyone wish to hear my opinion?" Derek asked.

James nodded. "How about you come as Severus's son? If what I've heard is true, he's mean enough that no one would dare question him, especially after a prized Slytherin's disappearance. As far as your sudden arrival, you started school early, and have finished, but your mother died just this year, and because you are still underage, you have to stay with your father for the year," said Dragon.

"Sounds like a plan, but what about Triss? I don't know about you, but I won't leave her in the dorms by herself. There are too many Death Eaters in Slytherin, willing or not. I won't risk her being taken because

Voldemort thinks she would know my whereabouts," James said firmly.

Dumbledore nodded. "You can share a room off of Severus's quarters. This brings us to our next topic. Your temporary name," said Dumbledore.

"Damon. It's my middle name, the next name of the line," Severus answered. James nodded, thanking every deity he knew of that that name was only temporary.

"One problem though, won't anyone think it's weird that I disappear every night, right after my boyfriend disappeared?" Triss asked.

"What about you drop in on it as well? You are a Metamorphmagus, you can change your appearance to suit your needs, and they could say the real Triss Summers is grief stricken, and is staying with her guardian for the time being. Though, if you do that, you both would have to come as apprentices," Derek said.

"Sounds good to me. What do you think Tessa?" James asked.

"Better than the first. What will we do for the time being though? Just chill around the school?" Triss asked.

"No, you're coming home with me," said Derek. "You haven't been back home in a very long time. Plus, it's safer than anywhere else, being in the Elven realm, a place that Voldemort can not access."

"Sounds good. I take it we will be leaving today?" Triss asked. Derek nodded, sitting up from the bed. Dumbledore tried to make him sit back down, but was shoved off.

Using James as a support Derek said, "I will be taking my grandson, and soon to be granddaughter home now. Owl us when you want us. Portus!" Derek yelled. With a bright flash, the three disappeared, along with all evidence that they were there to start with.

Jim Potter slowly made his way up to Dumbledore's office, sporting a few more bruises than he'd had when he'd left the hospital wing. Entering, he saw Dumbledore sitting at his desk, deep in thought.

"So what is the plan?" Jim asked.

Dumbledore jumped at his voice, but calmed immediately. "I'm not sure. Hagrid is going to try and enlist the Giant's help. I think Remus will be going to Romania for the Werewolves. James Cage and Trisstessa have gone to their home with Derek Evans. They are going to come back as teaching assistance next school year. James will be going as Snape's son.

"How is Lily taking all of this, by the way?" Dumbledore asked.

"Not very well. I'm afraid she's going to lose this child as well," Jim said, running a hand through his unruly hair.

"Don't worry Jim. She'll pull through. At this moment, I'm actually more worried about our current Minister problem," said Dumbledore.

"What Minister problem?" Jim asked.

"I've just been informed the Fudge has been removed from office, replaced by Christopher Umbridge," said Dumbledore.

"You're kidding?" asked Jim.

"No, I'm not. That's why I'm sending Remus and Hagrid out of the country. I give it a few days before he issues a law about non-humans and muggle borns. As it is, we have been assigned a High-Inquisitor for the upcoming school year, his wife I think," responded Dumbledore.

"The wizarding world is doomed."

"Ready to go back to school?" James asked on the morning of September 1st. The summer had been uneventful. He, nor Triss, had gone anywhere. They just spent time with Dragon, as James fine-tuned his wand using abilities and learned how to become an

Animagus, per Triss's request. While shifters weren't supposed to be able to become Animagi, James and Triss were exceptions.

The two had also gotten use to their 'new' names. Triss's had been temporarily changed to Christina Spencer, while James's had changed to Damon Snape. Triss would be posing as James's fiancé, which wasn't that far from the truth.

Triss rolled to face her Soul Bond. "Not really, but I'll live. I'm really not comfortable with only Snape, Dumbledore, Evans, Poppy, Sirius, and Remus knowing who we really are. Everyone, even our friends, think you're dead, or worse, and think I've gone home with Dragon," said Triss.

"Don't worry, it'll be fine, it always is," said James, giving Triss a lingering kiss.

The two were startled by a knock in their door. "James, Triss, get up! It's 10, and you guys still have to get to the station!" Derek's voice yelled. James and Triss both jumped up, throwing on clothes as they went. A few minutes later, they met Derek in the kitchen, trunks, with their new initials, trailing behind them.

Triss had already changed her appearance. Instead of being a red head with blue eyes, she now had wavy blond hair that came just to her shoulders, and alert blue/green eyes. She had kept her height, but filed out some, getting rid of her washboard abs, and opting for a thin, but strong appearance.

"You two ready?" Derek asked.

"Yeah. We'll see you soon Dragon," said James, giving Dragon a strong hug. After a very long talk between James and Dragon, everything was normal between them. Triss hugged Dragon as well, before wrapping an arm around James's waist before he apparated them away.

They arrived at the station at 10:55, having had to walk from the apparation point several miles from the station. As a last minute

thought, James had conjured a small, platinum engagement ring for Triss to wear.

They found a compartment fairly quickly, as very few people wanted a seat in the very back of the train. "Did Dumbledore say if we had patrol?" Triss asked.

"Yes, as we are the only supervisors on the train this year," James groaned.

"You're kidding?" asked Triss.

James shook his head. "Nope. Dragon said something about Dumbledore wanting to test our abilities on handling children. No worries, we can handle them. We have wands, and we know how to use them," said James.

"Right. Let's start now shall we? I'll take the back of the train, you take the front. Meet back here in 15 minutes?" Triss asked.

"Sure thing. See you in 15," said James, giving Triss a soft kiss on the cheek before heading down his section of the train.

The train ride was totally uneventful. There had been no fights, no arguments, and no cursing each other, at least from what James and Triss saw in their once an hour checks. They were very grateful when they arrived at Hogwarts, bored out of their minds from the long train ride.

They entered the hall with the students, James finding it rather hard not to just announce himself as being back right there and then. Many faces, especially those of his friends were solemn. Kat and Gin looked like they hadn't stopped crying in days, while Mel looked particularly pissed off. Then her eyes fell on him, and a knowing glance passed between them.

Giving the girl a wink, James walked up to the Head table, hand in hand with Triss. After he'd sat down, he noticed the glares Gin and Dray were giving him. They were soon followed by those of George, Fred, Hermione, and Roman. James ignored them, knowing he'd

explain it to them later, and surveyed the head table. Sitting at the opposite end of the table, was Evans, followed by Potter, then the Divination professor, Professor Vector, a woman James nor Triss could identify, Dumbledore, Severus, the Ancient Runes professor, the Muggle studies professor, Hagrid, the Astronomy professor, James and Triss.

Dumbledore stood and gave his customary welcoming speech, after the students had been sorted. The sorting hat, being it's mysterious self, had given them a warning, but hadn't specified what it meant. When he stood, the hall went silent. "Welcome everyone. Now that you are all fed and watered, let me make a few announcements. First, I would like to welcome Professor Snape's son, Damon Snape, and his lovely fiancée, Christina Spencer. Both will be teaching assistance this year, before they start university next fall, if not sooner." Before Dumbledore could finish, there was the sound of the unidentifiable woman clearing her throat. Examining the woman, James couldn't help but notice her uncanny resemblance to a frog.

Almost everyone in the hall shot her a glare. No one interrupted Dumbledore, whether they liked the man or not. Most of the students were too shocked to even speculate on the fact that Snape had a son. Casting his own glare, Dumbledore continued. "Also this year, we have been assigned a High Inquisitor, whom will also be serving as our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Umbridge." He was again cut off by the woman clearing her throat.

"If you don't mind, I have a few words," she said, not even waiting for Dumbledore's answer before she stood and started talking. About 5 minutes into her speech, James got bored, and with a little help from Triss, proceeded to make the woman croak like a frog. She didn't notice it, thanks to a little swish of Triss's wand, but the students did. With wave of James's wand, a spell was cast making Umbridge think the students were watching obediently, soaking up every word, instead of rolling on the floor with laughter.

Fifteen minutes later, Umbridge sat down looking quite pleased with herself. Once all of the students had gathered themselves, James undid his spell, while Triss undid hers. Dumbledore shot them a look, but they both saw the approving twinkle in his eye, he didn't like the

woman either. "After that interesting speech from Professor Umbridge, I think you all are ready to retire. Prefects, please lead the students to their respective dormitories," said Dumbledore. Sniffling chuckles the students left the hall, ready for bed in preparation for the next day's classes.

"Damon, Christina, I bid you good night, Severus will take you to your rooms," said Dumbledore. James nodded, not quite ready to retire. God knew that if he didn't go talk to his friends the proverbial shit would hit the fan.

"Dad, we'll come down to you rooms later and you can show us where ours are. Chris and I want to explore a little," said James, almost choking at calling Severus dad. It was very unfamiliar, even if they had gotten along for a very brief period of time and James had addressed him as such.

"Very well. Be to my rooms no later than 10:30," responded Severus, stalking out of the hall, robes bellowing the whole way. As the two started to follow what was left of the students, James noticed Umbridge's glare, cast directly at Triss. Looking closely, James spotted her two perfectly pointed ears showing for the world to see.

Leaning over, James whispered, "Your ears are showing." He leaned back with a cat like grin, and Triss, playing along, gave him a playful slap, blushing and very discreetly fixing her ears.

Opening a secret passage to a meeting room that only a few people knew about, James and Triss weren't surprised to see the large group waiting for them, including Lizzy, sporting her brand new Ravenclaw robes. James still thought the look on Potter's face when he was told Lizzy was a witch was priceless.

"Hey guys," James said.

"You have a hell of a lot of explaining to do Cage," Mel growled, glaring at him. The only ones that didn't seem to be too angry were Draco and Lizzy. Lizzy because she'd known about this whole thing from the start, and Draco because he'd probably pieced it together

already. Everyone else looked like they would peel the flesh from his bones if only asked.

"I know. Giving you a very shortened version, Voldemort attacked me after the tournament. He'd been draining my powers for a while, and had grown a new body. I got my powers back, got my ass kicked, and rescued Lizzy and Dragon, after killing Pettigrew. At current moment, I can't use my powers, as I am not powerful enough to take them off of lock up with out Voldemort taking them again. I should be back to myself before the end of the year though," James explained, making it short and to the point. Everyone didn't seem as mad anymore, but they all looked questioning.

"Why did you decide to come back though? You can't be totally safe here," said Gin.

"Because I need to keep an eye on everything. Think of it as my life long obligation. Before you ask, I didn't come back as myself because without my shifting ability, the truth would have to come out. Evans is in denial about my existence, so I figured it'd be best for everyone if I just said I was Severus' son, and left it simple," James explained.

"Whatever, just remember, you owe us a lot of house points," Fred growled, his prankster twinkle going full speed ahead.

James shook his head. "Sorry, but Dumbledore didn't authorize us to give points." Fred and George glared at him, but more or less everyone was happy with his minimal explanation.

"Whatever. I need to go to bed. We have classes in the morning," said Kat, giving James a quick hug before leaving the room, Rome in toe.

Everyone else agreed, and soon only James, Triss and Lizzy were left in the room. "James, or should I say Damon, do you happen to know where the Ravenclaw common room is? And what the password is?" she asked innocently.

"Don't I always?"

(A/N: Hi everyone. Because of the recent hurricanes, I haven't gotten to work on this story much. Hopefully there won't be any more coming this way. If there are, well, I really can't do anything about that. Hopefully the next chapter will be up soon.)

Review responses:

Shadowface: Well, that's one of the quickest reviews I've ever gotten. 5 minutes after posting...fast.

Japanese-jew: I'm still trying to figure out what I want to do as far as everyone finding out. The main group, the order of the flying turkey, Dumbledore etc. need to know, but not the rest of the world. I think I may stop everyone, as in the world, from finding out until after Voldemort goes boom.

Michaelrccurtis: Thank you!

Musicstarlover: Personal thought, J.K. must have been on crack when she killed Cedric. Why Cedric? Why not Harry? Cedric has more character than Harry I tell you! And a better name! LOL. Was that a cliffhanger? I didn't think so. O'well, I couldn't really go on much further from there without spoiling the effect...

Lady Gallatea Ravenclaw: Thanks.

Athenakitty: Yes, James will get his powers back, and he will be able to block Voldemort. No, it doesn't take that much to confuse Potter.

QuicksilverWitch: I wouldn't worry about the motherly thing at the moment, it won't happen for a while. They really don't get along right now.

Maxennce: James is telling him this for a reason. It all has to do with the order. You'll see.

Katlyn: Well, I'm one of those people who goes swimming in 17-degree (yes, it gets that cold in Florida) weather for no other reason than that I can. You are right, it is very cold in the North of England and Scotland, but for the fact that James is an Elemental, let's just say

he cast a warming spell on the water. I'll have to fix that part when I go over everything again with my sissy.

Fat Cow: Thanks.

SiLvErFaTeD: Thanks.

Jessica Potter 5: Thanks. Tybos? Tis spelled T-Y-P-O-S.

Etre-loup de Madame: Look up.

Lily Megan Potter: Yay! Another person who writes as they go!

Gaul1: James will recover, even if his powers are on hiatus.

Jennifer: Thanks.

C. Rose: I might toss the name Harry Potter around a little, but the truth is, Harry Potter doesn't really exist in this story, or not the one you are thinking about. Hold on, I've just had a spark of inspirational brilliance. I have an idea! Must go apply. I've never been very good at description, I'm kind of counting on J.K.'s books for that. I'm trying to give all of the characters major parts in different areas. Don't worry, Mel, Kat, and Dray still have theirs coming. One of the reasons I started writing fan fiction was to improve my writing skills. Several of my teachers commented on such as well, they think it's their teaching methods... As far as James explaining his abilities, it's a mind control method. If you want someone to leave you be about something, you tell them all they think there is to know. It's rather useful. It will also help him in his manipulation of Dumbledore. Also, it isn't that Dumbledore isn't being a 'pure light wizard', it's that he is trying to play the hand in his favor.

Hermoine21: Thanks.

Lacy: Thanks.

Anna Banana: Will do sis, see ya at school.

Leeanna-Marie-Malfoy: I am going to after I finish this one. I have an idea and everything, all I need to do is write it out. I'm just gifted like that...

M'Lady: No one, yet.

Mah-angel-frum-heaven: Thanks.

Treskell: Ummm...okay. I wasn't aware I gave anyone permission to do that, but whatever, so long as no one tries to copy my ideas.

ZorGone: Thanks.

Pheonixelemental: Thanks for the offer, but I think I have it under control. When all is said and done, and I finish this, I'm going to go over it and put out a final, fully edited version, but that probably won't be until next summer. However, on my next story I would be grateful for some help. I haven't fully decided if I'm going to commit to it or not, but if I do, it will be a spin off of this one, where James does die, and Triss goes on a homicidal rampage. That's just a basic thought, I'm going to get this finished before I think about thinking about writing another story. I also may put out a different story that I've been working on, since before I started this one actually, as it's a totally unused idea, from what I can tell. Is your e-mail yahoo or something else?

Chapter 41: Umbridge? More like Umbitch.

Kat walked into Defense Against the Dark Arts in slight apprehension. When she had gone through her books earlier that morning, she noticed that their DADA book was all theory, not really a spell book, like they'd been in the past. Rome had pointed it out to her when they'd first gotten them, but she'd been too busy worrying about James to really notice.

Umbridge came into the room, wearing a disgustingly pink cardigan. Kat again noticed how much she looked like a toad. "Welcome class. Please take out your books," she said in her sickly sweet voice. Along with their books, students took out their wands. "Oh no, you won't be needing wands for class this year," Umbridge said.

Every student in the room looked at her like she was insane. "If we don't use our wands, how are we supposed to do the spell?" asked Ron Weasley.

"It's part of a Ministry Teaching Method. If you learn the theory you will be able to cast the spell," Umbridge replied.

"Only for Enthusiasts. Precisionists need to actually see the spell done, or they will not be able to do it," Kat spoke.

Umbridge turned on her, glaring. "Ms. Hermione Granger? Ah, yes, I've heard about you. The smartest witch in Hogwarts, and a mudblood to boot," Umbridge sneered.

Kat's eyes widened at being called a mudblood. As Severus Snape's adopted daughter, it was something that hadn't happened since her 3rd year. "You have no right to talk to her like that Professor. She is the child of a very powerful Pureblood," Rome growled, his half werewolf side surfacing.

"Mr. Roman Lupin. A werewolf, like his father, scum of the Earth if you ask me. Should be killed, all of them. Never the less, I suggest you keep your temper in check, or you'll be a cell in Azkaban faster than you can say Lycanthropy," Umbridge threatened.

Ron Weasley, whether he liked either of them or not, had had enough. "You have no right to talk to either of them like that! You're no better than one of Voldemort's Death Eaters!" he yelled, his face red with fury.

"Detention," was Umbridge's one word response.

"She is such a bitch!" Ginny yelled, after returning to her dorm after her first Defense session.

Mel nodded in agreement. "Yeah, she is, but we can't do anything about it. If Fudge hadn't gotten canned for letting his heritage out, then we would have some pull, but it's her husband in office, so nothing can be done, yet anyway. I don't give it long before Voldemort attacks, and this whole thing is blown wide open," Mel commented, digging for her Transfiguration book.

Gin shook her head. "He won't. It'd be a stupid move and he knows it. He's going to wait until we are at our most vulnerable," said Gin.

"You know this how?" Mel asked.

"I had him in my head for 9 months. Trust me, I know how the old bastard thinks, and it isn't pretty," Gin said with a shiver.

"What are you two up to?" James asked, walking into the Gryffindor Common room. As a teaching assistant, he could go in and out of the dorms as he pleased. Triss, if his guess was correct, was visiting with Gin and Mel in the Slytherin dorms.

Fred and George looked up at him like kids with their hand caught in the cookie jar. "We were, ah..."

"Just, ah..."

"Reviewing for our Transfiguration test tomorrow."

"Yeah, what he said..."

James raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Right, so who is the unfortunate victim?" James asked, grinning. Luckily, no one else was in the common room to witness their exchange.

"Umbridge. The woman is such a bitch. She gave Ron a detention that disturbed him so bad he hasn't talked since he got back, and that was two days ago. Neville said he was hiding his hands when he was getting ready for classes this morning," said George, concern in his voice.

"What do you think she did?" James asked, concerned for his fellow classmate.

"We don't know, but we'll make her life a living hell for it," Fred vowed.

James nodded. "Well, good luck. Let me know if you need any help."

"Chris?" James called, looking for Triss. When he'd gone to the Slytherin dorms to find her, Mel and Gin said she'd never been there to start with. He was now in the process of searching the castle. Several minutes earlier he'd sent Jewel down to their rooms to bring him their map, but she had yet to return. Turning a corner, James was nearly pushed over when a body ran full force into his. Looking down he saw Triss's new mass of blond hair.

"Chris?" James asked, using her alias unless someone was around.

"Damon?" she asked, looking up into his brilliant green eyes. "Something has to be done about that damn Umbridge woman. She intercepted me in the hallway and proceeded to give me a lecture about half-breeds and how they should all be destroyed. Oh shit," Triss cried, ducking behind James.

"Ah, Mr. Snape, I was just talking with the future Mrs. Snape about half-breeds and interbreeding. Disgusting, don't you agree?" Umbridge asked, giving a grin that classified her as one thing, evil.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Umbridge, but I'm afraid we don't have the same views. I would also appreciate it if you kept your biased views to

yourself, and I discourage you from harassing my fiancé about her heritage," James all but growled.

Umbridge looked stunned. Obviously she'd thought she could play off of his 'pureblood' card. She'd thought wrong. "If you will excuse us." With that, James spun on his heel, an arm around Triss's shoulders, heading for the Headmaster's office.

"Mr. Snape, what brings you and your lovely fiancé here today?" Dumbledore asked formally as James and Triss entered the office. James knew why when he spotted Minister Christopher Umbridge sitting at Dumbledore's desk.

"Minister, Headmaster." James and Triss greeted.

"Is there something you wished to talk about?" Dumbledore asked.

James shook his head. "Nothing that can't be taken care of later Headmaster. Good day," said James, Triss nearly pulling him towards the door.

"One moment Mr. Snape. I think the opinion of another pureblood would be valuable in this conversation," the Minister started.

"I don't think-"

"Nonsense. My wife informs me that there is a half-breed at this school, not using names of course. A law was never made enforcing half-breeds inability to go to school in the wizarding world. Do you believe half-breeds, such as Werewolves, should be allowed at the school?" Umbridge asked.

'This sounds familiar,' James thought. "Yes sir. I think half-breeds, as you call them, should be allowed to attend school and work with the rest of society," James said, formally.

Umbridge, like his wife, looked stunned. "If you will excuse us," Triss said curtly, pulling James out the door by the sleeve of his robe. Almost before James realized it, he was sitting on the sofa of his and Triss's shared room.

"She has a suicide quill, but it's been modified," Triss said immediately.

"WHAT?!" James demanded. A suicide quill, as most called it, was a quill that a person that wanted to kill himself or herself charmed to do so. As the person wrote his or her suicide letter, his or her wrists were slit. In the late 1700s, a modified quill was made, used on students that were unruly as punishment. The Ministry declared it illegal after a student bled to death after being punished with it.

"It was laying out on her desk next to a paper that said 'I will not yell at professors'. I think she's using it on the students she has for detention," Triss explained.

"That bitch. Those are illegal! Do you know who has had detention with her so far?" James demanded.

Triss thought for a second. "Draco had a detention with her earlier," said Triss, remembering what Gin had told her the day before.

"Alright. Stay here, I'll be back later," said James, giving Triss a chaste kiss before running off in search of Draco.

As it turned out, Draco's detention had been moved to be served with Filch, so James hadn't been able to find out anything. Every other student that had served detention with her had refused to talk about it. Fred and George, as pay back for the student body, pranked the teacher to no end. This resulted in several rules, which none of the students were happy with.

Between working and trying to get Umbridge fired, James didn't have any time. Most likely it was for the best, as any time Evans came within five feet of him, she glared at him as if he were Voldemort himself. This went on until November when Dumbledore informed James and Triss of Evan's impending delivery.

"How's she doing Poppy?" Triss asked, entering the hospital wing. Instead of being a general teaching assistant like James, she was

helping Poppy in the hospital wing. Poppy, of course, knew what was going on, so accepted her help readily.

James had had to stay out with Potter, Minerva, Sara, Holly, and Lizzy. Every so often Potter would look up and shoot James a glare for no reason, but James ignored it, content to wait, or talk with the now almost 5 year old twins or Liz.

After sitting outside the wing for several hours, everyone was called in. Lying in the hospital bed was a pink baby boy, being held by his cooing mother. Triss wasn't in the room, probably getting changed, or washing her hands.

"What did you name him?" Lizzy asked, looking at the little boy.

"Harry. Harry James Potter," Lily replied, almost spitefully, glaring at James. James shook his head, tears stinging his eyes, before walking out of the wing, knowing where he wasn't wanted.

Triss had come out in time to hear Evan's pronounce the name of the newest member of the Potter clan, and James storm out of the hall. Walking over to Evan's, Triss spat, "You're a real asshole. He has only even tried to do right by you, and your family, and what do you do? You throw it back in his face! Do you have any idea how lucky we all are that someone adopted him that would love him? You could have very easily created the next Voldemort, only a whole lot more powerful and you wonder why he didn't think he could reveal himself to you?" With that Triss stormed out of the hall in a manner she had learned from James.

It didn't end up being Triss who found James first, it was Kat. On his way down to his room, James ended up bumping into Kat, nearly making her fall backwards down the stairs. "Damon, what's going on?" Kat asked, after James had caught her from her near fall.

"Nothing," said James, his voice hitching slightly. "Why were you coming up from the dungeons?"

"I had to go asked dad something. Are you sure you're okay? Is Chris alright?" Even with still getting use to James and Triss's new names, Kat hadn't made any slip ups, nor had anyone else, surprisingly.

"No everything's fine. Evan's just had her baby. His name is Harry James Potter," said James, nearly pushing through Kat.

Kat, after a talk with her adoptive father, knew of the significance of that name, and vowed to make Evan's life a living hell when she came off maternity leave. 'The nerve of that woman! One of these days she is going to alienate James so much she won't be able to get him back, if she hasn't already.'

Triss entered her and James's room with slight apprehension. Upon entering she found that every piece of glass in the room was shattered. Either that little display in the Infirmary had hit him hard enough to give him a power surge, or he'd done the damage himself. From the blood splattered on what was left of the mirror above their fireplace to the right of the door, Triss figured it was the later.

Casting several repairing charms, Triss, used her wand to twist her hair up and out of the way before entering their bedroom. She was still very surprised her Grandfather had allowed them to share a room, but he probably figured they would end up in the same bed no matter what he did.

'Well, he would have been happy to know, that unless there was a massive thunder storm, James and I would have stayed in our own beds,' Triss thought. Since two nights before the tournament, James hadn't so much as looked at her in more than an affectionate way.

Triss wasn't too sure why, but it was getting on her nerves rather quickly. The most intimate contact that had gone on between them was a few kisses here and there, but those were always rushed, as if James had better things to do.

The room was totally dark. There was a lone candle burning in the side of the room, but it wasn't enough to do much, being small and almost burnt out. Naturally, Triss nearly jumped out of her skin when

a familiar pair of arms wrapped around her waist. Spinning on the spot, Triss's blue green eyes met James's glassy green.

"Are you alright?" Triss asked. Examining his face, Triss saw evidence of tears, and this was confirmed when James reached up to brush the stray watermarks away.

James ignored Triss's question. "I'm alone you know."

Now Triss was really confused. "Of course not, you have me, and Dragon-"

James cut him off. "Dragon lied to me, about being family, and while I love you more than the world, you aren't family," James whispered. He was obviously very distressed.

Triss shook her head. "I may not be family, but I am your Soul Bond, and that alone says you'll never be alone. You will always have me, and what ever children we will have in the future," Triss said strongly, pulling James into a tight hug. When she finally released him, James looked at her, surprised.

"I thought you didn't want kids?"

Triss shrugged. "I'll make exceptions..."

From that day on, James was nearly wrapped around Triss's little finger. They were always together, chatting, kissing, and other things not seen by the public. Their friends were happy to see that James no longer moped around, but was very energetic about everything.

By popular demand, James had started up a dueling/DADA class for students. All the students were very behind on their curriculum but James and Triss were more than happy to help the students catch up to what they were supposed to know.

However, after this got to Umbridge, she issued a 'law' that no club be in progress without her knowledge, not that James and Triss paid any attention to the old crone's rules. However, there 'insubordination'

ended up getting Dumbledore suspended, and having Umbridge placed as temporary Headmistress.

James and Triss put up with the woman as best they could. Because they weren't really students or teachers, Umbridge didn't have any hold over them, even though she tried. They still tutored the students, as teaching the students how to properly defend themselves wasn't really a 'club' so to speak. As much as James loved pissing Umbridge off by playing loopholes, it was getting tiring.

By O.W.L. time in early April, James still didn't have his powers back, and everyone was worried. It was during the final O.W.L exam, Astronomy that all hell broke loose.

While the students plotted the stars, James watched the ground, having been having very weird feelings over the past few days. He was about to turn to check on the students again, when shadow movement caught his attention. With his average eyesight, he was barely able to make out Triss's form.

Quickly following was the huge form of Umbitch, as everyone had taken to calling her. James watched in total disbelief as Umbridge pulled her wand, and started shooting spells at Triss. She was able to dodge those, but when two others James couldn't quite see started firing as well, Triss started getting hit.

James was still staring as a form he recognized as Evans walking out. He could hear her yelling from the Astronomy tower, and so could the other students, who were watching with growing interest and horror.

It was when James saw Triss and Evans both fall to a blast of red light that he lost it. It was almost as if a damn had broken open, and he felt every fiber of energy he had ever possessed come forward, building protective shields around its self. With a growl, James did the first thing that came to mind, he stepped off the tower. He could hear the screams of the students as he dropped, but when he was about 30 feet from the ground, James used his newly manifested powers, and shifted into a bright, blue flamed phoenix.

He knew every pair of eyes in the school were on him as he swooped at Umbridge, ripping her wand from her oversized frog-like hand. He did the same to the two men, neither of them putting up a fight, too shocked at the sight of the phoenix. Landing in front of Triss and Evans, whom he had fallen side by side, James shifted back. "YOU!" Umbridge yelled. "I'll have you put in Azkaban for this! Aiding a dangerous animal! And illegally becoming an Animagus!"

James just glared. "I could have you put away just as easily. Using a suicide quill on a student, being the least of what I've heard," James growled. Okay, that was stretching the truth a little, but James honestly couldn't make himself care. "I order you now, leave."

"You can't tell me what to do boy! I am the Headmistress, and you will leave now!" Umbridge yelled, trying to cast Hogwarts's wards to remove James from the premises.

Hogwarts, being a very smart and self-aware castle, recognized the blood of the Founders and did nothing, her powers unable to work against 'her' heir. "You have one minute to leave before I take action," James warned.

Umbridge was too stunned to say anything, and even more stunned when she felt the castle's wards slip out of her grasp. A minute passed, no one daring to even breathe. "Feel forewarned," James growled. With a small wave, Umbridge felt herself lifted from the ground, unable to move.

Her two escorts had been a little smarter, and had run when they'd had the chance and were now well beyond the gate. With another wave, Umbridge flew off of the grounds, deposited on the other side of the gate that was shut and locked behind her. The only other way to get into the school was through the forest, and anyone who tried that was just plain stupid.

A little shaken, not used to the force behind his newly acquired powers, James waved his hand again, and both Triss and Evans were lifted from the ground on to stretchers. James had the temptation to leave Evans where she was, but he figured that would be bad for his karma, and escorted her to the hospital wing.

In her unconscious state, Triss looked like her normal self, ears and all, but a quick charm from James changed that. He couldn't do anything about her ears, or his own, so opted just to leave it as it was.

In the hospital wing he dropped Evans on a bed, leaving Poppy to her care, before racing down to his and Triss's rooms, staying ahead of the students. A spell or two later, Triss was sitting up.

"That BITCH! I can't believe her! Please tell me you made her spontaneously combust or something?" Triss asked, removing all the charms James had placed on her.

James grinned. The thought of making Umbridge into little more than a pile of ashes had crossed his mind more than once. "I don't think I need to. She'll probably kill herself trying to find her way back into the castle. Because Dumbledore is gone, and I'm a legal heir, I hold the wards. She won't be getting in," James said with a grin.

(A/N: Hello everyone. This chapter is up a little later than I would have liked, but o'well. Looking over it, I'm rather disappointed with it, but I really don't have the time to do anything else, or the inspiration. At the moment, I'm taking Biology 2, without Bio 1, and failing, so I'm trying to get my grade up before report cards (grades go out tomorrow...), I also have finals tomorrow, wish me luck. My sister read this before I posted it, so goodness knows what's in here at the moment. I'm going to read it again, just to make sure there is nothing about alien probes. I want your opinion, has my grammar and spelling gotten better or worse through out the story? It seems to me that they've gotten worse, or I'm just now starting to notice. Thank you for your opinions, and hope everyone will be here for the next chapter.)

Review responses:

SiLvErFaTeD: Thanks.

Japanese-jew: Raises eyebrow. Switchy switchy? Interesting choice of words, but you got to love it anyway.

Shadowface: I'll try.

Athenakitty: Everyone knows how to confuse Potter. Jim is James Potter. James or Jimmy or Damon is James Cage. Yes, Lily knows, and she will regret it later.

Pheonixelemental: My story is so beaten into my head I couldn't forget it. Occasionally I have to re-read to see how I ended, or check a detail, but I can more or less remember everything.

Michaelrccurtis: Will do.

M'Lady: She'll acknowledge him eventually, but not until after some hurt feelings. Potter didn't attack Snape because Snape didn't really have a choice and got her out. He's angrier with Dumbledore more than anyone else.

Musicstarlover: I know. Harry Potter is probably going to focus in on Hermione or something. I've more or less given up on the series, but I'll read the next book anyway, as it gives me something to do. The movies are good though. I thought the third movie was hilarious. I don't know about the forth one, but you never know. And knowing J.K., it's going to be 10 years before she puts out the 6th book. O'well, I have so many other book I can read.

TheWiseSirlvanTheShadowLord: You're welcome. There will be much more to come. Evans is so mean.

Maxennce: Well, all this stuff is going to tie in to one big, and I hope explosive, scene. I don't want to give it away, so you'll have to wait.

Dragons fury: I think you are mixed up. Sara and Holly are James's younger half sisters, twins which were born in his first year. Lizzy is his cousin, Petunia and Vernon's daughter. James saved her while they were camping after the tournament. At least, I'm pretty sure that's what I wrote...

Jennifer: Thanks. Will do.

A-man: Thanks. Fudge will be back, but I'm not sure about whether he will be minister or not.

Keahi17: Thanks. James Potter is being called Jim because I don't want to get him mixed up with James Cage. Jim, just to give general information, is a shortened version of James.

I IOvE cHeRrleS yUm: It's a guy thing, he can't help it.

Dark Catalyst: Thanks. It's nice to get compliments on my story. It always brightens up my day.

Chapter 42: Meetings, Elves, and wards.

"Hey James! Mail!" Triss yelled from the breakfast table a week later. For the time being, the school year had been halted and all the children that wanted to go were sent home. About 20 remained, including Kat, Rome, Mel, Gin, Ron, Luna, Fred, George, Draco, Lizzy, Neville, and several others.

Evans had locked herself in her room with baby Harry and had yet to come out. James had made sure a house elf sent them meals regularly. Dumbledore had been back after the second day, looking like hell. Apparently he had tried to take refuge with the Centaurs, and they didn't take kindly to him. James had had to go and get the old man himself.

He was also pleasantly surprised to find Umbridge with the Centaurs as well.

Flashback

"Any idea where he could be?" Triss asked, walking just in front of James with the human formed Jewel in the lead. Jewel knew the most about the forest, having spent much of her time there, so of course she had been the first to know about Albus's problem.

"Not a clue. This is Jewel's territory, I try and stay out of the forest when I can help it," James commented. He hadn't bothered to change back into the brown haired, blue-eyed version of James Cage, seeing as everyone now knew he was a Shapeshifter, as well as a relation to Severus Snape, though no one knew how. There was also speculation that he was related to Evans, but few dared try and guess how. Last James had checked the rumor had been that James was the result of Evan's father and Severus's mother getting together.

One of the things that divided witches from muggles was that they could have children well into their 70s, so it was perfectly plausible. To most in the castle, this was funny as hell.

"We're almost there," Jewel said, cutting the other 2/3s of the party out of their thoughts.

A minute or so later, they came to a stop in a small clearing. Triss was the first to spot the bloodied Albus, while James had spotted Umbridge. With a snap of his fingers, the woman disappeared off to some muggle hospital. If luck was on James's side, no one would find her for several more days.

"James, give me a hand over here!" Triss yelled, drawing James's attention.

Held up between Triss and Jewel was an unconscious Albus Dumbledore, looking just a little busted up. "Would it be safe to use magic on him?" James asked, looking the man up and down.

"No, it would contradict the Centaur magic," said Jewel. James nodded, and with some effort tossed the older man over his shoulder. While Albus was by no means fat, he was very tall and muscular, and muscle weighs more than fat, leaving the man at a substantial size.

The small group had almost reached the edge of the forest when they were attacked by a group of rather pissed off Centaurs. "I think it's time to run," said Triss.

"I think I agree," Jewel responded.

"Back off," James growled, ready to defend at all costs.

A tan colored Centaur came forward. "Why should we listen to you human? You are no one of great importance and you have something that belongs to us."

"He's my grandfather, so back off!" Triss growled.

"We can not kill them. All of them have very powerful auras," spoke another one of the Centaurs.

The tan one nodded. "Very well. Leave, but do not enter the forest again," the centaur ordered, stepping away.

James nodded in thanks, dropping down some of his guard. He had been ready to port out, thinking the Centaurs wouldn't back down without a fight. He'd been wrong.

End flashback

Dumbledore, while still suffering from dehydration, was better than he had been, and was currently under the watchful eyes of Poppy. Jim Potter had left with Sirius and Remus, going to recruit new Order of the Phoenix members and gather old ones.

Kat, along with Snape and Gin, were all locked in the dungeons doing potion research. Every so often the castle rocked with an explosion, but the three always assured them it was no big deal.

The twins, Ron and Draco were neck deep in the twin's prank research and everyone else was brushing up on some things. Minerva McGonagall, under orders from Albus, was to teach them to become illegal animagi. She was probably going to be shocked silly at how many of the group had already managed it.

Snape had been in and out of the castle, answering summons and meeting with Lucius. Lucius, being within Voldemort's inner circle, had provided them with much information, including Voldemort's horribly weakened state. Rumor had it that, even with the unicorn blood still running in Voldemort's veins, he wouldn't live through an honest fight.

Lucius had confirmed this, sort of. As of that time, Voldemort was living off of a form of Basilisk venom, something that would kill him if he didn't find another source to feed off of, but was still a strong duelist.

"Alright, so what's the plan?" Sirius asked. It was the first real Order of the Phoenix meeting in years. In the room there were at least 50 people, including James, Triss and the rest of their group. At first the adults were reluctant to let them in, but Triss, with a few select comments, put them in their places.

Probably the strangest thing about the whole meeting was that it wasn't just witches and wizards, there were muggles and squibs as well. One of them, of course, was Triss's father, Brian Rockton. He looked about as happy to be there as Triss and James were to have him there. Add to the fact that he'd been glaring daggers at them the whole time, didn't help.

At Triss's threat of spending the rest of his life on the couch, James agreed not to do anything to the older man, but that hadn't stopped him from getting the twins in on something. Let's just say, Brian's not going to have a pleasant evening.

"We need more people," said Ron. That was, of course, rather obvious. All in all, the final count of order members was 56, against a countless number of Death Eaters and Dark Creatures.

"The werewolves and ex-werewolves have taken our side, as a sort of payment for the cure of Lycanthropy. We've had no luck with the Giants, and the Elves won't even so much as look at us, much less talk to us," Remus reported.

"Mr. Cage, do you think you could sway the Elves any?" Jim Potter asked.

James shook his head. "No. They don't fight wars with humans. I might be able to get out a few friends of the family, but that's it. I'd have to talk to the Giants. I've only ever met one or two, not including Hagrid and his girl friend."

"The dwarves are in!" an older voice squeaked. Professor Flitwick, ex-Hogwarts professor, was sitting on top of a stack of books, watching everyone carefully.

"That still won't be enough," said Brian.

"No shit. Triss and I will try and pull some strings, but I can't guarantee anything. I can get snakes and the like with ease, but so could Voldemort. The spiders in the forest have our back, no doubt, but the Centaurs are neutral. We can probably rule out a lot of groups,

like Vampires. They, like elves, don't dabble in human affairs when they can help it.

"Most of the population of Ireland would come if I called, I'm related to half of them, and that half have friends. Problem is, a lot of them are muggles," James thought aloud, ticking things off on his fingers.

Several people looked doubtful. Arthur Weasley was the first to voice his crossed thoughts. "I don't think muggles would be much help. They can't even do magic," he said.

"I take it you've never seen a gun?" Kat asked. Most nodded. "Think of a concentrated severing hex that can't be blocked. Wizards have a really bad tendency of underestimating muggles. Truth is, that if a war sprung up between us and them, they would win."

"This has to stop. We can't think of muggles as 'us' and 'them'. That's thinking like Voldemort, which isn't very good. The only sides that can be taken at this moment in time are the light and the dark, and even then there are shades of gray," said Mel, taking the words right out of James's mouth.

"What do you mean, shades of gray?" Kingsley Shacklebolt asked, looking at the girl as if she were insane.

Draco took over. "Do you know what the Killing Curse was originally made for? When it was made?" No one knew. "It was made during World War II when Grinde-what's-his-name started became favorable to curses that were very painful, incurable, and deadly. A healer, Betty Somers, came up with it after she had to watch her own husband die after being subjected to such curses. It was meant to be a way to end it painlessly and fast for fatally injured people. The dark side got hold of it, and exploited it.

"Here is an even better example. The most basic levitation charm, 'wingardium leviosa', was designed by Hitler, who was a wizard, as a torture device to levitate people he was going to kill over a building to scare them before dropping them to their deaths. If those spells aren't gray, than I don't know what is," Draco explained.

"You know a lot about that kind of thing for a supposed light wizard," Shacklebolt growled. Only a few saw it, but the man's hand was on his wand.

"Shacklebolt, I swear to every god I know, if you fire a curse at that young man, I will rip you apart myself," Sirius said almost casually, but with an edge to his voice.

Shacklebolt glared at the younger man. "And you'll have a one way ticket back to Azkaban. I always said you were a fucked up fag," he growled.

"You would know, wouldn't you?" Sirius growled. For those of them that had known Sirius since he'd first been found, their minds clicked to one of his worse injuries. Sirius, knowing full well that the group was catching on, continued. "Huh? A prison guard that rapes the prisoners cause he has nothing better to do? Or is it that your wife wasn't giving you any?" Sirius taunted.

Shacklebolt, thoroughly embarrassed and angry, jumped at Sirius, knocking the man back and flipping his chair. It took 5 minutes and James and Remus to hold Shacklebolt back. In that time, Sirius had curled himself into a ball in the corner of the room, muttering to himself like a mad man. Mel was trying to calm him, but was having very little luck. From an outsider's point of view, it looked like Sirius had taken on several injuries, including a bloody nose.

Shacklebolt had fared better, having only a black eye from where Sirius had kicked him, while James and Remus pulled Shacklebolt away. Around the room was a stunned silence. While at least 15 of the people in the room had known about what had happened to Sirius, the rest didn't. Jim Potter looked the most shocked out of all of them.

Never, in all the time he'd known Sirius, which had been a long time, had he seen him act like that. Even after Snape had kicked his ass for nearly getting him killed had Sirius acted in such a way. The guilt from just standing by when Sirius was put in Azkaban rose, and Jim almost couldn't stop himself from breaking down and begging his once good friend for forgiveness.

Shacklebolt, even with James and Remus holding him back, was still going for Sirius. Ginny, in full redheaded furry, slapped Shacklebolt, hard. "Get out!" she growled, her eyes turned from soft brown to hard, nearly glowing amber. She, like most of the small group, had come to see Sirius as a family member, and the day she let someone off for hurting him, was the day hell froze over.

Shacklebolt didn't seem affected at all, and it took a word from Dumbledore to get him to leave. "He's going to say something to the Ministry," said Fudge.

"Let him try. Everyone in this room has a very powerful binding charm on them. If he tried to say something, it won't come out as being about us," Tonks said, looking gloomy, if not murderous.

"She's right. Plus, if Dumbledore has his way, both Mr. And Mrs. Umbridge will be in Azkaban before the week's end," said James.

"A little help over here would be wonderful!" Mel yelled. Sirius, who still seemed to be suffering from a panic attack, was using the young woman as a teddy bear, holding her tightly as he rocked back and forth.

"Triss, Poppy, that would be your area," said James. The last thing James need at the moment was for Sirius to lash out at him for being male, something he really couldn't help. After almost 20 minutes of the three of them being unable to calm the dog animagus down, Remus took it into his own hands.

Grabbing the larger man's chin, Remus looked him straight into the eyes. "Sirius, snap out of it!" he ordered. As if he'd been slapped, Sirius looked away, and then shook his head.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Episode," was Mel's one worded answer. Sirius frowned. "Ol' Kingsley attacked you, not that you didn't provoke him, but still. Come on, you're going home, now." It was well known that when Melanie Crews put her foot down, she wasn't going to budge on her decision.

With that said, she and Remus escorted Sirius out of their room, going back to their shared home.

Triss shook her head, sitting back down in her seat next to James. No one, it seemed, was very happy about the goings on in their group. "Anyone else with Order compromising secrets?" James asked, more in jest than anything else. No one said anything. "Good. Potter, Evans is in the Order, correct?" Potter nodded. "Then, why is she not here?"

Potter gave him a look. "She's down stairs with the twins and Harry," he answered.

"Next meet, she is too be here, Lizzy can watch Harry and the twins," James said, tossing a look over to the younger girl. She scowled and glared at him, but didn't argue. She knew that he would fill her in on the meetings, so she wasn't missing anything.

"Easier said than done," Severus commented. He was sporting, yet again, a swollen nose, and it didn't take much brainpower to guess where it had come from.

"I agree with Severus, for once. We tried to get her to come to this meeting, but she would have none of it," said Potter.

"I will speak to her," said Dumbledore, having one of his, as James called, old person moments, where he aged several hundred years in a few second.

Severus looked rather amused at that. "Good luck, guess who she's really mad at?"

"I'll make sure to keep a cold steak on hand Severus."

|||||

"Howler," Triss commented, looking up at the tawny owl flying towards the breakfast table. Sure enough, clutched in the bird's talons was the flame colored letter. The owl swooped down and dropped the letter on James's plate. "Open it," said Triss, setting

down her fork and turning to face him. James rolled his eyes and pulled the letter open. Shouting immediately filled the air.

“JAMES CAGE! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU? NOT INVITING ME TO THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX MEETING! I SHOULD SKIN YOU ALIVE! EXPECT ME ON MONDAY!” the howler yelled. James and Triss both paled.

“Who was that from?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Trinity,” James choked.

Everyone looked at the table looked at him in confusion. “Who is Trinity?” Kat asked.

“Let’s just say, she’s not a person to be messed with, and she’s just a little spoiled. She’s also in love with James,” said Triss, glaring at her plate.

“No worries love, I can stand her either. Especially after the whole condom incident,” James said with a shiver.

“Condom incident?” This had come from Jim Potter, who seemed very interested in the conversation. Next to him was his wife, who wasn’t looking up, but obviously listening.

James shook his head, this was one of the more embarrassing events of his life. “Trinity is a princess, for lack of a better word. When she turned 1000 her father gave her permission to choose a husband. I, at the time, was six, and visiting the realms with Derek. She saw me and ‘fell in love’ at first sight. On my seventh birthday, not long after my arrival, her gift to me was a box of elven condoms.

“For a reason unknown to me, elves can...mate...earlier in their lives than humans, and marriage contracts can be formed and executed while still in infancy. She, of course, was to choose me as her husband, and tried to consummate the marriage. At that age I had no interest in girls, and was then chased all through the kingdom by her, wielding the box of condoms the whole time. She’s popped up at

Dragon's a few times since, but Triss has always been able to rescue me," said James, giving his soul bond an affectionate hand squeeze.

Draco shook his head. "Gin, I think I'll be needing a body guard, along with every man in this castle," he commented, diving back into his eggs. Few heard it, but Evans snorted.

"Alright, I have to go to the library, I'll see you all in a bit," said Triss, standing up.

"You sure you don't want me to come?" James asked, looking up at Triss's standing form.

Triss reached down and gave him a light kiss on the cheek. "Yes, I'll be fine. Why don't you do something constructive, like ward our rooms from Trinity?"

"Will do love," said James, as Triss left the hall.

"So when are you going to pop the question James?" Fred asked, stuffing a buttered roll in his mouth.

"The question?" James asked, though he had a feeling on what the twins meant.

The twins shook their head at their younger friend's naivety. "Well James, when two people love each other very much."

"You and Triss."

"The male in the relationship normally, at a serious point in the relationship asks for the female to join him in holy matrimony, where upon the temporary insanity of love shall be cured."

At this Mel snorted into her oatmeal, trying, and failing, to hide it as a cough. "None of your business," James answered easily. The issue had already been well covered. They weren't going to get married until they were out of school and Voldemort was dead.

"Fine, don't tell us, but you are aware that we expect to be invited to the wedding?" Gin asked.

"Yes. Now, while you all go run around, I have to go word the castle against the destructive force of Trinity," James growled, rolling his eyes.

"We'll see you later then James," said Kat, poking the still laughing Mel in the ribs.

"Later."

|||||

James had been building ward for the better part of the day now. Triss had come down to check on him once, and to bring him lunch, but he'd been too busy to chat much with her. Building wards strong enough to block the powers of elves was power draining, not to mention nearly impossible. One wrong move and he would have to start all over again.

Triss, knowing this, had gone off to hang out with Gin, Kat, Mel and some of the other girls close to her age. James had a feeling they were plotting something but wasn't stupid enough to ask what.

Jewel was hardly around anymore, preferring to rally some of the more deadly snakes within the vicinity of the castle. According to her, if asked, most of the forest would come to his aid. This put James at ease, at least, more ease than he'd been at since Voldemort's reappearance.

James only had a few more spells to cast when he felt a familiar presence behind him. Muttering the last of the spell he needed, James sighed when he felt all of the spells come together. Now that everything was together, he was tired. "Did you need something Evans?" James asked, shrugging back into his shirt. He was very sweaty, so the white cotton shirt didn't make much of a difference.

Evans started to say something, but James, having a feeling on what she was going to say, cut her off. "Look Evans, I know you don't like

me, and I really don't get along that well with you. If you've come up here to try and cut me down some more, you're wasting your time. I accepted a long time ago that you didn't want me as your son, and I'm well past over it. I have my own family, so as far as I'm concerned you're just a professor that doesn't like me for some unknown reason. Now, if you don't mind, I'm tired and I have several guests arriving tomorrow morning and I must prepare." With that, James spun away from the older woman and walked into his room, mind set on getting a shower.

(A/N: Hey guys. A lot has happened since I posted my last chapter. First off, I'm on my school's wrestling team. I have practice almost everyday from 3:30 to 6:00, depending on what type of mood coach is in, so this sets me at getting home around 6:30. Since I've been wrestling I've have my nose broken, I've pulled many muscles, and have more bruises that I care to count. All in all, by the time I get my homework done I'm so tired all I can really do is go to bed. Finishing this chapter was actually a bit of a stretch, but I didn't have practice today because I'm sick. Anyway, on to the story matters. This story, I'm sorry to report is almost over, 2 or 3 more chapters at the most. Don't worry, I have other stories I plan on posting. Here is my question for you guys, what kind of story would you guys be most likely to read after I finish this one? Right now I have a couple in the Harry Potter category that I'm working on. The first one is a Harry Potter/Underworld cross over. I give a brief summary of the movie, so you won't have to have scene it to read the fic. The other takes place after the fifth book, starring Dumbledore's 16-year-old great-granddaughter. This one is a bit darker than what I normally try to write, and doesn't center around Harry at all. Thanks for any input, and feel free to give me suggestions for writing other stories.)

Wytil: I did forget to describe him didn't I? I'll make sure to go over his appearance when he is discharged from his Ministry position.

Pheonixelemental: I'm not sure what I'm going to do yet. Most likely, but I'm not sure, James won't be going back as a student, as it is quite obvious he is more advanced than everyone else.

Athenakitty: Umbridge will get a taste of her won medicine. No, James doesn't hold anything against Harry, but I don't know if Harry's

going to hold anything against James in the future. I'm righting as I go at the moment.

Maxennce: Thanks. You have no idea how surprised I was when I checked my e-mail today and found I had 20 or so unread reviews. It really made my day. You'll see about Umbridge and her husband.

M'Lady: I know. I wouldn't forgive her if she were my mother, but James character is a little different, so I'm not sure if they'll make up or not.

Sweet Sakura Curls: Thanks. Remember, Harry is the baby. James is the older one.

A-man: Thanks.

Musicstarlover: From what I've heard, the 6th book isn't going to be more than 700 pages long. Also, in every story that I've written, all unpublished, Umbridge is the bad person. She always will be the bad person, too. I really don't like her, and this is reinforced by the fact that, while I was reading the book, I had a teacher that acted so much like her, and looked so much like her that it was unlaughably funny.

Gaul1: My only comment is, good luck.

Japanese-jew: It might be even shorter if Voldemort doesn't get his tail from between his legs and fight! J/k. I'm not sure yet, but I think the story is almost over. All Voldemort has to do is go kaboom.

SiLvErFaTeD: Ummm...I think that was cool, not coo, so thanks...

XHidden: Thanks.

TheWiseSirlvanTheShadowLo: Thanks. I try to keep my characters as light as possible. Everyone always says I'm such a dark person, and I try not to let it rub off on my writing. No one wants to read anything that has you wanting to kill yourself, so of course, James isn't dark.

Shadowface: I'm working on it as you read.

Szihuoko: I already have an idea about what I'm going to do there, so don't worry, it'll be good.

Dark Catalyst: The best advise I can give you is to read other's stories and ask readers for advise. I know one of the reasons this story kept going was because of all the ideas I was getting from readers. My only real reason for writing this story was that I wanted to make Umbridge explode. I was so mad at her after the fifth book, and I came up with this story that a lot of people like it seems.

Jennifer: Will do.

Sheyne Black: Don't think I'm stereotyping or anything, because most days out of the year I'm a redhead, but most redheaded woman are hot heads. I admit I can be a bitch and a half a lot. Guess what Lily is? A redhead. So, of course she is going to be a big hotheaded bitch. Don't worry, Umbridge will get it, don't worry.

Shinobi8: I've actually been thinking about doing that, but many people would protest that she's too young. I think I may have a vote.

VanaelAndVanwaelMordae: Yes, I know all of you readers are thirsty for words, so I'm working on it.

Anna: Nice Anna. I would have loved to see Coach catch you typing reviews when you should have been doing your work. Then Semrad, ever the asshole, would come after me because you were reading something I wrote, and somehow he would just know it was me.

goofynut730: I'm trying to come up with as many explosions as my school whipped mind can handle.

SREndrews: I will. I've never been one to give up stories. Thanks.

Drache5824: Thanks.

Gohan00: Thanks.

Chris: Love you too Chris.

Raven-warrior05: Wow, you must have been up all night. Glad to know you like it.

Clutchy: Will do, and thanks. Hey, question. Are you the person that asked to be accepted onto my yahoo! Messenger? If you do, then you're on, so you know.

Anna sissy: Yeah, I'm pretty sure I did. Otherwise, second year would have had no point. Check the end of chapter 19.

Chapter 43: Prophecies, arrival, and battle.

"Hey James, check this out!" Triss called as her boy friend entered the library, his hair still wet from a recent shower.

"What is it?" James asked, reading over Triss's shoulder.
The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...

Born to the one who trice defied Him,
yet the spawn of the one who betrayed Him...

Marked as an enemy at the age of innocence,
yet awakened in half-form...

Thought as a snake, but really a lion...

The boy shall be abandoned in thought, but not in heart...

Caught in the fires of darkness and light, he will come into his own...

While 'The Final Battle' approaches...

"When was this one made?" James asked, inspecting the prophecy.

"1980. Doesn't give the seer's name," Triss answered.

James shrugged. "That's interesting. Why all the research in prophecies?" he asked.

"Remember a couple of years back when we thought Dumbledore was working to some kind of prophecy, but we couldn't figure out what it was?" Triss asked. James nodded. "I think this is the one. It makes the most sense. 'Born to the one who trice defied him', the son of Lily Potter, who was working against him. 'Yet the spawn of the one who betrayed Him', the son of Severus Snape, who is a spy. The only other person it could be is Dray, but his mother has never defied Voldemort. 'Marked as an enemy at the age of innocence', you were very young when he gave you that scar, still innocent. I'm not sure what the rest of it means, but it fits the best," Triss said, pointing to the important parts.

James shrugged. "You know very well my view of prophecies. I don't think they're at all accurate or decipherable, at least until they've already happened. At this point, I'm more worried about my own health when Trinity arrives. Hopefully, and this is a big hopefully, she'll find another love interest," James said, crossing his fingers.

Triss grinning in a down right evil way. "If I have my way, she will."

"So, who are you going to try and fix her up with?" James asked.

"Sirius."

"WHAT!?"

"Come on James, you know they'd be perfect for each other. Both are horribly annoying, and tend to be in the middle of things they shouldn't be. Unless, you want me to try and fix her up with your dad?" Triss asked innocently.

"He'd kill her right off the bat, though I'm not so sure that would be a bad thing," said James. This earned him a hard slap from Triss. "Alright, alright, I'll stop plotting to kill her!"

Triss glared at him. "You mean you've had other plots to try and off her?" Triss demanded. James smiled sheepishly. "Glad to know I'm not the only one," Triss commented off handedly. This was followed by a loud crashing sound.

Early the next morning, James and Triss were woken by a flustered looking Severus bursting into their room. "There is a girl here looking for you," he said, motioning to his son. James growled in annoyance at being woken, and stood, clad in his boxers. Triss did the same, only slightly less annoyed than James was.

The two bleary-eyed teenagers followed the older man to the Great Hall after making themselves presentable. "You would know Trinity would just burst in at 6 in the morning. Ugh, I don't need to be up for another 4 hours," James complained. If there was one thing he hated,

it was not getting enough sleep all at once. He wasn't a person that could function on less than 8 hours of sleep at a time.

Following Severus, they entered the hall to be immediately greeted by a tall blond, blue-eyed woman. "James! It's so good to see you again!" she yelled, eyeing him, before jumping on him in a hug.

"Ditto. I'd like you to meet my girlfriend, Triss," James growled, pushing Trinity off and slipping an arm around Triss's waist.

Trinity glared rather noticeably at Triss, before turning back to James. "As a favor to you, I was able to secure a rather large section of the Elven Military, able to come to your assistance when I call for them," Trinity said, flashing James a sickening smile. Triss rolled her eyes, unimpressed, and she could tell James was trying not to do the same thing.

"You didn't have to go to all of that trouble Trinity. I'm well aware that Elves prefer not to dabble in business that is not their own," James said, trying not to let any anger seep into his voice.

"It was nothing. All I ask in return is that you reconsider my offer," she said, looking at him suggestively.

"No. Rest assure that Triss and I are very happy together, and do plan on getting married after all of this is said and done with," James said, not trying to break the news to the woman softly. Trinity looked a little disappointed, but didn't let it get her down too much.

"Very well. I accept and respect your decision," said Trinity, even if her eyes were saying the exact opposite. James nodded.

"Hey Dobbs!" James yelled, breaking a slightly awkward silence. There was a pop and a small, shy creature appeared. "Dobbs, can you to me a large favor and show Trinity and the rest of her company to rooms?" James asked. Dobbs nodded. James and the creature had prearranged to send Trinity and her company to rooms as far away from Triss and James as possible, meaning they were sharing the North Tower.

Twenty minutes later, James was back in his bed, with the intent of sleeping until noon. This wasn't to be, however, as one soon-to-be-ex-minister decided to send him a wake up call. "Umbridge," James growled as the castle shook. Looking at his bedside alarm, James saw it was only 7:30. Royally pissed and ready to kill, James stormed to the grounds, a silver light pulsing around him.

"As the heir to Rowena Ravenclaw, I strip you of your title as minister and reinstate Cornelius Fudge as minister, regardless of his half state," James yelled, not bothering to leave the castle steps. There was a loud yelp, thump and small light show before all was silent. "The next person to wake me up will suffer a fate worse than death!" James threatened, stalking back to his shared room.

'Five-four-three-two-one...' James mentally counted. As predicted, Trinity burst into the room on the count of zero. Being the loving couple they were, James and Triss were sitting together in one of the many large, cushy chairs in the privet reading room of the library.

"I really hate to break up the lovely couple, but I think we have a problem," said Trinity, seemingly oblivious to the way James and Triss were sitting.

Bang! "You know Triss, I think I just felt the whole castle shake," James commented, standing. There was another loud bang, and the floor shook again. "I did just feel the castle shake."

"No, really? There are roughly two or three hundred people outside trying to break the castle wards," said Trinity.

James nodded. "Hogwarts feels pissed."

James Potter burst into the library, a stream of blood running down from a cut on his temple. "We're being attacked!" he declared.

"Plan of action anyone?" Triss asked.

"Hey Hogwarts, feel free to do your thing!" James yelled to seemingly nothing. The school rumbled for a minute, before there was the sound of another explosion, followed by complete silence.

Everyone looked confused. "James, what did you do?" Triss asked.

"I didn't do anything. Hogwarts has her own defenses that Dumbledore didn't set off. He may not be able to, so we really can't get on his ass about it, yet. Anyway, Hogwarts more or less just sealed herself off to those she feels she can't trust with her safety," James explained.

"What about your dad?" Triss asked.

James paled and took off into a run, the dungeons being his destination. Thankfully, he found the over sized bat right where he left him, over a steaming cauldron. "Are you alright?"

"Aside from drops of potions getting tossed in together because of the whole bloody castle deciding to shake, resulting in multiple explosions, I'm fine," Severus growled crankily.

"And to think, I thought I had to worry about you," James shot back, rolling his eyes.

Snape glared at him. It was quite obvious he was having a version of PMS only the elder Snape could have. "The only time a brat like yourself has to worry about me, is if I'm lying on my death bed, which I don't intend to have happen, ever," Snape hissed, returning to disposing of ruined potions.

"Whatever, you work on your plans to die in battle, I have to go talk to Dumbledore about the cause of our own miniature earthquake," James grumbled back, disappearing from the dungeons as easily as he'd appeared.

"So...what's your verdict?" James asked. Following the minor attack on the castle, he'd met up with Dumbledore to discuss upping the security around the castle. Several hours and many aspirin later, James hoped the Headmaster, holder of most of Hogwart's wards, had come to a decision.

"I think the only thing we really can do at this time is allow the castle to hold her own defense system. We don't have enough order members to do much in the way of patrolling the grounds. I also doubt the animals of the forest are going to be very cooperative," Dumbledore reasoned.

James nodded, partially agreeing with the old wizard. As a total, the Order had, maybe, 300 people. According to Lucius Malfoy, Voldemort had over 1000 new recruits, not to mention all of the returning supporters. As far as spies within Voldemort's circle went, there were four. Severus, Lucius, Draco, and another unknown.

"I'm going to have a talk with the spiders in the forest. I'm sure they would be happy to help us watch the grounds. I honestly don't think Hogwarts can keep out everyone that could pose a threat to her. She can't just lock out students that have the potential to be Death Eaters," James responded.

Dumbledore opened his mouth to respond when another explosion shook the castle. "Here we go again," James sighed. There was another explosion, but it didn't cause a minor earthquake. James eyes lit up. "I'll be right back," James yelled. He took off down the stairs like a 5 year old on Christmas morning.

Upon reaching the entrance hall, he was met by a very familiar pair. "Jack! Nix!" James yelled, embracing the young man and woman.

The young woman, Nix, punched James in the arm. "You need to teach your castle not to blow people up Shadow, that's our job," Nix laughed.

"Cage! What's with all the explosions?" This came from a singed and agitated potions master. His face was covered in soot and his hair seemed to be smoking.

Jack spoke up. "Sorry sir, that's our fault. My dear sister is a little trigger happy," Jack commented. Nix smacked him. Nix and Jack were half demon chaos twins, and couldn't help but cause destruction wherever they went. The difference between them and traditional demons was that they looked human. Both were dark haired and light

eyed. The only way you could really tell them apart from regular humans was their slightly sharper teeth and their tendencies to blow things up.

"We see that I have warning next time you decide to blow up the castle!" Snape yelled, stalking towards the stairs to the Dungeons.

"What crawled up his ass and died?" asked Jack, pushing his shaggy blond hair out of his face.

"Buddha knows. Tell me Shadow, he's not of any relation to you, is he? You look just like him," Nix commented.

"My father, sort of. He and I don't get along that well. Then again, people that I'm related to have never gotten along well with me," James commented, almost looking sad. "Anyway, I take it Triss called for the two of you?" James half asked, half stated.

"No actually. It was a certain snake of yours. I'm actually glad she called for us. I would love nothing more than to hand Voldemort's ass back to him in a plastic pretzel jar," Jack growled. Like James' parents, Jack and Nix had lost their mother to Voldemort. Because their father was a freelance demon, they'd never really met him, making them orphans. Even at the independent age of 26, both of them were still vengeful.

Nix broke in. "So, if your dad's here, I take it your mom is as well?" she asked.

"Yep, along with her husband James Potter, daughters Sara and Holly, and new Born son Harry," James practically spit.

"Hold up, I thought that was your- that bitch!" Nix yelled, understanding dawning on her.

Jack put a hand on his twin's shoulder. "Chill Nix. Anyway, I have good news for you. The demons have agreed not to take sides, thanks in part to your grandfather. Originally, they were going to go with Voldemort like last time, but that was before Voldemort

threatened to kill them all and you know as well as we do that they would never consider joining the 'light side'."

"Wonderful. That's one less enemy to worry about. Come on, I'm sure Triss wants to see the two of you. After that, I'll get you set up with rooms."

Triss was ecstatic at seeing Jack and Nix. They had met some years ago, when James and Triss were still little. They'd been living in their demon forms around Dragon's house and had saved the, at that time, children James and Triss from a group of vengeful fire demons.

The arrival of the two demons also provided a reason for James to hide from Trinity. However, according to Triss, Trinity was having some 'quality time' with Sirius.

It seemed that's what most people were doing. Kat was off with Rome, Mel was with Vlad who had transferred to Hogwarts, Draco and Gin were in the library as far as James knew, and the twins were planning with two of the guest female elves that had caught their attention.

After hours of talking with the two older demons, James was about to suggest showing Jack and Nix to their room, when there was a knock at James and Triss' door. It was Draco.

"Voldemort's forces are mobilizing, right now. He isn't going to wait any longer. Severus and my dad have already been called. I'm not marked, I don't have to go, but he's going to be here soon," Draco gasped, breathless from the run to their room.

James jumped into action. "Triss, go find everyone, make sure their in doors. No one is to leave. Nix, Jack, come with me," James ordered.

"James, I'm not sure if we have enough explosives for what I know you're planning," Jack said.

"Between you, me, Nix and Hogwarts, I think we'll be fine. If absolutely necessary, we can call reinforcements, but I really don't want that," James responded, leading them back up to the entranceway.

Nix looked at him like he was insane. "You plan on taking on a whole army between the three of us and the castle? You're more cracked than I thought! There's no way!" Nix yelled.

James didn't respond. He was too busy planning. If everything worked the way he wanted it too, then the whole threat would be over before most of the castle even knew what was going on. Checking his pocket for his wand, James waved his hand at the castle's main doors. Warm summer air swept in, but there were no threats to be seen.

"Come on. Jack, go over by Hagrid's hut, and stand ready. Nix, you take the willow. I got the front gate. If you blow anything up, make sure it's in groups. Hogwarts will handle the singles. Don't try Voldemort and watch out for our spies," James instructed.

"Your dad is going to be so pissed. I hope he didn't start any important potions before he left," Nix commented, sprinting to her designated position.

"Boom."

(A/N: Hey guys. Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, or whatever you're celebrating, if anything. I really thought I'd have this chapter up sooner, but I'm having school problems that have taken up much of my time. The next and I think last chapter will be up within the next few weeks, provided I don't self-destruct between now and then. I hope you enjoyed this chapter, even though I know it sucked."

Phenix-tears: Thanks. Lily rejected James because he is not the child of Jim Potter.

Japanese-jew: Hint? Hmmm...I don't know if I can do a sequel. I was thinking about going back to chapter 39 and making an alternate ending from there, where James dies and Triss inherits his power, but I'm not sure. I'll hold a poll or something in the last chapter to see what I'm going to do.

Lee black: Actually it's not that bad. Most of my injuries are from landings after a move. My nose was a casualty of a match with a person 20 pounds lighter than me that thought if they broke my nose they'd be able to pin me, wrong. I think that's the next one I'll be posting, if I don't decide to do a sequel of sorts to this fic.

Pheonixelemental: Yeah. It seems every wrestler I've met so far has had to have a ligament repaired in their right leg. I, of course, am not looking forward to this, but I'm hoping that, because I'm left handed, I won't have to. The elf, Trinity, is actually based on a really person. The whole condom thing actually did happen. My friend whom this happened to thought it would be something funny to add in, so I thought, why not? Well, after this everything will be happening fast. Umbridge will explode, no worries, and the wedding will happen.

Athenakitty: Yes, James has full access to his power. This will be better explained once I find that prophesy thing I made up when I started this story. Yes, Trinity will back off, and maybe into one of our other bachelor characters. No, Jim Potter will not dump Lily, and I'm not sure how I'm going to let Lily and James interact yet.

Jpthug12: Thanks. Good to know I'm not the only one.

Maxennce: Lily's a bitch, what can I say? She'll make up for it later I think, but still. Yes, James has only ever tried to do right by her and she's still angry, it's a redhead thing. No, I'm not stereotyping when I say it's a redhead thing. I am a redhead 8 months out of the year, and trust me, we can be bitches. I know, wrestling is a bit rough, but it's fun, and really good for you. However, I'm going to have a few small issues if I don't get a wrestling partner my own weight. My partner has almost no muscle and keeps dropping me face first onto the mat. She broke my nose giving me an iron palm, followed by a head butt, and then she caused me to face plant into the mat. Ugh... No worries, I always find accident-prone people to be cooler to hang out with, I just try to avoid driving with one.

Aauksharmony: Thanks. I'm not sure yet, but I think Lily and James will get along better in the end. We'll just have to see how this turns out as I write.

Clutchy: Okay. Well, with my luck being the way that it is, we're in totally opposite time zones where we'll never be online at the same time. Trinity will be very interesting.

M'Lady: Yes, having someone 1000 years old in love with a 6 year old, very scary. Triss won't have to be jealous, James is hers and you'd have to shoot me before I'd change that. Yes, the girls are planning something, you'll just have to wait and see if it has to do with Trinity or not.

Musicstarlover: I know, we were always laughing at our teachers. Sirius is okay with James Cage. They're friendly, but not exactly friends. Sirius and Remus are still very close, and Sirius and James Potter are at each other's throats. Well, Sirius is at Jim's throat, Jim is feeling really guilty.

Egyptian Flame: We'll see. I'm really not sure. My story senses tell me that this story is nearly over, but my reviewers seem to be telling me other wise. Lets just see how everything works out.

Shadowface: I'll try.

The Wise Sir Ivan The Shadow Lord: Thanks. Well, I don't have this limitation, so I can space out your pen name.

Wytil: Honestly, I'm having an internal battle on whether James Cage and Lily Potter will ever get along. I sort of have a developing idea, but that just might make things worse between everyone, so I'm going to wait and see what else I can come up with.

FluffyPinkSlippers: I'm working on it.

Delta T: ...

A-man: Me neither...lol.

Katlyn: Wow, you were the first to figure it out. I'm proud!

Jennifer: Working...

LadyRaven13: Of course you know, Umbridge will get hers, even if I have to zap myself into the story to do it. More or less, James has told her off as much as he's going to, but there will be more talks between him and Lily. The only reason there hasn't been a scene with Snape yet is because I haven't been able to fit it in yet.

OrionTheHunter: Thanks.

SiLvErFaTeD: Thanks.

Mooneyoukai: Thanks. It's always nice to know people enjoy my writing.

Blackdragonofslytherin: I know everyone is looking forward to that.

Hair Brush User: I'm working on it! I promise!

Freedom Isn't Free: Of course that has been pointed out to me, but you must understand that James isn't 100 human. He's special. Plus, he does have his weaknesses, you just haven't seen them yet.

Fire Pheonix1: It's the Hunter's map because James hasn't gotten hold of the Marauder's map yet.

Laen: Working on it.

Monica: Hopefully I won't start confusing myself with my own plot. You will soon see your answer to both.

Insanechildfanfic: Thanks.

Jalise: Here is your update!

Nahirta: Yes, broken noses suck.

Chapter 44

"What, exactly, do you have going on in that human brain of yours?" Jewel asked, slithering up James' leg. The human in question jumped. He hadn't even heard the serpent approach. "Well?" Jewel demanded.

"Ever seen King Arthur?" James asked, grinning like a madman.

"So you have a full army of mooks waiting by the forest to shoot them?" Jewel asked skeptically.

"Nope. I have elves and my own personal bomb squad." James responded.

Jewel transformed into her human state.

"Wonderful. Can you tell me why this will work?" she asked.

"I don't think it will, but we have less of a chance going face to face with, at the most, 100 wizards. Not all of the elves can do magic like we can. It's... complicated, but at least here we'll catch them off guard. Element of surprise, no?" James asked, ducking into his hiding spot. Jewel just switched back into her serpent form.

"I'll never understand your logic," Jewel commented, slightly bewildered.

"Neither will I, but so long as it works, it's fine." said James. "Draco said they were mobilizing so there is no set time for an attack.

"How can you be so sure they're attacking? This could be a distraction so they can go after the Ministry." Jewel warned.

"It's not," said James, his voice sure.

"How do you know that?" As a snake, Jewel sometimes saw things differently than James did, but James knew he was right.

"My head burns. Voldemort has been trying to break my defences for about 15 minutes, ever since Draco said something to me."

“Are you sure he can be trusted?”

“Yes.”

“So long as you’re sure.”

“Speaking of the ugly,” James said, eyes glued to a figure moving slowly across the grounds alone. James could tell by just his posture that he was expecting something. “Voldemort is on his guard. He knows something,” James commented.

“Or he has something that you don’t know about,” Jewel said, foreshadowing.

At that moment, several explosions sounded, followed by screams of pain. “Thank you Jack and Nix,” James whispered, watching as the ground exploded in several places, sending the invading Death Eaters flying.

“I don’t see why you don’t just use your power to kill them all, and then go after Voldemort,” said Jewel, crawling up James’ arm.

“Voldemort has had control of my powers, and he has a natural resistance to them now. If I thought I could kill him that easily, I would have just imploded his mind. As it is, there is a small chance that I will die along with him if he dies.”

“WHAT!” Jewel demanded. “Did you ever bother to tell Triss about this?”

“No, and I don’t plan on it. She wouldn’t have let me leave the bedroom if she knew about that little detail. Just trust me, I don’t plan on dieing, and if I do, I don’t plan on staying dead.”

Jewel nipped his arm. “Stupid human, always thinking you can escape death. I just hope you know what you’re doing, because more lives than your own are on the line right now,” Jewel hissed, disappearing in a puff of smoke.

James wondered what Jewel was talking about. He knew very well that no matter what, if he died, Voldemort would come with him. Then it hit him. Through their bond, James and Triss' very souls were connected. If he should die, and his soul slip away, Triss' would be dragged with it. It was a huge risk, one that he didn't want to take, but couldn't help.

Voldemort, who had some how managed to miss the attacking Elves, and Nix and Jack's firework display, stood about 50 feet from the main hall, putting himself in shooting range of some of the students firing out of the castle windows. "CAGE!" he screamed, his voice that of Satan's. No one moved. All spells stopped. When nothing happened, he pulled something from his robes. Wrapped up in a blanket, was small Harry Potter, wailing in discomfort and possible pain. "COME OUT NOW OR I WILL KILL THIS CHILD!" Voldemort yelled.

No matter how much James resented the baby, he wasn't about to let him die at the hands of Voldemort. "LEAVE HIM BE!" The familiar voice of Lily Evans-Potter yelled. At the front doors of the castle, a white-faced James Potter, and Arthur Weasley were dragging her back inside.

"COME OUT CAGE!" Voldemort yelled again, his wand now trained on the baby.

"Put the child down Tom!" James yelled, stepping out of his hiding place. Voldemort turned around to face him.

Voldemort grinned. "You're not as cowardly as I first thought Cage. I'll tell you what, I'll give your life for his," Voldemort said, holding the baby up.

"Fuck you. You set him down, allow him to be returned to his mother, and I'll face you down in a duel," James bargained. He wasn't about to just toss his life out on the line without some guarantee.

Voldemort glared at him, and set the child on the ground. Before James could erect a shield around the child, Voldemort cast the Cruciatus curse on the baby. Harry screamed, and James felt the

child's power spike, before Voldemort was blown backwards, closer to James. James caught sight of a flash of blond hair, before he was attacked from behind by a large, smelly figure. At first, James thought it was a troll, but a troll wouldn't have been able to sneak up on James like that. Pushing himself into a standing position, James saw that the thing looked a lot like a goblin, but had the size and power of a troll. Before James could really react, the thing had picked him up, and slammed him into the ground. He hit the ground hard enough to create a small crater.

James, even with all of his power, didn't escape the hit unscathed. Forcing himself to crawl out of the hole, he felt a sharp pain in his side every time he tried to breathe in, and his head throbbed. There was a scream from behind him and he hardly had time to get out of the way before the troll/goblin hit the ground. Where it had once stood, was Jewel in striking position. "Bloody Ridhuvs. Taste horrible," she hissed, slithering off.

Surveying the grounds, James saw people emerging from the castle, wands out, fighting the remaining Death Eaters. "Why can't anyone fucking listen to me?" James growled as a student fell due to an unknown spell. Even after everything Nix and Jack had done, there were still a lot more Death Eaters than there were Light Fighters. The Elves helped, but they were at a disadvantage, because they relied on weapons instead of magic.

In the thick of all of this were several familiar faces. Triss, sword in one hand, wand in the other, was shooting off all of the spells she could think of, and slicing apart any dark creature that came within range. Fleur and Victor and Cedric, for a reason unknown to James, were covering each other's backs about ten feet from where Triss was. Potter, Remus, Sirius and Arthur were not far away, doing everything they could. Everyone else was either still by the doors, or was on their own, not holding their own well.

Voldemort was nowhere to be seen, so James did the one thing he could at the moment. He jumped into the crowd of ever thickening Death Eaters. Lucius, Severus and a few others, had removed their masks, fighting against the Death Eaters. Several people, from both

sides, were on the ground either injured, or dead. James was on a roll after a while using only his wand. He didn't want to use up more energy that he absolutely had too, and his wand was his best resource. Cutting through the masses, James could have sworn he even saw Dragon fighting, along with Libby, but he wasn't sure.

James pulled his arm back to fire another round of spells, when he felt it being ripped from his grasp. "Appello chalybs!" James yelled. His two best swords appeared in his hands, and he continues cutting through Death Eaters, quite literally. After a few minutes, he found himself missing his wand, as it was a lot easier to take out Death Eaters with it that with the Elven Daggers. Because it was so close ranged, he had to look out for the students and order members that popped up every so often as well. Finally growing tired of the heavy blades, he summoned his wand, and banished the blades.

James was more than a little surprised when he came across a black robed person that seemed resistant to the spells he was shooting off. It took his adrenaline filled mind a few minutes to realize it was Voldemort. "Amoveo Anima Corpus!" James yelled. Voldemort screamed as the spell hit him. James grinned. The spell was one of his own designs. It boded the soul permanently to a certain surface. It was sort of like what the other word used to bind ghosts to a certain area. "Lugolo!"

There was a splatter of blood, as Voldemort's hood fell down, showing clearly his serpentine face, now covered in blood. A large wound on his neck bled horribly, and he slowly turned an ash white color. "Umbra vindex all!" James screamed at the top of his lungs, all his power behind the spell. He immediately felt his power drain, almost to the point of death.

Sliding to his knees, James watched as hundreds of misty figures circled around the dying form of Voldemort, some that James knew, and some that he didn't know. First and foremost, James recognized his parents, Alex and Emma. They stood over him, watching him in concern. "Take the bastard to hell," James growled. His power was draining rapidly, and he was fighting to even stay kneeling.

Emma smiled down at him, and he felt Alex's misty hand brush over his head. "We will do as you say son. We love you," Emma's voice echoed in his mind. There was a great explosion, and that was the last thing James remembered.

"James?" James's eyes opened, seeing the white void around him. "James!" The voice yelled. The voice was feminine, but James couldn't tell where it came from.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"James, you are to be given a choice!" the voice echoed. James was confused. What kind of choice. "You may return to your world, and to your friends, however, I do not know if your physical body is intact. I can also send you to a different world, one where your mother didn't decide to give you up," the voice said.

"Where's Triss?" James asked. That was really the only thing on his mind. He didn't care about anything, be it life or death, except Triss.

"I can not say. Your love for her can not be allowed to make your decision," the voice said sternly. James was very tempted to tell it to fuck off.

"I choose to go home! I don't care about the shape of my body, I care about my friends and family!" James yelled.

"If you choose this, you may lose the chance to live a normal life forever," the voice argued.

James growled. He was in no mood to argue with the disembodied voice. "Send me back to where I belong!" James ordered.

"As you wish," said the voice. James felt a tug, not unlike that of a portkey, and his world faded into darkness.

All James could see was darkness. It had been like this for a long time now. Be it days, weeks, or months, James didn't know, but it was a long time. Every once in a while he would hear a voice talking to him. He never heard entire conversations, but he had heard something about a new baby, Triss, Sirius's impending marriage, and

baby Harry's powers already developing. One time he could have sworn he'd even had Sara and Holly bounce on him telling him to wake up.

All of these things, James couldn't be quite sure had happened. More recently he found himself hearing the voices more often, and wasn't completely sure he hadn't gone insane. After all, insane people never know they're insane, do they? However, the time in the void was giving James a lot of long needed thinking time, and the first thing he planned on doing after he got out of the darkness was he was going to beg Triss to marry him.

While James had said that he and Triss planned to marry, he had never formally asked her, or put a ring on her finger. It was just assumed that the two would get married, without any real sign to show it. James had even picked out a ring in his mind. After that, he was going to hug every single person he knew. His time in the void, with no one to talk to, had made him miss human company, and realize exactly how much he had taken everyone for granted.

"Do you think he'll ever wake up?" This was undoubtedly the voice of Mel. James wondered once again if he was making the voice up.

Hermione's voice responded, "He better. I don't know how Triss will get along if he doesn't. His condition already has her so depressed, I'm afraid she won't live if he doesn't wake." James swore he could feel the fabric of the starched hospital sheets. He was so worried about Triss, his mind hardly realized it.

"What's wrong with her?" James asked, his voice meant to be strong, coming out in a gurgle more than anything else.

"James?" Ginny's voice screamed. For the first time in a long time, James blinked, seeing light. James just repeated his question. Slowly feeling was coming back into all of his limbs. He could feel his fingers twitching, and his strength coming back. He could see the shapes of Ginny, Hermione, Mel, Roman, Draco and Vlad all hovering over him.

"Gin, go get Triss," Roman's voice ordered. As he said this, James pushed himself into a sitting position, feeling abnormally weak.

“James, you need to lay back down,” said Draco, trying to push James back onto the bed. He was shoved off roughly by James.

“What happened?” James asked, rubbing his eyes. Slowly the figures around him were getting clearer.

“You’ve been in a coma for over 4 months James!” Vlad yelled. It was surprising to all of them that James was sitting up.

‘Figures,’ James thought. Pushing a hand through his hair, he was surprised to find it at his normal length, sitting just below his shoulders. Touching his ears, he felt the point that they came to, and knew he was in his normal form. This also explained why his muscles weren’t mush from not being used for four months. “What happened? Is everyone all right? Is Voldemort dead?” James asked. He had so many questions, and it seemed he had so little time.

Draco laughed. “Take a deep breath James. Yes, everyone is all right. Somehow, we didn’t loose anyone, but some people did loose limbs. Voldemort, as far as we know, is little more than ash at the bottom of the lake. By the way, Evans and Snape made a public announcement, claiming you as the heir to the Snape estate, and ¼ inheritor of the Evans estate, and holder of the Potter estate should something happen to Evans and Potter, until Sara, Holly and Harry turn 18. Cool huh?” Draco asked, nudging James.

James nodded, his slow brain processing the information. ‘Evans and Snape claimed me as theirs? Why? I know the whole defeat of Voldemort thing is a huge deal, but still! They would claim me just because of my fame, would they?’ James thought. The thought of actually getting to know, and being accepted by his parents was a very exciting one, but James didn’t allow his hope to jump.

He was ripped from his thoughts by a large figure jumping on him. Falling backwards onto the hospital bed, he opened his eyes to see Triss’s dark blue ones. Her flaming red hair framed her face, touching James’. James had never seen a more beautiful sight in his life. Even if Triss was sickly pale, and much thinner than James remembered, he still found her beautiful. Reaching up, and tucking her hair behind

her ear, James felt the familiar point of her ear that he had. He looked at her questioningly, and then seemed to notice the bulge being pressed against him.

Pushing Triss back by her shoulders, he came face to face with her telltale bulging stomach. "How long?" James asked, looking up into Triss' slightly insecure cerulean blue eyes.

"6 months. I found out a little while after you fought Tom," Triss whispered. Tears had gathered in her eyes. Before the battle, and before James had slipped into his coma, he had made it very clear he didn't want any children until after they had graduated and been through University. He also said he didn't want to get married until then either. It was quite obvious she thought James would make her give the child up, one way or another.

James grinned at her, pulling her into a real, passionate kiss for what seemed like the first time in ages. When Triss pulled back, James looked directly into her eyes. "Triss, I have a very important question to ask you," said James.

Tears had started to fall down Triss's face, making her look even paler. "What?" she asked.

"Will you marry me?" James asked. Triss stared down at him for a minute, not quite processing the information. "Will you?" James asked again. He could feel the tugging on his soul bond, a tug that he hadn't felt in well over a year, since Triss' miscarriage. It made him smile. Focusing, he tugged on her end of the bond, tightening it. "I'll take that as a yes," said James pulling Triss down into another kiss as a grin crossed her face.

"Are you sure you can walk alright James?" Hermione asked for what seemed like the tenth time in 5 minutes.

"Yes Hermione. If I can go raid the kitchens at night for Triss, then I can walk," James growled, finally getting annoyed. It had been 2 days since he'd woken up, and a day since he'd been moved back into his own rooms with Triss. Triss, true to any pregnant female, had very strange cravings in the middle of the night. Rather than risk letting

Triss wonder the halls by herself at night, James had gone for her. Surprisingly, his muscles hadn't really deteriorated at all in the few months he'd lain comatose.

"So long as your sure," Hermione responded, knowing that she was starting to push James' patience.

James nodded, wondering where they were going. Hermione had said that it was a surprise for his birthday, which was today. All he knew at present time, was that they were very close to the Great Hall. After several more minutes of walking at the agonizingly slow pace Hermione had set, they finally did reach the Great Hall. Tossing the doors open, James was nearly blown backwards by the force of the 'Happy Birthday's yelled by the crowd. James could have sworn that every person he knew was gathered in the hall. When he got close enough, he was nearly smothered in hugs. Among the group were Sirius and Remus, Sirius with a glowing Trinity on his arm, and Remus with, very surprisingly, his Aunt Libby. Derek was there, acting very friendly with Minerva McGonagall, Sara, Holly and Harry's baby sitter and ex-Hogwarts professor.

Triss was sitting at the head table with Dumbledore, who looked extremely uncomfortable in her presence. The night of James' waking, Triss had told him about how much she had disturbed her grandfather with her cravings, and flooing him at odd hours to go get her pistachio ice cream or other such items. James laughed at the look on the older man's face.

Of course, Lily and James Potter were at the party along with Sara and Holly. Sara and Holly had greeted James enthusiastically, as did Lizzy, who was seeing him for the first time since his waking. And of course, the most surprising couple at the whole party was Severus and a young female half-elf by the name of Lina. She was probably one of the prettiest elves James had ever met, not that he really cared about how she looked.

Like Snape, she had long ebony hair, but elven blue eyes. Unlike normal elves, her skin was darkly tanned, a sign of either having a dark skinning ancestor or spending a lot of time in the sun. Tattooed

on her exposed shoulder, was probably the whole reason Snape liked her so much. She was branded with the mark of an expert Alchemist. James was happy that everyone was finding their life mates, even if they didn't know it yet.

After partying, and dancing until the early hour of the morning, Triss pulled off James to bed. He really couldn't find anyway to be happier at the moment, and made sure all knew it.

(A/N: To everyone that reviewed, I had a minor problem with my computer and some files were deleted, including my reviews and this chapter. I really don't want to write out my reviews twice like I did the chapter, so if you have a question that I didn't answer in the chapter, review again, I'll try not to delete them this time... To everyone e-mailing me about my bashing of other countries, leave me be! I'm part French, my best friend is 100 French, I can bash them if I want to! Plus, all my characters will be seen in a good light at one point or another, except Voldemort and a few others. To all Bulgarian people, I didn't say anything about being duck-footed. That was J.K. Rowling, I just used her description. I've never even seen a duck-footed person, bar a few select football players. Plus, it's not really bashing anyway. Bashing is showing specific prejudice. I hate everyone equally. Anyway, sorry about the lack of responses, but between Track (I quit wrestling. Got hurt, parents wouldn't let me continue.), an AP class, a Pre-AP class, and 2 Honors classes, plus my sister Anna, I just don't have the time to respond to them all again right now, as much as I would love to. Happy Valentines Day everyone! Balls on your forehead! LOL! P.S. The story isn't quite over yet! Look forward to a few more chapters!)

Chapter 45

THE END

Bounce! Bounce! Bounce! Bounce!

“Daddy! Wake up!” a little girl yelled, jumping up and down on the bed. She was very young, being 4, maybe 5 years old. As she jumped, her auburn hair flew everywhere, outlining her emerald green eyes. Standing next to the bed was a boy about the same age, with raven hair, courtesy of his father, and deep blue eyes.

“I don’t think that’s going to make them get up any faster Jamie,” the little boy said. He was obviously the girl’s twin.

“Shut up Will,” James shot back. While exchanging verbal jabs with her twin, she hadn’t noticed her father and mother peek out from under their blankets. Grinning like a mad woman, Triss, who didn’t look any older than she had the day James woke, grabbed her daughter, and James snagged his son. With twin squeaks, the two children disappeared under the blankets.

After two or three minutes of the twins struggling to get free, Jamie finally said, “Come on Daddy! You promised that you would take us to see Grandma Lily and Papa James!”

“Yes, but it’s only 8. I doubt they’re even up yet,” James reasoned.

“Yes they are! Harry just called on the telephone!” Will contradicted. James let out a growl of slight annoyance. He had been looking forward to a few more hours of sleep.

“Fine,” James said, sitting up. With a grin, he sent his children out of the bedroom to go get ready.

Triss looked at him curiously, following his lead in getting ready for the day. “Why are you grinning like the cat that got the cream?” she asked finally.

“Mom and James agreed to take the hooligans for the weekend,” James said. Triss burst out laughing. After several years of getting to know each other, James was just starting to get comfortable calling Lily and Severus ‘mom’ and ‘dad’. Will and Jamie had caught on to calling Lily ‘grandma’, and James ‘papa’. They called Severus ‘Papa Sevvv’, and Severus’s new wife ‘Nana Lina’. They addressed Dumbledore as ‘Grandpa Alby’. James never ceased to get a kick out of his children’s names for his family.

“You’re so evil James. What makes you think they won’t be too much for Lily to handle? She is going to have her next child soon,” Triss reminded him. James groaned. Lily, for reasons James didn’t want to fathom, was still having kids. Her next child, a boy due within the month, would make for her 5th child. James just hoped Lily didn’t get the same surprise of twins that he and Triss had gotten when Triss had given birth. The last thing either of the young parents had expected were twins, even if they did run in both sides of the family.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine Triss. After all, they did volunteer to take them. Plus, Dad and Lina will be there with Sebastian and Tae. I think they can control the twins between the 4 of them. They owe us after all the times we’ve watched Lizzy, Sara, Holly, Harry, Sebastian and Tae for them,” James reasoned.

Triss nodded, agreeing. They had taken the other children quite often, often all of them at once. Thankfully, Lizzy, Sara, Holly and the 3-year-old Tae weren’t much trouble, and generally kept each other entertained. It was the team of Harry, Jamie, William, and 4-year-old Sebastian that were trouble, especially when together. Albus, having seen just how mischievous and trouble making the group was, feared the day they went to Hogwarts. As it was, James and Dumbledore had pared up to try and keep all of the children’s accidental magic to a minimum. Half-elves and founder decedents weren’t exactly a weak mix.

“How’s Libby doing, while we’re on the subject of children?” Triss asked.

“She’s alright. Remus is nearly ripping his hair out from the stress, but I’ve assured him everything will be okay. After all, Libby is part elf. I

don't think a 4 werewolf pup litter will hurt her," James commented. Triss shivered. She'd thought giving birth to twins was bad. "Actually, I think Sirius is the worse off. I swear, any kids he has with Trinity will sweat sugar, as hyper and eternally happy as Trinity is," James commented.

Triss chuckled. "Why is it all of the old people are having kids? We're the only ones our age out of our group with kids," Triss growled, pulling her hair into a ponytail.

"It's because we're so much more mature. Don't worry, I'm sure everyone will start reproducing real quick. After all, Draco just got the go ahead to marry Ginny from her father, and Hermione and Mel want to finish school before thinking about getting married," James explained. Triss nodded.

"Come on, I'm sure your parents are waiting for you," said Triss, pulling James out of the room, with him still trying to slip his shoes on.

"You all are early," Jim Potter commented as James flooed into the kitchen, Will in his arms. Triss quickly followed with Jamie.

James started to respond when Harry burst into the room. Jamie and Will kicked out of their parents' grasps and ran off to play with their 'uncle'. "It seemed Harry was a little bit eager to see Jamie and Will, and was ringing our phone off the hook," James explained, helping himself to the coffee on the counter, pouring himself and Triss a cup.

"I know the feeling. Harry's been bouncing off the walls since 6:30."

"Ouch," James commented. Jim nodded.

"Well hello James. You're early," Lily Potter said, entering the kitchen.

James nodded. "How are you feeling mom?" he asked.

"I've felt better. Tired. I swear, he's going to be more difficult than you were," said Lily, pouring herself a plain cup of milk with mint.

James raised an eyebrow. Jim chuckled. "Don't doubt her. I remember when she was pregnant with you. I thought she was going to kill me with all of her weird cravings. This one is several times worse. I swear, I'm going to name him Jack just for all of the 'cracker jacks' Lily's eaten," Jim said, looking at his wife wearily.

"Please Jim, I'm not that bad." Even as Lily said this, she popped a 'cracker jack' in her mouth. (A/N: For anyone who doesn't know, a cracker jack is a piece of Carmel covered popcorn.)

Triss chuckled once more. The only thing she just couldn't get enough of during her pregnancy was ice cream, and that wasn't very uncommon for anyone of the female species.

"Have you thought up a name yet?" Triss asked, thieving a cracker jack from Lily's stash.

Lily glared at Triss, then at Jim. "Of course, Jim is holding fast to his name being Jack. I wanted to name him Derek, after my father, but my father seems to have many reservations about the subject."

James chuckled, and started to comment further when he felt a tug on his jeans. Expecting to find Will or Jamie at his feet, he was surprised to see Harry there. "Can I talk to you Thadow?" Harry asked, his bright green eyes, very much like James's, glowing with sincerity. James couldn't help but notice how cute the child was. Harry couldn't pronounce 'James' at all, so he latched on to James's nickname, Shadow and even then he had trouble pronouncing it.

"Sure Bro, what's up?" James asked, lifting Harry into his lap.

"Alone," Harry said insistently. James shrugged. It wasn't the first time Harry had insisted that he talk to James alone about something. James figured he must be nervous with the new baby coming into the house. After all, Sara and Holly had had the same reservations when Harry was born.

Tossing an apologetic look over his shoulder, James swept into the living room, Harry in his arms. "Why does the kid never come to me when he wants to talk?" Jim asked.

"The same reason Will always seeks you out when he has a question," Triss responded.

"What did you need to talk to me about Bolt?" James asked, setting Harry down on the sofa. With some of his lesser-used powers, James had been able to figure out that, should Harry ever try to become an animagi, he would be a dog of some sort, most likely very fast, thus the name Bolt.

"Jack is evil," Harry said, security in his voice.

James lifted an eyebrow. He knew Harry probably wouldn't like the idea of a baby brother, but this wasn't something he expected. With having an older brother who defeated a Dark Lord, it was very serious for him to accuse someone of being evil. "What makes you say that?"

"I was playing around and accidentally cast a spell. 'Resero Ingenium', the one daddy casts whenever he gets a funny looking letter. The spell hit mommy in the tummy, and made her glow red," Harry explained.

James was thunderstruck. The spell was one that Jim designed to tell good from evil. White for good, red for evil. He knew Harry was smart, probably more so than he was at that age, but not smart enough to make a story like that up. "What should we do?" James asked. Knowing the kid, he already had a pretty good plan formulated.

"We have to kill him," Harry said definitely.

"You know we can't do that Bolt. It would make mommy very sad," James explained. To be honest, he couldn't think of anything better, but he wasn't about to voice it.

Harry frowned. "He's gonna be more powerful than Voldemort, you could always defeat him later, if he decides to really be evil," Harry suggested.

"You're right. I'll tell you what Harry. I believe you, but we have to wait to see how baby Jack will grow up to be. If he grows up bad, we'll

catch him, okay?" James asked. For some reason, this all felt strange, yet very familiar. Kind of like how it felt when Dragon explained his roll in life for the first time. No doubt these kids would probably have to deal with something similar.

"Okay Thadow," Harry responded, rebounding from a serious face to 'happy toddler mode' as James called it.

Returning to the kitchen, James cleared his face and his thoughts, he didn't want to worry anyone. "What did Harry want to talk to you about James?" Triss asked as soon as he reentered the kitchen.

"Nothing. Just the typical fears of becoming a big brother," James explained.

"Typical. What did you tell him?" Lily asked. She remembered going through the same thing with Sara and Holly before Harry was born.

"I just explained to him that it wasn't going to be any different, he was just going to have someone else to play with, and that he would always be my favorite little brother," James said with a shrug.

"Three little brothers, three little sisters, all at least 12 years younger than you. Don't you feel old?" Jim asked.

James grinned. "No, I just remind myself that all of the old people just got started late."

"Young people today, no respect!"

"You know you just admitted you were old, right?"

"Damn smart ass." THUNK! "Ow! Lily that hurt!"

James stood in the hall outside of the maternity ward, waiting for the news of the child to be named 'Jack's birth. Lily had gone into labor earlier in the night, leaving Harry, Sara, Holly, and Lizzy with James and Triss. A few hours following, Jim had called, saying that James needed to come up because of complications. That had been over an hour ago.

Finally, Jim came out through the double doors of the maternity ward. The older man had tears running down his face, and James couldn't help the rock forming in the pit of his stomach. "What happened?" he asked as Jim neared. While the two might not have gotten along some years ago, they were pretty good friends now.

"Lily miscarried," Jim sobbed. "They're not sure if she's going to make it."

"Shit," James growled. He thought something of the like might happen. 'Nature is trying to keep the balance,' he thought. "It's alright. She'll be fine," James said, pulling the older man into a hug. Jim accepted. James understood the feeling of loss he was feeling. He'd felt the same way when Triss had miscarried several years ago.

"If-if something happens, I don't know what I'll do," Jim said, pulling back.

"Nothing will happen. I swear on my own life, that nothing will," James said, his voice confident. He could feel Lily's life force through the walls, and it was still as strong as ever.

Jim nodded. He'd learned a long time ago not to doubt anything the kid said. At one point he'd even thought the kid was a psychic, because he was never wrong, almost. Jim and James sat outside the maternity ward for a long time, James keeping close watch on Lily's life force, and Jim praying for his wife's well being.

Nearly an hour and a half later an official looking healer came from the ward. "Good morning Mr. Potter. I thought you would like to know that Lily is going to be fine. We repaired all of the internal bleeding and other damage, but we couldn't do anything for your son. Lily is in recovery, and can take visitors, one at a time. I'm sorry for your loss," she said, sounding indifferent. That was one of the reasons James hated hospitals, magical and muggle, the healers and doctors were so indifferent to what went on around them, and it tended to piss James off, even if he knew why they were like this. They saw people die everyday, and if left to dwell, it would eventually impair their judgment, causing deaths of others.

"Do you want to go see her?" James asked, pulling Jim from one of the hospital issued plastic chairs. Jim nodded, and disappeared through the swinging doors. James returned to his seat, waiting for the next set of news. At around 7 in the morning, an hour after Jim had left, a nurse came into the room. James, who had been lightly dozing in the plastic hospital chair, didn't notice, and nearly killed the poor woman when she tapped him on the shoulder.

"James Cage?" she asked. James nodded.

"Your mother wishes to see you, and your wife called earlier. Mrs. Potter is in room 4A, one floor up. You can use the phone in her room," said the nurse. James nodded. This was one of the reasons he loved muggle hospitals, he could actually use the phone. It took him about 5 minutes to reach room 4A, where he found Jim sitting in a chair next the pale form of Lily Potter.

"Hey mom," James whispered, pulling a chair up to the other side of her bed. Jim was passed out, his head lying next to Lily's hand. James couldn't blame the guy, it had been a rough night.

"Hey," Lily's coarse voice answered. She looked like she'd seen better days.

"I'm sorry about Jack mom," James said, taking Lily's other hand in his own.

Lily shrugged as best she could. She was fighting to stay awake. "I've had disappointments with children before. I guess this is my body trying to tell me it doesn't want any more kids. I can take a hint. So, when do I get my next grandchild?" Lily asked. James chuckled.

"Not for a little while mom. I think Dumbledore is still traumatized over Will and Jamie's birth. I hate to think about what another would do to him."

Lily chuckled lightly. James could tell she was trying not to cry. They talked for a while longer, until Lily felt the need to sleep once more.

With help from one of the nurses, James set up a cot in Lily's privet room, setting the rock like Jim on it, before leaving.

"James? Is that you?" Lying on their bed with Jamie, Will, and Harry sprawled around her, was Triss. She'd seen better mornings, but James wasn't about to criticize after spending the night in a small plastic chair.

"She lost the baby. She had some internal damage, and had to have surgery. Jim is still there with her, sleeping off the night in a cot. They're both pretty broken up over it," James said, lying down on the bed, kicking off his shoes while trying not to roll onto Will.

Triss sighed. "I'm sorry James. I know they were looking forward to having another boy," said Triss, rearranging the children so that she could curl up next to James.

"Yeah. Mom says she expects another grandchild to make up for it," James said with a grin. "I told her Dumbledore was still disturbed from Will and Jamie's birth."

"You got that right." Triss grinned. "So, when are we going to tell everyone about our next edition?" Triss asked.

James shrugged. "I think the real question is, what are we going to name her?" James asked.

"How do you know it's going to be a girl?" Triss asked.

"The same way I knew Sara and Holly would be girls. Trust me, the last thing I want is to be surprised again," James said, giving the twins at their feet and meaningful look.

"What about Marie? After your grandmother?" James asked.

Triss looked thoughtful. "Depends on whether she has your hair or not," Triss said, laughing.

"God forbid the child be cursed with my hair," James said dramatically. Triss just chuckled. Even with the recent loss, all still felt right for the two of them, as it always would, no matter what Dark Lord rose and

fell. All that mattered was that they were now part of a large family, totally unbreakable...

THE END!

(A/N: It's over! I'm so sad! There will be no sequels guys! I really think I've beaten this story line for all it's worth, don't you? All right, now to plan out my next big production! I already have the beginnings for a few stories, so keep your eyes open! If all goes to plan, I'll have a new story out within the next few weeks. The question is, which one will it be? Right now, I have 2 possible stories in the Harry Potter category. Choice number 1: has a lot to do with Vampires and Werewolves. Choice number 2: brings in Dumbledore's granddaughter, who is rather pissed at him for good reason. It's your choice guys! Let me know in a review or e-mail. Majority rules!)

Review Responses:

Athenakitty: No, no nasty shocks.

Fine, don't believe me: Sure...

HecateDeMort: Thanks.

Websurffer: LOL! Yes, I will bash the French! I have the right as a part French-woman! Good to know the English are with me! I still love French people though, they have awesome accents, along with the English and some Australian and Spanish people!

The-Ever-Lazy-One: I'm kind of skipping that stuff. I'm ready for this story to be over, so I'm going to tie up all of my loose ends, and leave it at that, with a few details from my 5-year time jump.

Gaul1: Thanks.

JadedSecrets: Thanks. It's always nice to know I'm loved.

Pheonixelemental: Thanks. Track is more fun anyway.

Shazia)Riavera: Thanks.

Jennifer: Thanks.

Anna: I love you too Anna. Power to the alien probe!

Alen: Kinda late to tell me that...

Methoslover: Thanks!

Shadowface: Thanks!

Blackdragonofslytherin: Well...it's over! I'm tearing!

Sarah R Potter: And the long awaited final chapter!

Chibi Chingo: Do you know any 11-year-old girls today? Holy shit, all of them dress like sluts! Even I dressed like a slut at that age! I also went shopping with friends all the time, and did all of that. I still do it now, at 14, though I don't dress like a prostitute anymore. My cousin is 11, and half the time I think she acts older than I do.

Sami1010220: Updating!

Lone Child
Follow-up

A/N: Hello everyone. I am out of school sick, so I figure I might as well get everything rolling again. The first chapter of The Hybrid is up. After rewriting it more times than I did Lone Child, I think it's ready. The first chapter is a little corny, but better than what I had originally. If I can find the disks, and the time, I will most likely load all of the originals of everything up to my Yahoo! Group, just so you all can see how twisted and knotted my mind can become.

Anyway, since I'm currently ill and because I have the time, for the first time in ages, I'm responding to everyone's reviews. I hope you have fun with my latest story! BTW, yes, I did change my Pen Name thanks to some anonymous persuasion. Like, or dislike?

Review responses:

Dragon-Revenge: Thanks. As I said, majority rules, and the vampire/werewolf won.

Laughing Cat: Thanks for the cookie! Who said they had a happy ending? No one has a happy ending, because you eventually die. Is dieing happy? No, okay, well, sometimes. Anyway, I'll leave you to make up your own ending.

Applebottoms: Yes, I love crackerjacks. I do know people, however, that didn't know what they were.

Random Obsession: You win.

Athenakitty: There were several kids. Severus had two, not including James. James and Lily had 3, not including James. James and Triss had twins, with another baby on the way. No one else had kids yet.

Wytil: Thanks. Muhahaha! O'well, I love all Europeans, so we're good. Well, maybe not the crazy emperor that appointed his horse a place of power.

Gaul1: Thanks.

Anders1: Sorry, but choice number two won't be out for a while. I hope you enjoy the Hybrid!

Blackdragonofslytherin: I compromised.

Homicidal Virgin: Don't kill me! Choice number one won. I'm glad you enjoyed LC, and I hope you enjoy the Hybrid as well.

SREndrews: Again, choice 1 won.

Shazia)Rivera: Yes, it's over.

HecateDeMort: Yep. Nature loves balance, and Jack was an imbalance.

Japanese-jew: Sorry. I'll try to kill more people in my next story.

Miss Random: Cool.

HarrySlytherinson: I can't work that in this plot, at all, but maybe in a future story.

Pheonixelemental: Yep, track is great. I got 6th the first time I competed, so it's cool. I'm going to wait until I get better to compete again though. Sorry, but choice number two won't be out for a while.

Jennifer: Ummm...not really anything to update.

Chompekitas: Thank you!

Pheonixrising: Thanks. I hate endings to, but then again, I don't like it when stuff goes on for hours and hours and days either...I guess we can't have it both ways.

LiLy MaLfOy13: Thanks.

Xdarkdreamer: Yes, I do feel very proud. Normally, I'm not a person that thinks they can start something like this, and finish it. I guess a good attitude goes a long way.

Kitten Rebecca: Yes, it's about Harry.

Sleepyheadgurl: I love stories that you get so caught up in them, that you can't stop reading.

Adge9631: No sequels! Death to sequels with over beaten story lines!

Unicorn's Whisper: Thanks.

Ancient's Daughter: Thanks. Pink because pink is pink.

X revolution: I do believe I instant messaged you about this...

Castra13: Thanks.

Lunar Knight: Another for vampire/werewolf.

Katlyn: Thanks.

Bukama Stealth: I'm a lass. Wow! I'm impressed. It normally takes me about a week to get through stories as long as mine. Many thanks!

Terris1: That was on purpose, I think. I'll have to look back and double check, but so long as everyone knows whom I'm talking about, we're good.